

HETTY SORREL.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM DRAWING

BY

FREDERICK DIELMAN.

ILLUSTRATING the scene in George Eliot's great novel, "Adam Bede" where Hetty is at work in the dairy. Mr. Dielman's conception of the character as described by the author in the following quotation is, we think, most satisfactory. "There is one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads, not only of men, but of all intelligent mammals and women. It is a beauty like that of kittens or very soft downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills . . . a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you. Hetty Sorrel's was that sort of beauty."

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BY THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS

EDITED BY WALTER MONTGOMERY

VOL. I.

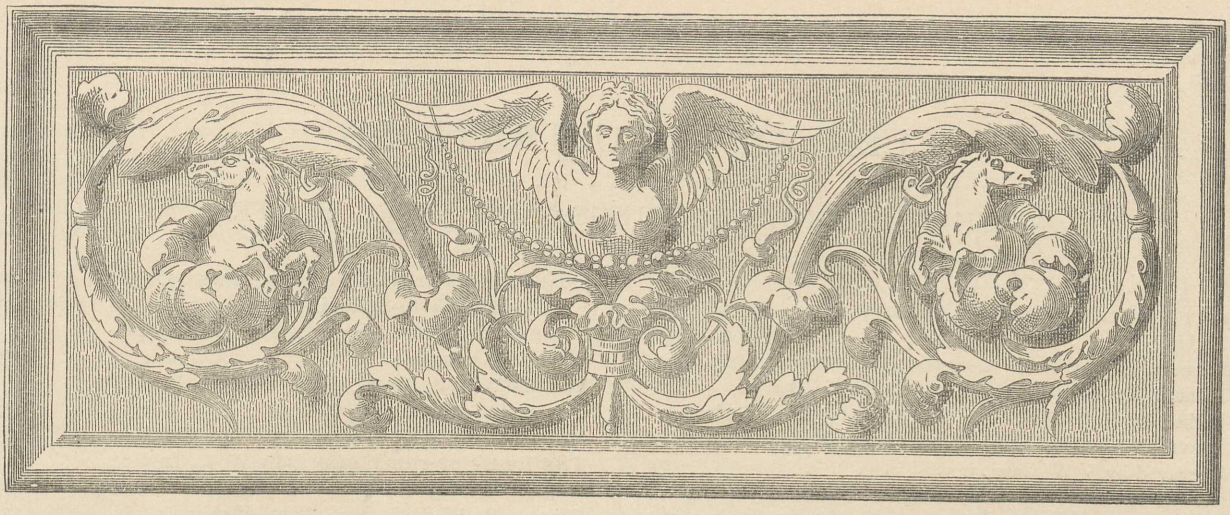
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME I.

106831

		PAGE
I.	DANIEL HUNTINGTON	19
II.	DANIEL HUNTINGTON	29
III.	WILLIAM ST. JOHN HARPER	39
IV.	WALTER SHIRLAW	53
V.	WALTER SHIRLAW	67
VI.	EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES	79
VII.	WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT	81
VIII.	WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT	93
IX.	COLLECTION OF MR. H. C. GIBSON	111
X.	COLLECTION OF MR. H. C. GIBSON	117
XI.	BARYE BRONZES IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY	123
XII.	FRANK T. MERRILL	129
XIII.	CINCINNATI ARTISTS OF THE MUNICH SCHOOL	145
XIV.	CINCINNATI ARTISTS OF THE MUNICH SCHOOL	153
XV.	ELIHU VEDDER	161
XVI.	ELIHU VEDDER	168
XVII.	FREDERIC A. BRIDGMAN	179
XVIII.	FREDERICK W. FREER	193
XIX.	WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE	209
XX.	WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE	219
XXI.	EDWARD V. VALENTINE	233
XXII.	R. SWAIN GIFFORD	241
XXIII.	R. SWAIN GIFFORD	251
XXIV.	EDMUND H. GARRETT	257
XXV.	COLLECTION OF MR. S. A. COALE, JR.	273
XXVI.	CHARLES FERDINAND WIMAR	281
XXVII.	GRANVILLE PERKINS	291
XXVIII.	WILLIAM LADD TAYLOR	305
XXIX.	DR. WILLIAM RIMMER	333
XXX.	DR. WILLIAM RIMMER	343
XXXI.	THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT	353
XXXII.	THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT	359
XXXIII.	H. WINTHROP PEIRCE	369
XXXIV.	F. O. C. DARLEY	385
XXXV.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 1	401
XXXVI.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 2	417
XXXVII.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 3	433
XXXVIII.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 4	451
XXXIX.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 5	465
XL.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 6	483
XLI.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 7	499
XLII.	LINTON'S HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN AMERICA. Part 8	513

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ETCHINGS, PHOTO-ETCHINGS, AND STEEL PLATES.

	PAGE
HETTY SORREL. By Frederick Dielman. Photo-Etching	*Frontispiece.*
PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON. Painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A. Etched by S. J. Ferris	Facing 17
A SIBYL. Painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A. Engraved by J. W. Casilear	" 29
HEAD OF DIANA. By Wm. St. John Harper. Photo-Etching	" 39
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. By Wm. St. John Harper. Photo-Etching	" 53
THE INDIAN GIRL. By Wm. St. John Harper. Photo-Etching	" 65
THE DANCE OF THE FLOWERS. By Wm. St. John Harper. Photo-Etching	" 81
THE OLD-CLOTHES DEALER, CAIRO. By Gérôme. Etched by S. J. Ferris	" 117
A NOVEL ENCOUNTER. By Frank T. Merrill. Photo-Etching	" 129
SACO RIVER VALLEY. Painted by George Inness. Etched by W. Wellstood	" 145
A PERSIAN GARDEN. By Edwin L. Weeks. Photo-Etching	" 161
A LADY OF CAIRO VISITING. Painted by F. A. Bridgman. Etched by J. D. Smillie	" 177
A MAIDEN OF BABYLON. By Edwin L. Weeks. Photo-Etching	" 193
PORTRAIT OF MR. FRANK DUVENECK. Painted by Wm. M. Chase. Etched by Mr. Unger	" 209
THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE. By J. Rollin Tilton. Photo-Etching	" 233
COAL-POCKETS AT NEW BEDFORD, MASS. Original Etching by R. Swain Gifford	Facing 241
ST. AGNES' MAID. By Edmund H. Garrett. Photo-Etching	" 257
DEVIL'S WAY, ALGIERS. By Mouilleron. Etched by S. J. Ferris	" 273
MEMORY. By Maud Humphrey. Photo-Etching	" 289
THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM. By W. L. Taylor. Photo-Etching	" 305
CELIA. By W. L. Taylor. Photo-Etching	" 321
THE NORMAN COUNTESS. By W. L. Taylor. Photo-Etching	" 331
NOVEMBER. Original Etching by Stephen Parrish	" 353
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS. By H. Winthrop Peirce. Photo-Etching	" 369
NEWS FROM THE FRONT. By F. O. C. Darley. Photo-Etching	" 385
SUNSET, GOWANUS BAY. Original Etching by Henry Farrer	" 401
A BRIDE OF OLD. By Louis Meynelle. Photo-Etching	" 417
THE MAIDS OF CASHMERE. By Will H. Low. Photo-Etching	" 433
BUILDING AIR-CASTLES. By J. Steeple Davis. Photo-Etching	" 449
OPHELIA. Original Etching by Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt	" 465
THE MEADOW BROOK. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Photo-Etching	" 481
THE FAIR SUPPLIANT. By Henry Sandham. Photo-Etching	" 497

FULL PAGE WOOD-CUT ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
SOWING THE WORD. Painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A.	18
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S FATHER. Painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A. Engraved by G. Kruell	23
ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA. Painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A.	28
PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. DIX. Painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A. Drawn by Charles Mettais	34
STUDY FOR A HEAD. Painted by Daniel Huntington, P. N. A. Fac-simile by Charles Mettais	37
PLAYING AT LADIES. By Wm. St. John Harper. Engraved by Andrew	51
THE TONING OF THE BELL. Painted by Walter Shirlaw	55
STUDY. Phototypic Reproduction of a Pencil Study by Walter Shirlaw	59
VERY OLD. Painted by Walter Shirlaw. Engraved by F. Juengling	63
EAGER FOR THE FRAY. Painted by Walter Shirlaw. Engraved by J. P. Davis	66
PART OF DESIGN FOR FRIEZE. Phototypic Reproduction of a Charcoal Study by Walter Shirlaw	69
MUSING. Phototypic Reproduction of a Pencil Drawing by Walter Shirlaw	73
PART OF DESIGN FOR FRIEZE. Study in Crayon by Walter Shirlaw. Fac-simile by Charles Mettais	76
GOOD MORNING. Painted by Walter Shirlaw	77
SUMMER. Painted by Wm. M. Hunt	84
SPRING CHICKENS. Painted by Wm. M. Hunt	87
THE DISCOVERER. Painted by Wm. M. Hunt. Engraved by G. Kruell	92
PORTRAIT OF MR. ALLAN WARDNER. Painted by Wm. M. Hunt. Engraved by W. J. Linton	97
THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT. Painted by Wm. M. Hunt. Engraved by G. Kruell	103
STUDIES FOR THE PAINTINGS IN ALBANY. Painted by Wm. M. Hunt. Engraved by Andrew	107
SPANISH RECREATIONS. By Villegas. Drawn by J. D. Smillie	110
LE TRIOMPHE D'UNE FEMME EQUIVOQUE. By Thomas Couture. Drawn by J. D. Smillie	113
THESEUS SLAYING THE CENTAUR. By Antoine Louis Barye. Engraved by Andrew	125
THE MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS. F. T. Merrill	131
THE LAST LOAD. F. T. Merrill. Engraved by Andrew	139
AN IDYL. Phototype from a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by H. F. Farny	147

PAGE

THE PROFESSOR. Painted by F. Duveneck. Engraved by Frederick Juengling 151
A LONG ISLAND KITCHEN. Painted by H. Muhrman. Engraved by W. Miller 157
THE PHORCYDES. Painted by Elihu Vedder. Engraved by G. Kruell 165
THE CUMÆAN SYBIL. Painted by Elihu Vedder . . . 169
SLEEPING GIRL. Painted by Elihu Vedder. Engraved by W. J. Linton 173
PYRENEES PEASANTS. Painted by F. A. Bridgman. Engraved by Richardson 177
THE SLIPPER MERCHANT. Phototypic Reproduction of a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by F. A. Bridgman 181
WOMEN DRAWING WATER FROM THE NILE. Painted by F. A Bridgman. Engraved by Smithwick and French 185
BURIAL OF A MUMMY. Sketched by F. A. Bridgman . 189
BETTY'S PLAYTHINGS. Drawn by F. W. Freer 195
BLUCHER THE GREYHOUND AND THE CHICKENS. Drawn by F. W. Freer 201
PORTRAIT OF A LADY. Painted by Wm. M. Chase. Engraved by Frederick Juengling 213
THE COURT JESTER. Painted by Wm. M. Chase . . . 221
VIEW IN THE STUDIO OF WM. M. CHASE. Drawn by Charles Mettais from a Sketch by Wm. M. Chase . . 225
VENETIAN LACE-MAKER. Sketch by Wm. M. Chase . . 228
CROSSING THE SIERRA NEVADA. By W. L. Sheppard . 231
RECUMBENT FIGURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE. By E. V. Valentine. Engraved by W. J. Linton 237
DARTMOUTH MOORS, MASS. By R. Swain Gifford. Engraved by J. P. Davis 245
THE PALMS OF BISKRA. Painted by R. Swain Gifford . 249
ON THE NILE. Painted by R. Swain Gifford 253
THE BALLAD OF ORIANA. Drawn by E. H. Garrett . . 261
TREED BY LYNXES. Drawn by E. H. Garrett 265
A FISH MARKET IN VENICE. By Wm. M. Chase. Engraved by G. Kruell. 275
DEFIANCE. Painted by C. F. Wimar. Drawn by H. Chase 287
THE BIVOUAC. Drawn by Granville Perkins 289
SCENE IN FLORIDA. Drawn by Granville Perkins . . . 293
THE MAYFLOWER AT SEA. Drawn by Granville Perkins 297
SCENE IN TEXAS. Drawn by Granville Perkins . . . 301
THE LADY IN HER OWN LAND. Drawn by W. L. Taylor. Engraved by Andrew 307
"SHE DREW HER CASEMENT CURTAIN BY." Drawn by W. L. Taylor. Engraved by Andrew 311
WADING IN THE BROOK. Drawn by W. L. Taylor. Engraved by Andrew 317
THE FIRE-BELL. Drawn by W. L. Taylor. Engraved by Andrew 323
A STUDY. By Dr. William Rimmer. Fac-simile by Charles Mettais 331
TO THE 54TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS. By Dr. William Rimmer. Fac-simile by Charles Mettais. 339
THE CALL TO ARMS. By Dr. William Rimmer. Fac-simile by Charles Mettais 345
VENUS AND CUPID. By Dr. William Rimmer. Fac-simile by Charles Mettais 349
DESIGN FOR WASHINGTON MONUMENT. By A. F. Matthews 365
THE DOLL'S PARTY. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce. . 373
GRANDMA. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 379

PAGE

MRS. ROWLANDSON AND HER CAPTORS. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 387
CHILION PLAYING. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley . . . 391
GOLD-WASHING IN CALIFORNIA. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 393
IN THE MARKET-PLACE. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley . 397
ON THE AMAZON. Drawn by J. Wells Champney . . . 403
THE MURDER OF LA SALLE IN TEXAS. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 407
BURIAL OF DE SOTO. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard . . . 411
YAMATO-DAKÉ NO MIKOTO. From a Kakamono by Hakusai. Engraved by Russell and Richardson . . 415
THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 419
PAOLO VERONESE IN VENICE. Phototypic Reproduction of a Sketch, by T. Juglaris 422
MEETING OF JACOB AND JOSEPH. Drawn by J. G. Chapman. Engraved by J. A. Adams 423
WHIPPING QUAKERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 427
ON SE RETROUVE AU CIEL. Painted by A. J. Wiertz. Engraved by T. Cole 431
CAPT. JOHN SMITH AND THE CHIEF OF PASPAHEGH. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 435
BLUE-FISHING. Drawn by J. S. Ryder 439
CLIFFS AT PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT. Drawn by J. C. Nicoll 443
SEA-WEED GATHERERS. Drawn by S. Emil Carlsen. . 443
FREMONT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Drawn by A. R. Waud. 449
HOLY CROSS MOUNTAIN 453
AN OLD-TIME SCENE IN ST. AUGUSTINE. Drawn by Granville Perkins 457
CINDERELLA. Engraved by Jounard. From the *Aldine* 461
PORTRAIT. Drawn by Rosina Emmet 463
A SKETCHING TRIP IN ENGLAND. Drawn by J. Wells Champney 467
AN OLD-TIME WEDDING PARTY IN WEST VIRGINIA. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 471
WALLS OF THE GRAND CAÑON. By Thomas Moran. Engraved by Annin 475
THE YOUNG SQUIRE. Painted by Thomas Couture. Engraved by W. B. Closson 477
THE JESUIT BREBEUF CONFRONTING THE INDIAN COUNCIL. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 479
THE PIONEER SETTLERS OF JAMESTOWN. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 482
AN ELECTION IN CHARLESTON, 1701. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 485
PORTRAIT OF FLETCHER HARPER. Engraved by G. Kruell 489
THE SIRENS. Drawn by Thomas Moran. Engraved by Andrew 493
THE LORELEI 498
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Drawn by Wyatt Eaton. Engraved by T. Cole 501
MODJESKA AS JULIET. Engraved by T. Cole 505
THE VALLEY OF MEXICO 507
BAPTISM OF VIRGINIA DARE. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 511
HARVEST IN SWABIA 514
A BASHI-BAZOUK. Drawn by F. D. Millet 517
QUARREL OF WINTHROP AND DUDLEY. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard 521
THE "WANDERING WIND" BOUND OUT 525

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

PAGE

Head-piece. Designed by Ludvig S. Ipsen 19
Initial A. Designed by Ludvig S. Ipsen 19
Daniel Huntington, P. N. A. Engraved by W. B. Closson 21
Head-piece and initial M. Designed by T. Juglaris . . 29
Mount Chocorua. Painted by D. Huntington, P. N. A. Engraved by John Filmer 31
Study in "Sowing the Word." By D. Huntington, P. N. A. Drawn by Charles Mettais 35
Fair Ines. Drawn by W. St. John Harper 39
Illustration to Fair Ines. Drawn by W. St. John Harper 40
Recollections of the Arabian Nights. Drawn by W. St. John Harper 41, 42
Fair Ines. Drawn by W. St. John Harper 43
"The Dearest of the Dear." Drawn by W. St. John Harper 43
The River. Drawn by W. St. John Harper 44
The Visible Madonna. Drawn by W. St. John Harper . 45
Maggie and Lucy. Drawn by W. St. John Harper . . 46
Two Nests. Drawn by W. St. John Harper 47
The Lost Doll. Drawn by W. St. John Harper . . . 48
Something Sure. Drawn by W. St. John Harper . . . 49
King Midas. Drawn by W. St. John Harper 50
Head-piece. Drawn by Walter Shirlaw. Engraved by W. Miller 53
Figure Study. By Walter Shirlaw. Drawn by A. Kappes 53
Walter Shirlaw. Engraved by G. Kruell 57
Study of a Bull. Phototypic Reproduction of a Pencil Drawing by Walter Shirlaw 61
Study for a Figure in Sheep-Shearing. Phototypic Reproduction of a Pencil Drawing by Walter Shirlaw . . 62
Head-piece. Drawn by Walter Shirlaw. Engraved by W. Miller 67
Initial W. The Figures drawn by A. Kappes. From Studies by Walter Shirlaw 67
The Goose Girl. Painted by Walter Shirlaw. Engraved by W. B. Closson 71
Study for a Group in Sheep-Shearing. Phototypic Reproduction of a Pencil Drawing by Walter Shirlaw . . 75
"Osirid" from Florida 79
Head-piece and Initial W. Designed by Ludvig S. Ipsen 81
Hunt in his Studio. Engraved by Andrew 82
The Lambs. By W. M. Hunt. Engraved by Andrew . 89
Head-piece and Initial I. Designed by J. A. Schweinfurth 93
Portrait of W. M. Hunt. Engraved by W. J. Linton . . 94
Study for the Horses in the Flight of Night. By W. M. Hunt 109
Charity. By Kaulbach. Drawn by James D. Smillie . 111
At Break of Day. By Corot. Drawn by James D. Smillie 115
Landscape and Cattle. By Troyon. Drawn by James D. Smillie 117
A Summer Stroll. By Boldini. Drawn by James D. Smillie 118
Landscape. By Dupré. Drawn by James D. Smillie . 121
The Great Oak Tree of Ornans. By Courbet. Phototypic Reproduction of an Etching by Lefort 122
Portrait of Antoine L. Barye. Engraved by G Kruell . 123
The Lion of the Column of July. By Antoine Louis Barye. Drawn by T. Fleming 124
Jaguar Devouring a Hare. By Antoine Louis Barye. Drawn by T. Fleming 124

PAGE

Lion and Horse. By Antoine Louis Barye. Drawn by T. Fleming 126
Roger and Angelica. By Antoine Louis Barye. Drawn by T. Fleming 127
Lion on the Steps of the Capitol, Rome 128
Song of the Imprisoned Huntsman. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill 129
Hayslope Church. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill . . . 133
The Donnithorne Arms. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill . 134
Adam Bede. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill 135
A Queer Puppy. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill 136
Tirrel's Battery at Pittsburg Landing. Drawn by Frank T Merrill 137
Shelling the Guerillas. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill . . 138
Commodore Decatur Fighting the Turk. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill 141
Song of the Imprisoned Huntsman. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill 142
Illustration for "Six Girls." Drawn by Frank T. Merrill 143
Bear Cub. Drawn by Frank T. Merrill 144
The Judges (head-piece). Designed by Will H. Drake. Engraved by Andrew 145
Initial T. Designed by Will H. Drake. Engraved by Andrew 145
Dengler, Duveneck, and Farny, in their Studio. Engraved by S. S. Kilburn 149
Feeding the Rabbits. Phototypic Reproduction of a Sketch by Will H. Drake 150
Head-piece and Initial F. Designed by Will H. Drake . 153
Study of New Jersey Shore. By J. W. Twachtman. Engraved by W. Miller 154
Caught. By F. Dengler. Drawn by T. Fleming . . . 155
Sketch for a Statue of Sculpture. By F. Dengler. Drawn by T. Fleming 155
Portrait Study. By F. R. Strobridge. Engraved by Frederick Juengling 156
Mount Adams, Cincinnati. By Edward K. Foote. Engraved by W. B. Closson 159
A Quiet Road. Phototypic Reproduction of a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Will H. Drake 160
Roman Girls on the Sea-Shore. By Elihu Vedder . . 161
Elihu Vedder. Engraved by W. B. Closson 162
Tail-piece. Designed by Elihu Vedder 167
The Dance. By Elihu Vedder 168
The Model of the Marsyas. By Elihu Vedder 168
The Pride of the Corso. By Elihu Vedder. Engraved by Andrew 172
The Venetian Model. By Elihu Vedder. Engraved by G. Kruell 176
Decoration for an Æolian Harp. By F. A. Bridgman . 179
Portrait of the Artist's Daughter. By F. A. Bridgman . 179
Frederic Arthur Bridgman. Engraved by Johnson . . 183
Waiting for the Caïd. By F. A. Bridgman 187
Study Head. By F. A. Bridgman 187
Nude Study. By F. A. Bridgman 188
Study Head. By F. A. Bridgman 188
Tracking on the Nile. By F. A. Bridgman 190
Study of a Horse. By F. A Bridgman 192
Head-piece. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 193
Fair Ines. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 194
The Lover. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 197
From Fair Ines. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer . . . 198
Farewell. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 199
Betrothed. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 199

PAGE

From Fair Ines. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer . . . 200
Deronda and his Mother. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 203
Deronda and Mirah. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer . . 204
A Hotel for Dogs. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer . . 205
No Room for any more Dogs To-night. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 206
Making Butter. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer . . . 207
Tail-piece. Drawn by Frederick W. Freer 208
Head-piece. Designed by Robert Blum 209
Venetian Door-Knocker. Drawn by Robert Blum . . . 209
William M. Chase. Engraved by G. Kruell 211
Study Head. By William M. Chase 215
Study Head. By William M. Chase 216
"My Friend Frank Duveneck." By William M. Chase . 218
The Lido, Venice. Sketch by William M. Chase . . . 219
The Broken Jug. Sketch by William M. Chase . . . 219
The Turkish Carpet Bazaar. Sketch by William M. Chase 223
Chioggia. Sketch by William M. Chase 230
Head-piece and Initial E. Designed by Charles M. Carter 233
Edward Virginius Valentine. Engraved by Andrew . . 234
The Penitent Thief. By Edward V. Valentine. Engraved by Andrew 236
The Nation's Ward. By Edward V. Valentine. Engraved by Andrew 239
Evening. Drawn on wood by R. Swain Gifford. Engraved by W. J. Linton 241
A Windy Day at Biskra. Drawn on wood by R. Swain Gifford. Engraved by John P. Davis 241
Robert Swain Gifford. Engraved by T. Johnson . . . 242
Evening in the Sahara. Pen-and-Ink Drawing by R. Swain Gifford 243
The Goose Pasture. Crayon Sketch by R. Swain Gifford 244
A Pastoral. Pen-and-Ink Drawing by R. Swain Gifford . 247
Aged Companions. Pen-and-Ink Drawing by R. Swain Gifford 248
The Coast of New England. Pen-and-Ink Sketch by R. Swain Gifford 252
A Brittany Farm. Pen-and-Ink Sketch by R. Swain Gifford 255
Tail-piece 256
The Shepherd. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett 257
The Guests Arriving. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett . 258
Weaving St. Agnes' Wool. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett 259
Madeline Praying. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett . . 260
The Lovers' Flight. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett . . 263
The Milkmaid. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett 264
The Ballad of Oriana. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett . 267
From "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett 268
Golden-Rod. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett 269
Out in the Storm. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett . . . 270
Snapdragon. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett 271
Tail-piece. Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett 272
Initial B. Designed by H. Chase. Figure from a Painting by Alvarez 273
Female Figure. By E. Toudouze. Drawn by H. Chase 277
Sarah Bernhardt. By George Clairau. Drawn by H. Chase 278
French Soldier. By A. De Neuville. Drawn by H. Chase 279
Landscape. By Daubigny. Drawn by H. Chase . . . 280
Head-piece. Sketch by C. F. Wimar. Drawn by W. S. Eames 281
Initial C. Designed by H. Chase from Sketches by C. F. Wimar 281

PAGE

C. F. Wimar. Engraved by G. Kruell 283
Bear Rib. Study by Charles F. Wimar. Drawn by H. Chase 284
Iron Horn. Study by Charles F. Wimar. Drawn by H. Chase 285
Buffaloes Crossing a Stream. Sketch by C. F. Wimar. Drawn by H. Chase 286
Tail-piece 288
Hendrick Hudson. Drawn by Granville Perkins . . . 295
Ship at Anchor. Drawn by Granville Perkins 299
Head-piece and Initial. Drawn by W. L. Taylor . . . 305
At her Grave. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 306
In the Great Oak Chair. Drawn by W. L. Taylor . . 306
The Dead Lady. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 309
The Earl's Rage. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 309
"The Squires at their Sport." Drawn by W. L. Taylor 310
Moonlight. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 313
The Castle. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 313
Decorated Verse. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 314
Dreaming. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 315
"Sometimes She sat," etc. Drawn by W. L. Taylor . . 315
The Grange Garden. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 316
Mariana in the South. Drawn by W. L. Taylor . . . 319
"Deepening through the Silent Spheres." Drawn by W. L. Taylor 320
"Two Lovers by a Moss-Grown Spring." Drawn by W. L. Taylor 321
Stephen and Maggie. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 322
Janet seeking Refuge. Drawn by W. L. Taylor . . . 325
Dorothea finds Mr. Casaubon dead. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 326
"Sweet Visions of Yore." Drawn by W. L. Taylor . . 327
Gifts of Flowers. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 328
The Taper. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 328
A Rainy Day in Old London. Drawn by W. L. Taylor . 329
Tail-piece. Drawn by W. L. Taylor 330
Tri-Mountain. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Charles Mettais 333
Morning. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Charles Mettais 333
Dr. William Rimmer. Engraved by W. B. Closson . . 334
The Falling Gladiator. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Th. Fleming 336
Lions Fighting. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Th. Fleming 338
Evening. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Charles Mettais 342
Morning. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Charles Mettais 343
Roman History. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Charles Mettais 343
Victory. By Dr. William Rimmer. Drawn by Charles Mettais 352
Obelisk and Pylon at Luxor. Engraved by S. S. Kilburn 353
Design for Washington Monument. By Robert Mills . 354
Design for Washington Monument. By H. R. Searle . 357
Design for Washington Monument. By John Frazer . . 360
Design for Washington Monument. By W. W. Story . 362
Design for Washington Monument. By M. P. Hapgood 363
Design for Washington Monument. By Paul Schulze . 364
Head-piece. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 369
Little Sailors. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 370
Does Mother want Me? Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 371
Moonrise. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 372
Johnny's Picture. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce . . . 375
Gwendolen drops the Jewels. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 376
At the Gaming-Table. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce . 377

PAGE

In the River. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 378
On the Shore. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 381
The Little Champion. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce . 382
August. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 383
Tail-piece. Drawn by H. Winthrop Peirce 384
Head-piece. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 385
Border Settlers in Ohio. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley . . 386
Climbing a Swiss Mountain. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 389
Bethia Weeks. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 390
Roman Models. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 392
A Venetian Canal. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 395
At the Well. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 398
Market-Women. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 399
A Swiss Chalet. Drawn by F. O. C. Darley 399
Head piece. Designed by Ludvig S. Ipsen 401
Initial W. Designed by Ludvig S. Ipsen 401
Alexander Anderson. Drawn by August Wiel. Engraved by Elias J. Whitney 402
Fourteen Specimens of Wood-Engraving by Alexander Anderson. Drawn from various sources 406–416
Two Specimens of Wood-Engraving by A. Bowen . . . 418
One Specimen of Wood-Engraving by J. W. Barber . . 421
Four Specimens of Wood-Engraving by J. A. Adam . . 426
Heading to Mathew. Engraved by J. A. Adam . . . 429
Fourteen Specimens of Wood-Engraving by Hall, Croome, Devereux, Whitney, Annin, Childs, Kinnersley, Hayes, and Herrick 433–448
Drawing by Darley. Engraved by Harley 456
Drawing by Nast. Engraved by H. Marsh 460
Insects. Engraved by H. Marsh 466
Two Illustrations from "Snow Bound." Engraved by Anthony 469
Illustration from "Mabel Martin." Engraved by Anthony 469

PAGE

Illustration from "Scarlet Letter." Engraved by Anthony 470
Illustration from "Kathrina." Engraved by W. J. Linton 473
Ascent of Whiteface. Engraved by Slader 474
Caught by the Snow. Engraved by Bogert 484
Datur Hora Quieti. Engraved by Annin 487
Mozart. Engraved by T. Johnson 488
An Afternoon in August. By A. Quartley. Engraved by Morse 491
Landscape. Engraved by Anthony 492
Study from Nature. Engraved by Hoskin, after A. B. Durand 495
Whoo! Engraved by J. P. Davis, after W. H. Beard . 496
Ready for the Ride. By W. M. Chase. Engraved by T. Cole 500
The Parsonage. By A. F. Bellows. Engraved by F. Juengling 504
James A. M. Whistler. By Whistler. Engraved by F. Juengling 509
William Howitt. Engraved by G. Kruell 510
Illustration from "Songs of the Old Dramatists," by John La Farge. Engraved by Henry Marsh 516
The Haystack. By R. Swain Gifford. Engraved by Smithwick and French 519
Flags, Eh? By A. B. Frost. Engraved by Smithwick and French 519
Modjeska By Carolus Duran. Engraved by F. S. King 520
The Mowing. By Alfred Fredericks. Engraved by H. Wolf 523
The Start Viva. By G. Inness, Jr. Engraved by H. Wolf 524
On the Old Sod. By William Magrath. Engraved by R. A. Müller 526



D. HUNTINGTON, P. N. A. PINX.

S. J. FERRIS, SC.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON.

From the Original in the Possession of MRS. Wm ASTOR.
NEW YORK.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON.

FROM A PAINTING

BY

DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

ETCHED BY S. J. FERRIS.

THE original painting from which this etching was copied is the property of Mrs. William Astor, of New York. Mrs. Drayton, who has been justly esteemed one of the most beautiful women in America, is a daughter of Mrs. Astor.



SOWING THE WORD.

FROM A PAINTING BY DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

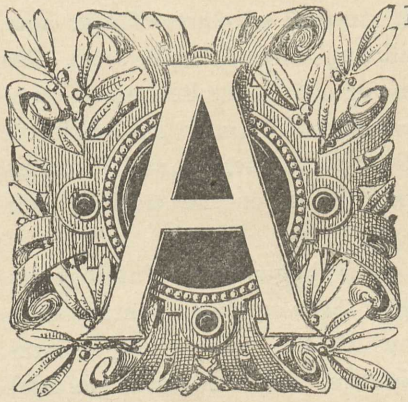


Designed by Ludvig S. Ipsen.

DANIEL HUNTINGTON,

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Chapter First.



Designed by L. S. Ipsen.

N American artist was the creator of modern historical painting. When Benjamin West, in the year 1770, contrary to the urgent advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, resolved to clothe the actors in his picture, *The Death of General Wolfe*, in the costume of their time, and to omit the angels and genii that usually filled the sky in similar compositions, he broke with a tradition which had hitherto been held wellnigh inviolate. The so-called historical compositions of previous ages, with their figures in classical costume, or in no costume at all, accompanied by the winged beings already alluded to, were in truth nothing but allegory. There may be some significance in the fact, that this important step towards realism was first boldly taken by a son of the New World, which thus exercised an intellectual influence over its ancestor, for which it has as yet received hardly sufficient credit. But it is strange that West should have found so few followers among his countrymen, and that Americans, while they can justly lay claim to priority in the development of art in this direction, should have done so little to swell the ranks of the historical painters. For the American artists who are really entitled to be classed with these painters are so few, that they can readily be counted upon the fingers.

Among these few Mr. Huntington occupies a prominent place, and for this reason alone his career would be likely to excite interest. But the interest is increased from the fact that in point of time he occupies a position in American art on the boundary between the school of the past and the school of the future now clamoring for recognition. The associate and fellow-student of the founders of the middle period, he continues to preside over the National Academy of Design while it is receiving accessions from the ranks of those who call themselves reformers, and continues to paint some of his best portraits, while many of his former colleagues are in their graves. And in still another respect has Mr. Huntington's career been exceptional. The life of the professional artist is generally stormy. More than most men he is forced to struggle with a destiny wanton and capricious, while the temperament usually accorded to the genuine painter or sculptor is precisely of a nature that unfits him to overcome the obstacles in the

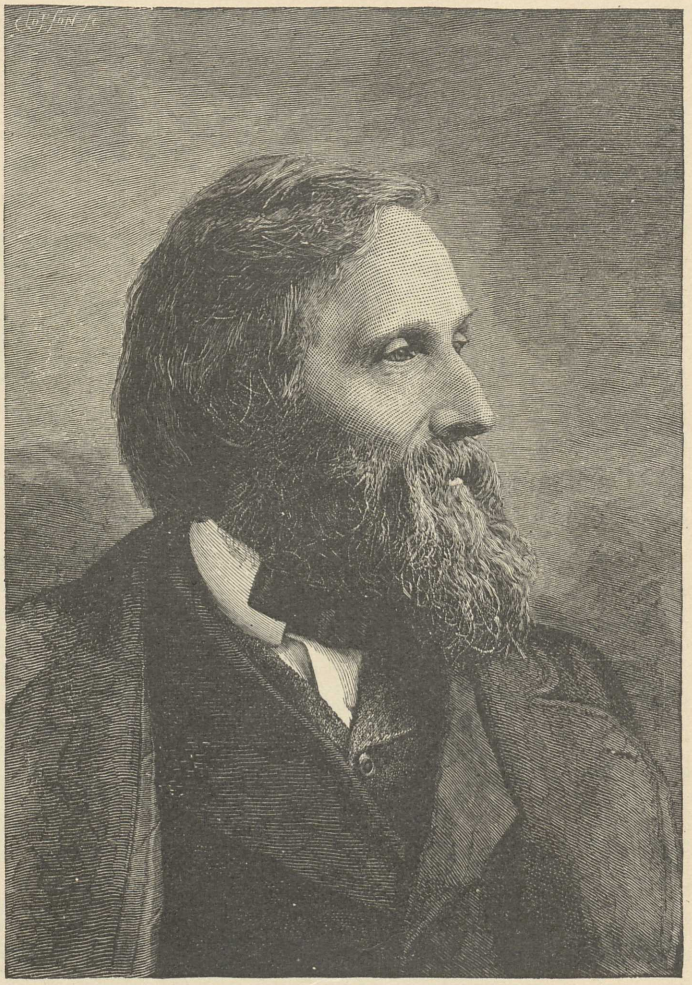
way of success. Symmetry of character, on the other hand, is but rarely found united to uniform success throughout a long life. Happily, Mr. Huntington is one of the favored few to whom these advantages have been vouchsafed.

Daniel Huntington was born in the year 1816, in the city of New York, where his family resided in comfortable circumstances. According to the custom of those days, when the curriculum of our colleges was scarcely in advance of that of our academies of the present time, he entered Yale College at an early age, and his conduct while attending the institution — as might be expected from one of his even disposition and high moral character — was sufficiently exemplary. It seems strange, therefore, to have to record that he was rusticated at the end of Freshman year. This, however, let us hasten to add, was not owing to any disgraceful act on his part, but because, inspired by *esprit de corps*, he declined to testify against one of his classmates. By the advice of his friends, his term of rustication being ended, young Huntington decided not to return to Yale College, but entered Hamilton College instead. In the language of religious cant, this circumstance had a providence in it. It seems that the young student had already shown a turn for art by numerous pencil drawings, including caricatures, which attracted the attention of his fellow-collegians, and this natural bias soon became a controlling impulse. Shortly after he entered Hamilton College, Charles Loring Elliott also came to Clinton, where the College is located, to try his fortunes there. This was before Elliott had settled in New York city, and while he was engaged in his first struggles for fame. He was then painting portraits at eight dollars apiece, or thirty dollars for six. The students availed themselves of this admirable opportunity, and in this way Mr. Huntington made the acquaintance of a man of genius, destined to become one of the greatest portrait-painters of the age. Under his influence, at the time when the character is crystallizing into definite form, the student from Yale found that what had been with him thus far a vague instinct became a clear and earnest aspiration. He passed his leisure moments in the painter's humble studio, fascinated by the fund of anecdote which rendered the society of Elliott so attractive, and listening to the art maxims of one whose mind was already ripe with a perception of the truths which underlie the highest art.

Naturally, the next step was to take lessons from Elliott, and thus began Mr. Huntington's initiation into art. His first composition, *Ichabod Crane flogging a Scholar*, was painted soon after. At this time he also painted a *Portrait of a Freshman*, in which the realistic representation of a bookcase aroused the admiration of the village connoisseurs. In the broad farcical style of *Ichabod Crane* were also two caricatures, or colossal heads, *Rage* and *Laughter*, painted by the young artist on the walls of a room at Hamilton. They gave intense satisfaction to the wilder spirits of the College, and perhaps for that reason were finally effaced by the command of Prof. Penny. It is somewhat singular that an artist of so serious a turn of mind should have begun his professional career by designs provocative of mirth and insubordination.

But while the class professor looked askance at these rude efforts, he did not fail to perceive that the true vocation of his pupil was art. He therefore kindly advised him to leave Hamilton College, and complete his academic studies at the University of New York, then recently established, as there, while pursuing his collegiate course, he could be brought under art influences as in no other place in the Union. Accepting the suggestion, young Huntington was soon settled in one of the ample apartments of the castle-like University Building on Washington Square, which has since been enriched by literary and artistic associations such as no other edifice in the country can boast of. Not only have a number of scientific and legal celebrities either taught or been educated there, but its sombre corridors and Gothic chambers have been the haunt of many who have achieved repute with the brush and the pen. If the lancet-shaped windows and groined arches supported by angels are not of the noblest material or the purest style of architecture, they are yet admirably adapted to inspire the imaginative mind in the twilight hours. The walls of the ancient-looking pile have rang with the mirth and riot of the

banquet; they have also witnessed the despair of disappointed expectations, of hope long deferred, — the dawning success of those destined to prosperity, and the last pangs of the suicide. There Morse, Eastman Johnson, Inness, Winslow Homer, and others, have painted; there Winthrop smoked and dreamed, and composed those enthusiastic romances that found no publisher until he who wrote them had fallen on the battle-field in Virginia.



DANIEL HUNTINGTON, P. N. A.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

At the time Mr. Huntington entered the University, S. F. B. Morse, famous later in life as a great electrician, had his studio in the building, where he painted portraits and gave lessons in art. No one in America was at that time better informed in regard to the technical requirements of art, not only in painting, but also in sculpture, than Morse, and some of the works he executed in England showed a thorough perception of principles, and considerable power in seizing character. But, after all, it was the analytical rather than the creative element that predominated in his mind. Logic rather than inspiration guided his brush, and it is evident that in his case destiny was not unjust when she directed his attention to science. As an art instructor, however, Morse was admirably qualified, and it was a fortunate circumstance for young Huntington that he was admitted to his studio as a pupil, although the master was even then devoting much time to philosophic experiments. But his scientific tendencies did not prevent him from tempering his instructions by a tone of Christian morality, in accordance with the spirit planted in this country by the Pilgrim Fathers, and which at that time pervaded American society more decidedly than in our own day. It was in Morse's studio that Mr. Huntington painted *The Bar Room Politicians*, and *A Toper Asleep*, as well as his first landscape.

Having finished his studies with Morse, our young artist was also favored with the instructions of Inman, and he was thus well equipped for the arduous career he had chosen, — a pursuit in which the prizes are won by no faint heart or lukewarm love. His academic studies having likewise been completed, he established himself in a studio in Greenwich Lane, now the beginning of Ninth Avenue. To this locality Morse had already preceded him, having changed his quarters from the University Building to a house next to that occupied by Dunlap, the painter and writer.

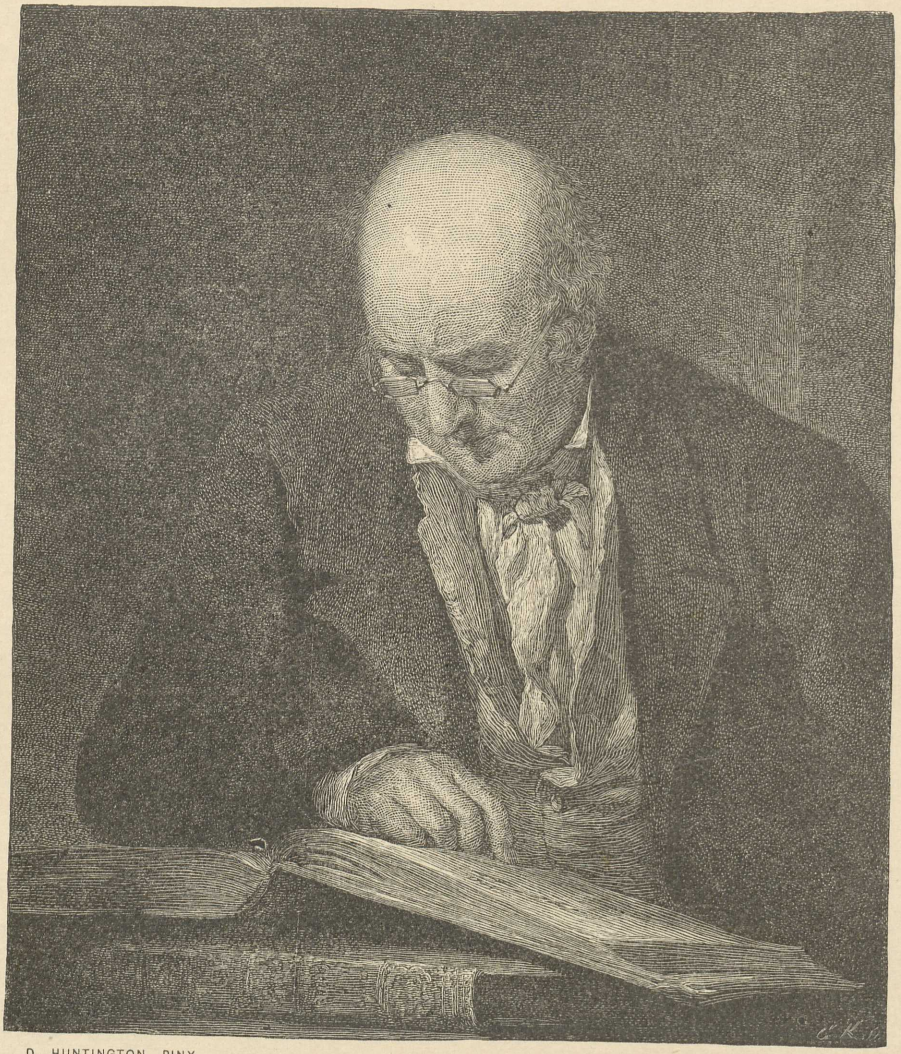
It was not long before Mr. Huntington began to receive commissions for portraits at five dollars each, a sum which is not quite so meagre as it appears, as five dollars then were equal in purchasing power to at least ten dollars to-day. The genius of Doughty, Cole, and Durand was at this time arousing people of taste to a perception of the importance of landscape art and the beauty of the scenery of this continent. It was doubtless this circumstance which suggested to a gentleman who was speculating in land in the vicinity of Verplanck's Point that a

series of paintings representing the scenery of that lovely neighborhood would aid him in advertising the value of his property. Having observed the young artist "forwarding" the backgrounds in the portraits of a prominent painter of the day, he commissioned him to paint a number of views near Verplanck's, and thus was Mr. Huntington led into landscape art, which he has pursued at intervals during his life with pleasing effect, if not always with marked originality. The portraits he painted at this period include the picturesque likeness of his father engaged in reading, which has been engraved for this article by Mr. Kruell.

In 1839 Mr. Huntington realized what was then, and is now, the dream of the American artist, and sailed for Europe. Italy was the objective point, and there he resided for a twelvemonth. In Rome he was associated in bachelor quarters with Terry, Henry Peters Gray, and other American painters of more or less note, with whom he devoted four evenings in the week to studying from life. At the same time they had the benefit of lessons in painting and perspective from Ferreri, who, although an engraver by profession, excelled also as a draughtsman. It may be added here, that Gray, before going to Rome, had already begun painting as a pupil of Huntington in New York.

It is easy to see that to an artist of a spiritual turn of mind like Mr. Huntington the religious paintings of the earlier and later Italian schools would have special attractions. His taste at this critical period of life was thus definitively shaped, and through all his subsequent work we trace the results of those early influences, both in his composition and in his color. It is often urged by our older artists, that the younger painters who are now introducing the methods of Munich and Paris into our studios are innovators with little original force, because foreign influences are apparent in their style. But they are doing no more than has been already done by many of our leading painters, from the time when West and Trumbull and Stuart sought instruction in England, and Cole and Vanderlyn in Italy. While the art of a country is in its infancy, such influences always exercise more or less power in its development, and it does not necessarily imply the absence of great ability, when an artist supplements home study with foreign inspiration. Possibly, therefore, the opposition which these "innovators" meet with has its origin not so much in an aversion to their foreign methods as in the conservative sentiment which views anything new with suspicion, and forces it to prove its merit by overcoming obstacles. It may be well to bear this consideration in mind, although it is not necessary — as we certainly do not — to accept the opinions and works of the "new men" without reserve.

During his first visit to Italy Mr. Huntington painted some of his most notable pictures, one of which, *The Florentine Girl*, now hanging in the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, was engraved for *The Gift*, by Cheney. It is really the portrait of a beautiful model from whom J. Freeman afterwards painted his *Sleeping Psyche*. The same model posed also for the *Sibyl*, an ideal composition which very fairly represents Mr. Huntington's artistic abilities. Simple in arrangement, it is all the more effective for that reason, and it has the grace and dignity which is characteristic of many of the ideal heads painted by this artist. In this attractive face we seem to find the type of beauty most affected by Mr. Huntington, and reappearing, with slight variations, in many of his works. When the Art Union was dissolved by the mandate of the courts, on the ground of being a lottery, it was resolved to devote the assets of the association to the purchase of a gallery of paintings exclusively by American artists. The *Sibyl* was the first painting selected for this purpose. It was, however, also the last, as it was soon after decided to expend the $10,000 on hand in the erection of the picture gallery over the library of the New York Historical Society, where the painting may now be seen, together with the pictures belonging to the Bryan Collection. It has unfortunately been much injured by the varnish with which it was covered by Mr. Ridner, the secretary of the Art Union, but an excellent engraving of it by Casilear is herewith given, and will add greatly to the interest of this work, as good line steel engraving is becoming rare, since the revival of etching, and the invention of the photogravure.



D. HUNTINGTON, PINX. G. KRUELL, SC.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S FATHER.

Another important composition painted by Mr. Huntington at this time, *The Christian Prisoners*, illustrates the persecution of the first Roman converts to Christianity. Mr. Huntington himself has described it as follows: — "In the background will be seen part of a Pagan statue, to worship which an idolater is vainly urging a young female. A mother draws her child near, and looks beseechingly to heaven. The man chained in the foreground is bent in hopeless sorrow. The ἰχθύς (fish) scratched upon a stone indicates the firm adherence of the sufferers to their faith, — thus secretly expressed by a cipher whose letters form the initials of the Greek for 'Jesus Christ — of God the Son — Saviour.'" The influence of Overbeck, which was then still potent on the Continent, seems to us to be traceable in this and similar compositions by Mr. Huntington.

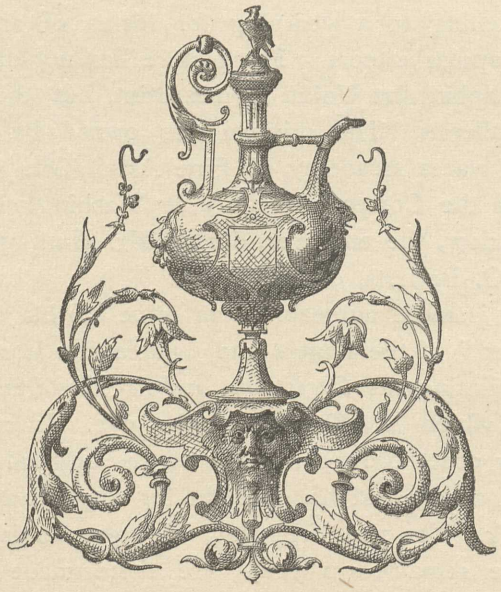
After his return to America in 1841, Mr. Huntington began the well-known picture entitled *Mercy's Dream*, which showed that he was by no means servilely dependent upon foreign influences in his work. His most important ideal composition, this painting at once gave him a place by himself, similar to that of Allston in the art of the previous generation, and of Cole in contemporary landscape art. It is probably the best known of his works, and no other painting of his has done more to establish his reputation. Much of its success is no doubt owing to the fact that it was the product of a sudden inspiration. When the artist had made the sketch in charcoal on the canvas, Inman happened to come to his studio, and, with the enthusiastic manner characteristic of his impulsive nature, exclaimed: "Don't you alter it! You never can get the same expression again!" Mr. Huntington followed his advice, and laid in the color on the face so thinly as to be able to preserve the original drawing. What is lost by this process in some respects, is gained in others. The technician may criticise the absence of "solid painting," while the idealist is moved by the noble expression which the striving for mere technical excellence might have obscured. The attitude of Mercy, suiting her action to the beatific vision that kindles her fancy, the pure and attractive features of the maiden, the successful foreshortening of the angel gracefully poised in the air as he places the starry diadem on the brow of the sleeping saint, and the tender radiance of dawn just breaking over the shadowy landscape, combine to make a work that is pleasing both as an artistic conception, and as expressing the aspirations of the Christian soul. It is not strange, therefore, that, in a community deeply religious as ours was at that time, and just awakening to a yearning for forms of art and beauty, *Mercy's Dream* should at once have won popular esteem. The picture has not only been engraved on steel by Cheney, and for the Philadelphia Art Union in mezzotint, but the artist has also executed several replicas for private galleries. The original was owned by the late Henry C. Cary, who bequeathed it to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. One of the replicas, painted for a special exhibition, is now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, and a third copy, executed from memory for Olden Barlow, the engraver, during Mr. Huntington's second visit to England, is owned by Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York.

In color, *Mercy's Dream* is more agreeable than some of his other works belonging to the same period. The "rosy red" of the fingers and complexion is soft and natural, but that Homeric tint is lost in such paintings as *Christiana and her Children in the Valley of Humiliation*, the prevailing brick red in which is offensive to the eye. It may be, however, that the immoderate use of bitumen or other browns has altered the original color.

In 1842 Mr. Huntington nearly lost his eyesight for a year, and was, of course, obliged to abstain altogether from work. The year following, his eyes having regained their strength, he revisited England, where he remained a year. He there made the acquaintance of Holman Hunt, one of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite school, and through his influence was introduced to the famous Kensington Life School, a sort of artistic close corporation, to which only those who could control certain mysterious influences were then admitted. Here he was associated with Rosetti, Mulready, and others of both the new and the old schools; but he does not appear to have been as much affected by the noisy enthusiasm of the *soi-disant* reformers as

by the example of the artists of the intermediate rank represented by such men as Leslie. These influences are doubtless apparent to a certain degree in the subjects drawn from English history at a later date. From England Mr. Huntington went a second time to Italy, and to that trip we owe *The Communion of the Sick*, one of his most important productions. It was suggested by the death of the artist James De Veaux, who died at Rome in 1844. The solemn ceremonies attending his last hours made a strong impression on Mr. Huntington's mind, and the result was the fine composition which represents the last communion as administered in the infancy of the Church. The aged parents, the wife and the child, are gathered around the couch of the dying man. The venerable bishop is bestowing the benediction, while the deacon stands near at hand with the holy cup. Family retainers absorbed in sympathetic sorrow complete the group, and a twilight landscape is seen through an arch. Another work, painted at the same time, is *The Italian Girl*, carrying a vase of water upon her head. It was engraved by Cheney for *The Gift*.

The study for a head in *The Communion of the Sick*, which accompanies chapter two in a careful reproduction, shows Mr. Huntington at his best. The workmanship is faultless, the modelling excellent, the expression well given. In this last respect it may boldly be affirmed that this *Study* is considerably in advance of much of the work done by our younger artists, who, however admirable their productions may be, seldom penetrate beyond the outward form, whose realistic representation seems to absorb all their powers. In point of *technique*, also, this head is well calculated to demonstrate the difference between the various currents of thought now agitating the artistic world. It represents the academic traditions, while the striking studies by Mr. Chase, to be published in another part of this work, exemplify the radical tendencies of the new generation. A direct comparison of the two styles, which the reader may easily institute, will do more to make clear the divergency of the tendencies they represent, than a whole chapter of philosophical deductions.





ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA.

FROM A PAINTING BY DANIEL HUNTINGTON, in the Collection of W. H. Osborn, Esq., New York.



DAN.l HUNTINGTON, PINX.

J. W. CASILEAR, Sc.

A SIBYL.

A SIBYL.

FROM A PAINTING

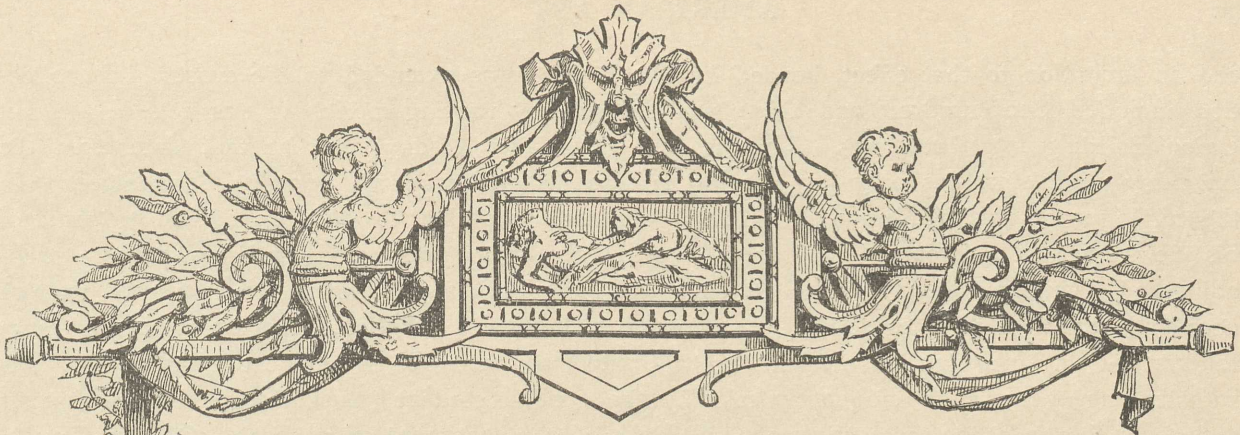
BY

DANIEL HUNTINGTON, P. N. A.

ENGRAVED BY CASILEAR.

THIS celebrated painting, which hangs over the library of the New York Historical Society, is an ideal composition painted by the artist on his first visit to Italy.

Simple in arrangement, it is all the more effective for that reason, and it has the grace and dignity which is characteristic of many of the ideal heads painted by this artist. In this attractive face we seem to find the type of beauty most affected by Mr. Huntington, and which appears frequently in his work.



DESIGNED BY T. JUGLARIS.

DANIEL HUNTINGTON,

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

CHAPTER SECOND.

ANY readers will remember with pleasure the engraving of *Preciosa* in the first illustrated edition of Longfellow's Poems. It was taken from a painting by Mr. Huntington, done the year after his return from Italy. In the same year he composed *Alms-Giving*, which was engraved by the Art Union for its subscribers. And now commenced a series of historical works, which became familiar to our people by the excellent engravings distributed by the same association. The subjects of these paintings, — *Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine Parr, Lady Jane Grey disturbed at her Devotions, Bishop Ridley denouncing the Princess Mary*, and the *Signing of the Death-Warrant of Lady Jane Grey*, — it must be frankly confessed, were suggested to the artist by his intellectual convictions, at a time when certain questions of sectarian polity were agitating the country, rather than by the fervid emotions of the artistic imagination. The details of these compositions show a careful study of costume, but the pictures lack warmth and interest. As Mr. Huntington does not hesitate to acknowledge, those of his pictures "which have been painted with the greatest interest are those which are meant to convey a moral lesson, and are ideally treated. Among these are the *Sacred Lesson, Alms-Giving, Piety and Folly, Communion of the Sick, Faith, Hope*, etc. Subjects of this kind can be composed without the trammels of a fixed costume; are confined to no age or country, and depend upon no temporary excitement for their interest, but appeal to those feelings which belong to the human race."

In 1850 Mr. Huntington was the recipient of a remarkable and most unusual compliment. Mr. Richard Grant White suggested that an exhibition of Mr. Huntington's works should be opened to the public. The proposal was at once seconded by leading citizens of New York,

and an invitation to that effect, headed by Mr. Bryant, was extended to the artist. The collection included one hundred and thirty works of widely varying merit. It was held in the Art Union Building, 497 Broadway. That is well down-town to-day; but at that date even the Academy of Design was only just moving into rooms on Broadway, opposite Bond Street. In the catalogue of this exhibition Mr. Huntington took occasion to give expression to some of his views on matters of art. They are of interest and importance as indicating what were probably the prevailing opinions in the art circles of New York at the time. His landscape art was copiously represented. Regarding the treatment of landscape painting, Mr. Huntington writes as follows: — "In landscape all methods are allowable, according to the subject in hand; for, notwithstanding what is so eloquently said by the Oxford student (Ruskin), there is an abstract style even in landscape, conveying general ideas of the sentiment of a scene. Of this Claude, and Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, in spite of the ridicule heaped upon them by the Oxford student, and in spite of their own falsity in parts, so ably pointed out by that author, are the acknowledged princes in the field of ideal landscape."

This is frank and clear, but altogether at variance with the practice of landscape art in France and England at that time, and in America at present. Mr. Huntington's landscapes, in spite of his theory, however, show the inevitable force of surrounding influences. We do not recognize in these canvases quite the originality of his other work. They suggest the styles of Cole and Kensett. If he had devoted himself exclusively to this branch, perhaps he might have achieved higher excellence. *Chocorua*, painted in 1860, is one of this painter's largest, as it is one of his most effective landscapes. It is owned by Mr. William Walter Phelps. The color and tone of the work are agreeable, and the bold outline of the mountain is rendered with spirit. The details of the foreground are firmly painted; but the atmosphere is a little indefinite and confusing. This painting undoubtedly entitles Mr. Huntington to a respectable, if not a foremost, position among the landscapists of America.

In the same exhibition was included his picture of *Faith*. It was painted in 1848, for General Totten, and we quote an extract from a letter to him, in which the artist gives us a graphic description that reveals the key-note to the impulses which have directed his religious compositions: — "The reason of Faith being clothed in white, with a cross of a bloody tinge on her bosom, and wearing for an ornament the words written on the border, will be at once apparent. I have introduced light falling upon her from above in three colored rays, to symbolize the Trinity, that holy mystery which I must regard as the test of a true and unhesitating faith. There is a reason for the order in which the colors are arranged in the trio which might be thought fanciful. Red is assumed as representative of our Saviour, of course indicating the bloody sacrifice; blue, of the Eternal Father, as expressive of infinite space, distance, invisibility, and perfect serenity; yellow I have adopted for the Holy Spirit, as being the color of *warmth*, the cheering, life-giving, and fructifying principle of light."

Although devoting himself chiefly to portrait painting after 1850, Mr. Huntington has still found time to execute since then a number of important compositions. One of these, *Sowing the Word*, is in his characteristic vein of religious art, and, as it was painted nearly twenty years after *Mercy's Dream*, affords a fair measure of the growth of his art. The picture represents a venerable man, with flowing beard, expounding the Scriptures with impressive gestures to two young women. One of them, in sober garb, is listening with deep attention to his words. The other, volatile and ostentatiously dressed, turns away from him to give her attention to some passing object. The original sketch for this figure is reproduced herewith, and a wood engraving of the picture itself precedes Chapter First. The composition possesses less of the inspirational quality which renders *Mercy's Dream* so attractive. It is more labored, and less emotional; but the color is more harmonious, and the texture or technical part perhaps more artistic. This is often the difference between the works of youth and middle age.

The Republican Court is not only one of the most elaborate works of Mr. Huntington, but



MOUNT CHOCORUA.

PAINTED BY DANIEL HUNTINGTON, P. N. A.—ENGRAVED BY JOHN FILMER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

also one of the most important in American art. It belongs to a class of subjects quite popular at the time, representing as it does an ideal assemblage of the notable characters of the Revolutionary period. The arrangement of the numerous figures is felicitous, and the pose and costumes of each personage are given with grace and elegance. In no work has the artist more agreeably expressed the two leading characteristics of his brush. It is noteworthy that the face of Schuyler was added after the picture was finished. This painting was exhibited at the great Sanitary Fair held in New York during the civil war; was afterwards sent to the Paris Exposition of 1866, where it received the commendation of the judges; and was also exhibited at the Centennial at Philadelphia. It was painted for Alexander Ritchie, the engraver, who proposed to add to his reputation and purse by a steel engraving of a subject that would do justice to himself, while it should also commend itself to the popular esteem. The scheme was completely successful. But while this noble work was of permanent advantage to the fame of the painter, it was scarcely a pecuniary success to him. He agreed to paint the work for $2,500. But the labor spent in obtaining the different portraits and costumes was so far beyond expectation, that the artist was poorly compensated, lthough Mr. Ritchie generously added $1,000 to the stipulated sum. After engraving the plate, Ritchie was yet able to sell the painting for $7,500, while Mr. Stewart, in whose gallery it now hangs, eventually paid $25,000 for it.

Men of Science, another extensive composition, was suggested to Mr. Huntington by the popular demand then existing for such historic portrait groups; but it also tends to show the versatility of his talents and their adaptability to the suggestions of current taste. The famous *Hemicycle* of Delaroche is probably the ablest composition of the sort ever executed, and very likely suggested the more recent and numerous portrait groups of Faed and other artists, which, as engravings, have adorned the walls of so many homes. They have aided to stimulate a taste

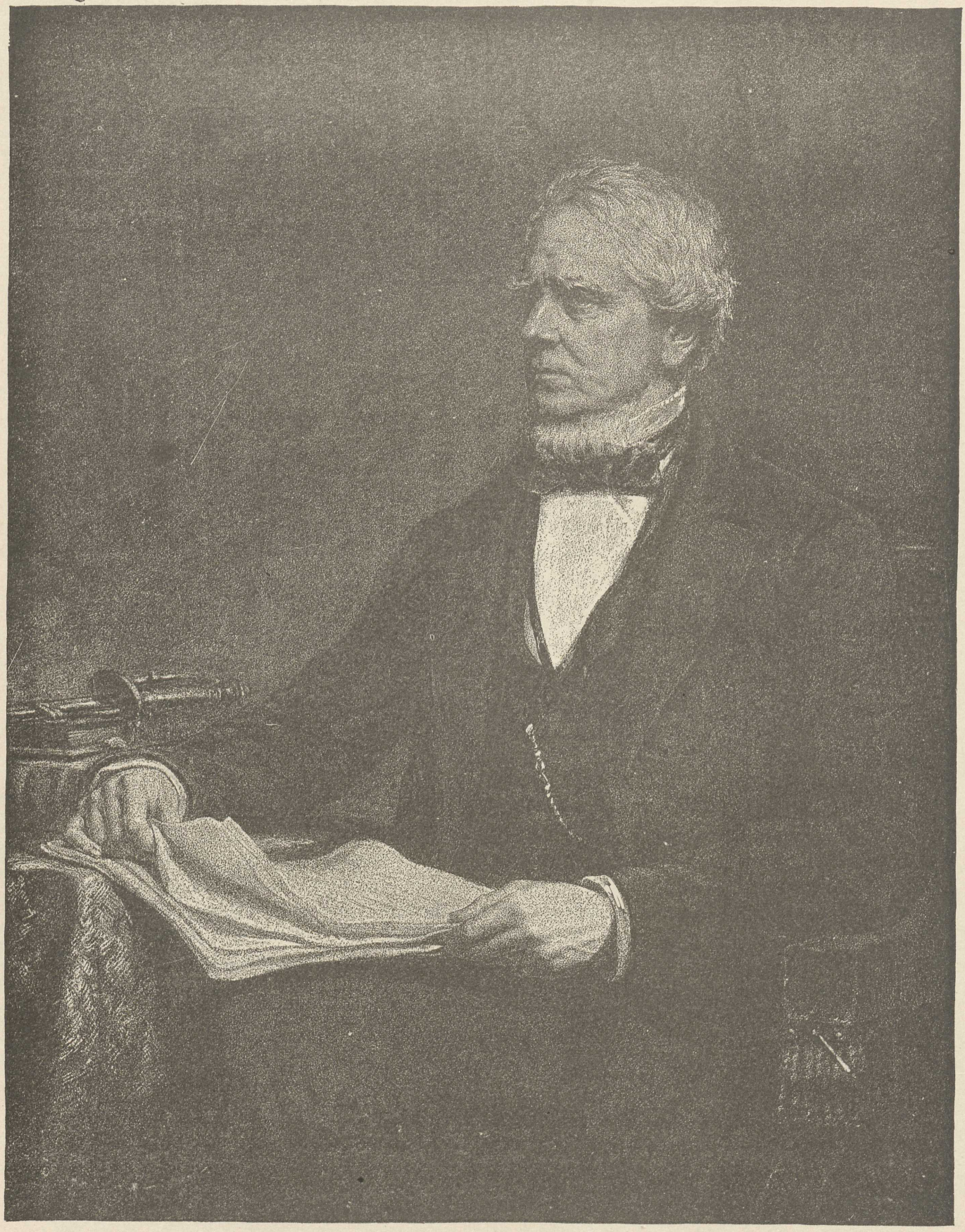
for literature and art; but, as distinct contributions to the growth of art, we do not greatly esteem them. Mr. Huntington's *Men of Science* holds a high rank in this department of æsthetic culture; the grouping is agreeable, and the portraits, there is every reason to suppose, are correct. The artist tells an interesting anecdote in connection with the painting of this composition.

Of course, the late Professor Henry and Professor Morse are included in the group. But an unfortunate disagreement existed between these eminent men, growing out of rivalry concerning the discovery of the electric telegraph. So bitter were the feelings of Professor Henry against his more successful competitor, who, as he alleged, had lied about him and traduced him, that he emphatically objected to being included in the painting if Morse was also to appear in it. When he at last yielded to the urgent appeal of the artist, he said, "Then as far from Morse as possible." While he was sitting for his portrait for this purpose, his sentiments on the subject were so violent that he would spring from his chair, and, pacing the floor with intense passion, hurl invectives against the man who had robbed him of the honors which he thought were justly his own.

Charles the Fifth, the Pope, and Titian, is one of the last of Mr. Huntington's ideal works, his attention having been almost entirely devoted to portraiture since 1850. Probably no American painter has enjoyed the privilege of giving perpetuity to the likeness of a larger number of eminent Americans than Mr. Huntington. The list is a long one, and includes portraits of Dr. Muhlenberg, President Van Buren, Charles King, LL. D., Audubon, the artist and naturalist, Commodore Stringham, Thomas Cole and A. B. Durand, Dr. A. Cleaveland Coxe, President Lincoln (for the Union League Club, New York), Chancellor Ferris, Governor Morgan, and many others of celebrity. Among his most recent portraits is a likeness of General Dix. He has also lately completed a full-length portrait of Secretary Sherman for the New York Chamber of Commerce, which is now on exhibition at the National Academy of Design. For this painting he was paid $3,500, the largest sum probably ever received in this country for a portrait. It is one of Mr. Huntington's most notable efforts in this branch of art, and is also interesting as showing that there is yet no evidence of a decline in his style.

But we think Mr. Huntington's reputation as a portrait painter most securely rests on his representations of the beauty of our American women. We are sometimes conscious of feebleness of handling and lack of grasp in the seizure of character when we study his masculine portraits. But the refinement of his style and *technique* enables him often to render the delicate traits, complexion, and expression of feminine loveliness in a manner so felicitous that it cannot fail of winning the popular applause. Among his most successful female portraits are those of Mrs. Drayton and Mrs. Roosevelt, daughters of Mr. William Astor, and the full-length painting of Mrs. Warsham. The first of the portraits just named Mr. Ferris has delicately etched for this Work, by the kind permission of Mrs. William Astor.

Mr. Huntington has thus achieved reputation as well as pecuniary success in landscape painting, historical and religious art, and portraiture. Hardly any American painter has been so widely known, or has done more to diffuse a taste for art in the country. The popularity of the subjects he has selected caused many thousand engravings of his works to be distributed in the mansions of our cities and the farmhouses of our villages alike. Together with such compositions as Cole's *Voyage of Life*, Wilkie's *Village Festival*, Ranney's *Trapper's Last Shot*, or Landseer's *Challenge*, they have tended to arouse a feeling for art in a new community. Reflecting in subject the opinions of the people and the age, they were yet sufficiently in advance of the art knowledge of the people to be æsthetically improving, and therefore educational. It appears to us, when we consider the results of Mr. Huntington's art life, that the true sphere of his abilities may be recognized in just these works of his which have endeared his name to the people. Always a hard, earnest student, devoted wholly to art, never swerving from his allegiance to scatter his powers except to lend his efforts and influence to the furtherance of



D. HUNTINGTON, PINX. CHAS. METTAIS, DEL.

PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. DIX.

charitable associations, his aspirations have found their truest expression in the ideal compositions based on the principles of the Christian faith. Mr. Huntington is essentially a moralist and a preacher. If he had lived in the Middle Ages there is no question of the class of subjects which he would have chosen. Hence his art is what is called in some quarters literary art, and as such would be but poorly received by some of the neophytes of the schools of Munich and Paris. While agreeing with them that the first thing in art is, of course, the technical part or the means of expression, yet it would be a sad day for the world if it were settled once for all that this is all art can do. Happily, here in America we are only passing through a spasm which is sure erelong to be followed by a sober reaction, in which the importance of thought in art will be recognized once more.



STUDY FOR A FIGURE IN "SOWING THE WORD."

BY D. HUNTINGTON, P. N. A. — DRAWN BY CHARLES METTAIS.

For the greatest art is much more than simply technical, and therefore also admits the literary element. The masters have been story-tellers and moralists, as well as painters. In this

department Mr. Huntington's mind is kin to that of Allston and Cole, serious, poetical, dramatic. If he had devoted less attention to portrait painting, we are convinced that his matured powers would have enabled him to give the world works as dashing as, and more powerful in conception and *technique* than, *Mercy's Dream*, which appears to be the most valuable creation of his brush.

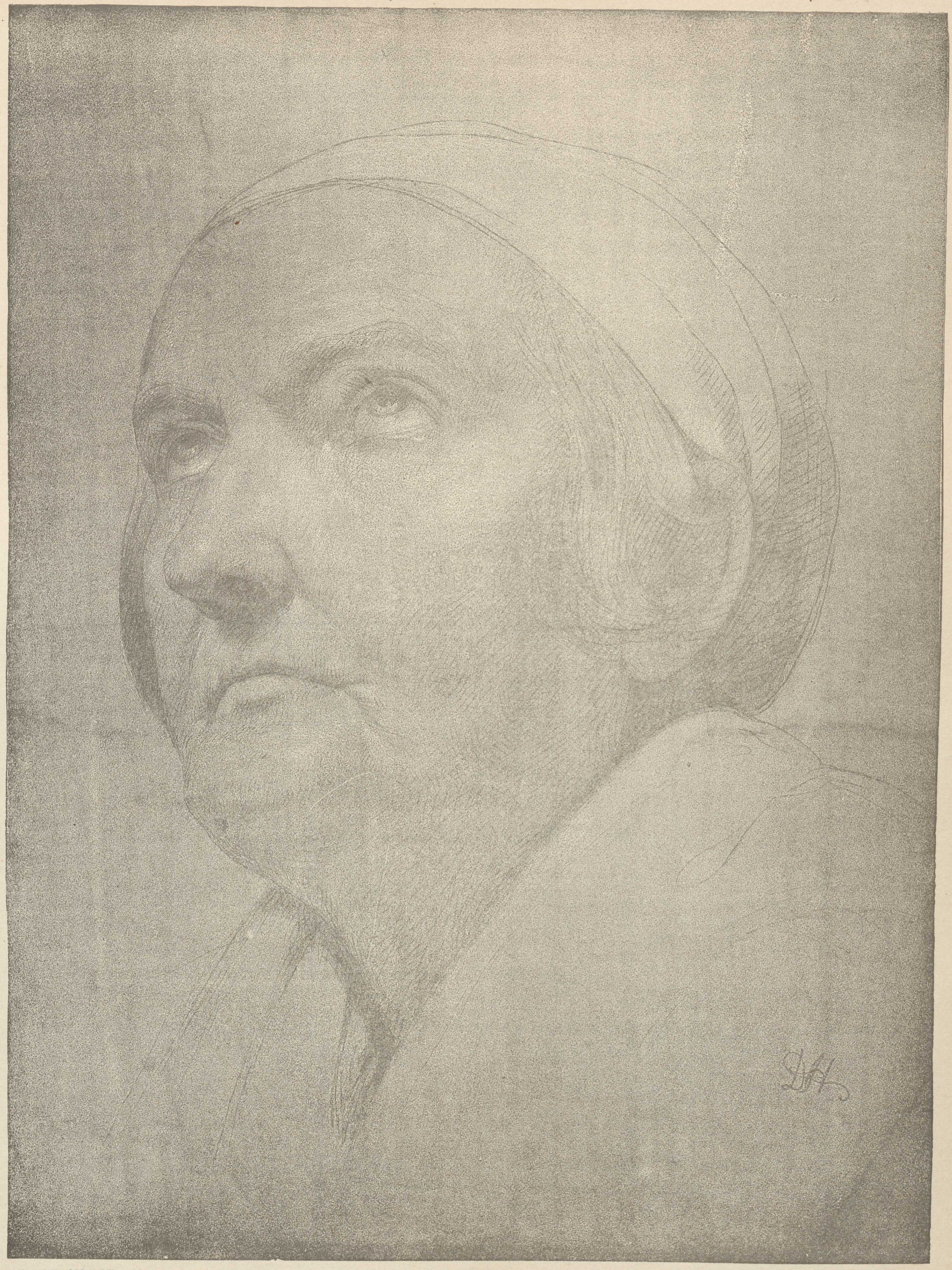
What most impresses one in considering Mr. Huntington's paintings is their evenness of quality. We are rarely startled by brilliance either in style or subject, while, on the other hand, we are not often disturbed by the mediocrity or repulsiveness which frequently characterize the works of more daring artists. He is no innovator. He could not found a school by climbing over the shoulders of other artists and schools. Yet he readily accepts every advance in the expression of artistic truths, while he is essentially and by nature conservative. His sympathies are manifestly with the great schools of the Renaissance, rather than with those of our day; but he views the whole field with a temperate and catholic spirit.

We recognize these facts in the scheme of color which Mr. Huntington has adopted in his religious compositions, evidently based on the harmonies of the middle Italian school and the later revival of Overbeck and Cornelius. What we miss in his handling is force; there is sometimes too much "sweetness," to use a studio term, in both that and his color, which suggests insipidity. He is therefore most at home in subjects that require delicacy of treatment. His drawing of the figure, although he has studied much from the life, is also too often defective in solidity, firmness, and correctness of outline. It cannot be denied, however, that notwithstanding these defects Mr. Huntington's art often gives pleasure to the observer. It has been a source of satisfaction and improvement to multitudes. If he has wrested no discoveries from the truths of nature, if he has not explored deeply into the mysteries of character, or introduced new styles of artistic expression, he has, on the other hand, been no tame imitator, he has not cloyed the taste with inane mannerisms, and the motive of his art life has been pure and elevating. That such has been the opinion of his associates in art has been shown by his being twice elected to the presidency of the National Academy of Design, an office which he still holds. He was also the successor of William Cullen Bryant as President of the Century Club, an association based on art and literary influences.

If it is not considered presumptuous to formulate a parallel of character in this connection, we should say that Mr. Huntington holds a position in our art similar to that of Mr. Longfellow in our poetic literature.

Both have been singularly fortunate in their social relations, and have been spared many of the embarrassments which persecute so many of their professional brethren. Both have been endowed with an even temperament, and a serious and religious perception of the relations of life. Both have treated subjects that have won for them a wide esteem in the hearts of the people, and thus, while each by his acquirements and achievements has received the respect of cultured audiences, their greatest praise will be that they have led the people to love poetry and art, and by what they have painted and sung have taught the genuineness of the ideal, and the paramount importance of the aspirations after the good, the true, and the beautiful which move our common humanity.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



D. HUNTINGTON, DEL.

CHAS. METTAIS, FAC-SIM.

STUDY

FOR A HEAD IN "THE COMMUNION OF THE SICK."



HEAD OF DIANA.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM PAINTING

BY

WILLIAM ST. JOHN HARPER.

THIS painting was made to illustrate the beautiful poem of "Endymion," by John Keats. To all lovers of the poem this charming interpretation of the Goddess of the Chase will be particularly gratifying.



FAIR INES. DRAWN BY HARPER.

W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE audience that the illustrator can command is a great and ever-increasing one. Unlike those of the painter, who must first attract the public to studio, store, or gallery before his work can be seen, the illustrator's achievements are carried everywhere. To people whose opportunities of attending art exhibitions are

> "Like angel-visits, few and far between,"

to the thousands of libraries and the hundreds of thousands of homes where good reading and good pictures are loved, the productions of his talent come in book or magazine, a never-ending procession. Invariably hung "on the line" and in a good light, untroubled by inharmonious neighbors, needing no catalogue and always to be found on exhibition, how many practical advantages they possess over paintings. Though mostly only in sober black and white, we know their colors will not fade or darken, nor will their surface crack and with proper care there seems to be no reason why, at the end of two or three centuries from now, they will not be in good condition.

Among the many able illustrators of America, the name of W. St. John Harper is well known, and the beautiful faces which his pencil bestows on women and children have given delight to many. Lately he has essayed an ambitious work, the illustration of Keats's "Endymion," a task involving the portrayal of both figure and landscape, and how well he succeeded can be seen in its entirety in the sumptuous volume recently issued, which increases still more the honor due to American publishers for being the first to worthily illustrate the poems of John Keats.

Therein is shown how

> "Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
> A mighty forest;"

and how Peona would

> "Watch and dote upon the silver lakes
> Pictured in western cloudiness, that takes
> The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
> Islands and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
> With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
> And towers of amethyst;"



ILLUSTRATION TO FAIR INES. BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

how Endymion wandered

"Through a vast antre; . . .
. . . whence far off appear'd,
Through a long pillar'd vista, a fair shrine,
And just beyond, on light tiptoe divine,
A quiver'd Dian;"

and how

"He saw far in the concave green of the sea
An old man sitting calm and peacefull
Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet;
And, ample as the largest winding-sh
A cloak of blue wrapp'd up his aged bones;"

and how the beauteous Phœbe sat a-weeping

"Beneath dark palm trees by a river side;"

with store of other drawings, delicate sprays of leaf and flower, the graceful shapes of nymphs entwined in air, and many a face of loveliness.

Our readers have an opportunity to judge of their quality by the photo-etching of the charming head of Diana, which will be contained in this work. In starry robe, crescent-crowned and bearing the poppy flower of sleep in her fair hands, she — but let Endymion himself tell of her coming, as he told it to his sister Peona. —

"And lo! from opening clouds I saw emerge
The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet; she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul,
Commingling with her argent spheres, did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapory tent —
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I raised
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, oh, where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not — thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee — yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orbed brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighborhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane? — Ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind outblows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'T is blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lushest, bluebell bed,
Handfuls of daisies." —

A sterner theme our artist found when he contributed some spirited designs to a richly adorned edition of Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh," showing the dread Mokanna, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan: —

"O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light."

charging in battle with the Caliph's host: —

"'On, brave avengers, on,' Mokanna cries,
'And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies!'"

or gazing with baleful eye on his shrinking victim, Zelica.

The flawless productions of the Poet Laureate's pen have called forth some of the most pleasing of Mr. Harper's work, as in his illustrations to "Recollections of the Arabian Nights: " —



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. DRAWN BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. DRAWN BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

"Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumber'd: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwoo'd of summer wind:
A sudden splendor from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

"Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Still engaged in the pleasant task of wedding fair pictures to sweet poetry, we find some delightful fancies interlaced in the lines of Thomas Hood's "Fair Ines."

"Oh, saw ye not fair Ines?
She 's gone into the West
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:

"Oh turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;"

What wonder that the luckless swain bewailed his loss and asked

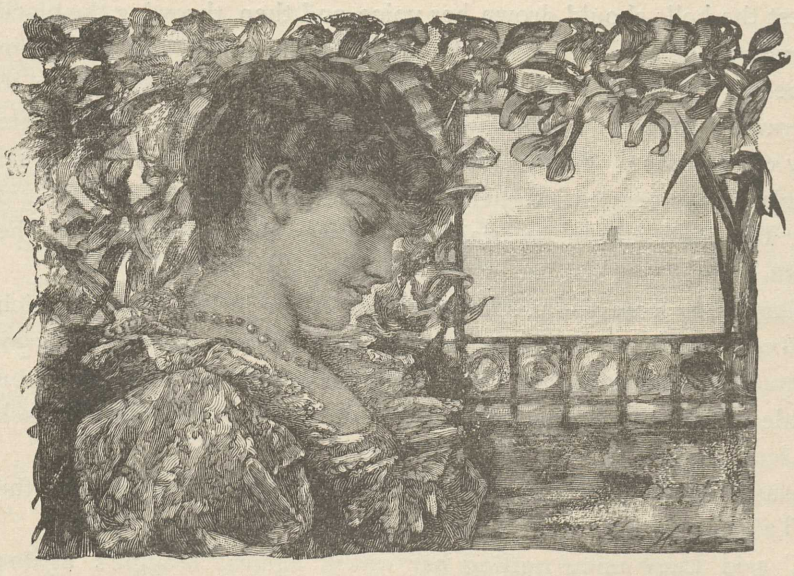
"Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

"Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before."—

A text from Charles Kingsley's "Song of the River," that most beautiful song-sermon whose diction is as clear and pure as the water it sings, —



FAIR INES. DRAWN BY HARPER.



"THE DEAREST OF THE DEAR." DRAWN BY HARPER.

"Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child," —

the artist has also embroidered. Two of his happiest illustrations were made for George Eliot's "Romola," one showing "the visible Madonna" dispensing charity to the little children in the hospital, whither she had gone with the good news that Florence, sorely beset by war, famine, and pestilence, was relieved. "It was a time to rejoice, since help had



THE RIVER. DRAWN BY HARPER.

come to Florence; and she turned into the court to tell the good news to her patients on their straw beds.

"She closed the door after her, lest the bells should drown her voice, and then, throwing the black drapery from her head that the women might see her better, she stood in the midst and told them that corn was coming and that the bells were ringing for gladness at the news. They all sat up to listen, while the children trotted or crawled toward her, and pulled her black skirts, as if they were impatient at being all that long way off her face. She yielded to them, weary as she was, and sat down on the straw, while the little pale things peeped into her basket and pulled her hair down, and the feeble voices around her said, 'The Holy Virgin be praised!' 'It was the procession!' 'The Mother of God has had pity on us!'"

The other depicts Romola fetching water from the well for the sick in the little village to which her boat had carried her, "her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick gray garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backward and illuminated on the left side by the sun-rays, the little olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet black eyes."

A picture from another of the same novelist's works, "The Mill on the Floss," represents the meeting between Lucy and Maggie Tulliver: —

"'Maggie, dear, be comforted,' said Lucy now, putting her cheek against Maggie's again; 'don't grieve.' And she sat still, hoping to soothe Maggie with that gentle caress.



"THE VISIBLE MADONNA." DRAWN BY HARPER.

"'I did n't mean to deceive you, Lucy,' said Maggie, as soon as she could speak. 'It always made me wretched that I felt what I did n't like you to know. . . . It was because I thought it would all be conquered, and you might never see anything to wound you.'

"'I know, dear,' said Lucy. 'I know you never meant to make me unhappy. . . . It is a trouble that has come on us all. You have more to bear than I have; and you gave him up when . . . you did what it must have been very hard to do.'

"They were silent again a little while, sitting with clasped hands, and cheeks leaned together.

"'Lucy,' Maggie began again, '*he* struggled too. He wanted to be true to you. He will come back to you. Forgive him: he will be happy then. . . .'

"These words were wrung forth from Maggie's deepest soul with an effort like the convulsed clutch of a drowning man. Lucy trembled and was silent.

"A gentle knock came at the door. It was Alice the maid, who entered and said: —

"'I dared n't stay any longer, Miss Deane. They'll find it out, and there'll be such anger at your coming out so late.'

"Lucy rose and said, 'Very well, Alice; in a minute.'

"'I'm to go away on Friday, Maggie,' she added, when Alice had closed the door again.



MAGGIE AND LUCY. FROM THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. DRAWN BY HARPER.

When I come back, and am strong, they will let me do as I like. I shall come to you when I please, then.'

"' Lucy,' said Maggie, with another great effort, 'I pray to God continually that I may never be the cause of sorrow to you any more.'

"She pressed the little hand that she held between hers, and looked up into the face that was bent over hers. Lucy never forgot that look.

"' Maggie,' she said, in a low voice that had the solemnity of confession in it, 'you are better than I am. I can't—'

"She broke off there and said no more. But they clasped each other again in a last embrace."

Mr. Harper also provided several admirable pictures for a *de luxe* edition of George Eliot's poems, including his conception of Fedalma, the Spanish gypsy.

In the ranks of the numerous clever illustrators who furnish artistic riches to "Our Little Ones" magazine, we frequently find St. John Harper, many of his charming pictures of and for children having appeared in its bright pages. They include nothing better, perhaps, than his design, here reproduced, which accompanied the dainty lines, "Two Nests:" —

Swing, birdies, swing!
Over the green earth and under the sky,
Mother-bird hung up her cradle on high;
Wove it so deep, and wove it so strong,
Birdies may rock in it all the day long.
Swing, birdies, swing!

Swing, baby, swing!
Under the old elm's fluttering leaves
Mother for baby a brave cradle weaves;
Weaves it of silk, and lines it with down,
Hangs it on threads soft as baby's white gown.
Swing, baby, swing!



TWO NESTS. DRAWN BY HARPER.

Swing, birdies, swing!
Down from the tree-tops four little tongues call;
Baby coos back again, answering all:
Oriole flutters in love o'er her nest;
Mother hugs baby, and thinks her the best.
Swing, birdies, swing.

S. J. DOUGLASS.



THE LOST DOLL. DRAWN BY HARPER.

Then, from the same source, is his illustration showing the little girl who dearly wanted a little sister to love and play with, and, who becoming lost and losing her doll, was given a new one (which turned out to be a real live baby) by a woman she met in the street.

Then there is the pretty picture, which belongs to the graceful lines entitled "Something Sure."

"What a pity nothing ever
Has a beauty that will stay!"
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,
Stopping briefly in her play.
"All these velvet pansies withered, —
And I picked them just to-day!"



SOMETHING SURE. DRAWN BY HARPER.

"And there 's nothing very certain,"
Answered Bess, with face demure;
"When it rains we can't go driving, —
I wish promises were truer!
I could rest, if I were certain
Of a single thing that 's sure!"

Grandma smiled from out her corner,
Smoothing back a soft, gray tress:
"Sixty seconds make a minute;
Did you know it, little Bess?
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Never more, and never less.

"For the seconds in a minute,
Whether full of work or fun,
Or the minutes in an hour,
Never numbered sixty-one!
That is one thing that is certain
Ever since the world begun.

"Though the rose may lose its crimson,
And the buttercup its gold,
There is something, through all changes,
You may always surely hold:
Truth can never lose its beauty,
Nor its strength, by growing old."

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.



KING MIDAS. DRAWN BY HARPER.

Again there is his illustration of the story of King Midas, who, after turning everything he touched into gold, sat with tears in his eyes starving before his golden fruit.

An attractive sample of Mr. Harper's work is shown in the accompanying full-page cut of *Playing at Ladies*, in which several lucky little maidens are rejoicing at the thoughtfulness of their aunt in giving them for their Christmas what is dear to every little girl, long trained dresses. We can imagine their curiosity on awakening and seeing beneath their stockings a large box, and their delight on opening it in finding the "full grown" dresses that they might call their own.

Some of Mr. Harper's choicest things were done to illustrate Tennyson's "Day Dream," and the list of other books embellished wholly or in part by him, contains the same author's "Princess;" Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" Shakspeare's Seven Ages; "Eagle and the Elf;" the Sermon on the Mount, Longfellow's Poems; "Your Mission;" and many hymns and school-books.

William St. John Harper was born in Rhinebeck, N. Y., in 1851, and studied in the schools of the National Academy of Design and the Art Student's League, and also in Paris under the famous painters Bonnat and Munkacsy. While in Europe he spent much time copying in the Louvre and others of the great picture galleries on the Continent, and during his stay abroad was elected President of the Art Student's League, having been one of its incorporators. For several years he was a special artist on the staff of the "New York Daily Graphic," and later became its art editor. His illustrations have appeared in the Harpers' periodicals, "The Century" and "St. Nicholas," and other magazines. He is a member of the New York Etching Club, and the plates produced by him include "Reverie" and "Lucile," both of which are dry points. He has also made reproductive etchings from paintings by Alfred Stevens, Henner, Madrazo, Gérôme, Vibert, Tamacois and others, some of these being for the illustrated catalogues of the famed collections of Mrs. M. J. Morgan and A. T. Stewart. His etchings are marked by the same qualities of grace and sentiment which have proved so acceptable in his illustrative work. The specimens of the latter given herewith will serve to show the nature of his artistic gift and cannot fail to justify the praises bestowed upon it.



PLAYING AT LADIES.

DRAWN BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

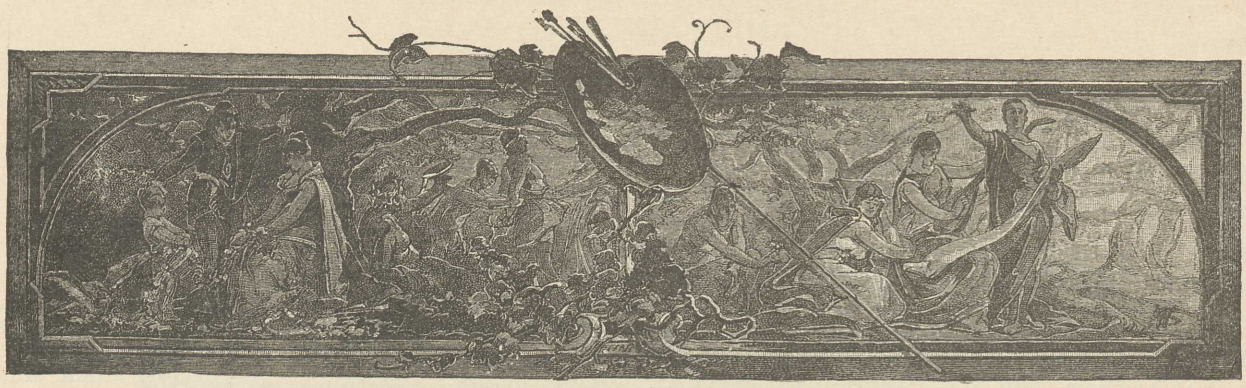
ONE does not need to be familiar with the "Arabian Nights" to see in this drawing the beauties that a great English poet has pictured in the well-known poem, "Recollections of the Arabian Nights."

If one could in his dreams be borne

"Adown the Tigris
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,"

such a scene as this would undoubtedly present itself in "The Great Pavilion of the Caliphat":—

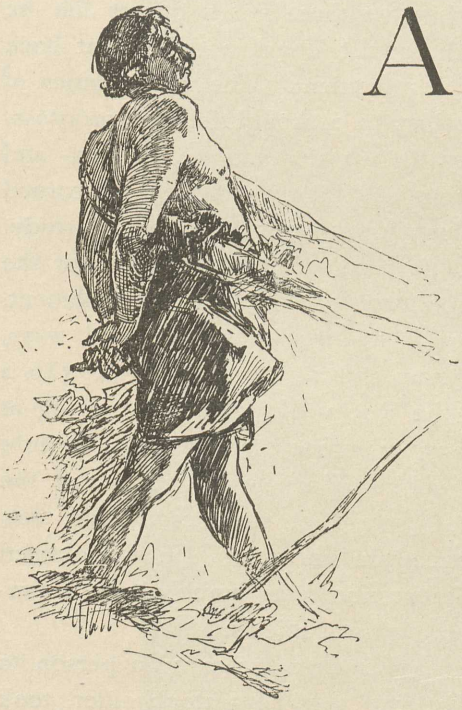
"The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers look'd to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night new-risen, that marvellous time
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."



DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW. — ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

WALTER SHIRLAW.

CHAPTER FOURTH.



FROM A STUDY BY W. SHIRLAW.

DRAWN BY A. KAPPES.

A SHREWD, far-sighted, and admirable man and artist, is the conclusion that one arrives at after studying Shirlaw and his works; — graciously firm, courageous without bravado, independent with a purpose, self-reliant, and prudent. In no sense an American, for he was born in Scotland and received his art education in Munich, he is yet regarded as the best trained and generally equipped American painter and illustrator. Born in Paisley, he came to New York when he was three years of age. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was an art antiquarian of unusual character, and his father was an inventor and maker of fine pattern looms for weaving shawls and other decorative work. His mother, besides being an excellent housekeeper, had a great love for decoration with positive colors, and an unusual constructive skill and taste. The boy Shirlaw was encouraged in his earliest art attempts. He preferred pictures to the text, and human nature to books and school.

At the age of twelve he left school of his own accord, and entered the employ of Tirrel and Valentine, real estate speculators, as office boy. To him it was a varied and amusing existence, for he ran about, saw the world, and made the maps, plans, and other drawings required in the business. The tastes and tendencies of the boy were recognized by the firm, and his future was to them a matter of more consequence than their own interests; for one of them said to him one day, after he had been with them for three years: "Walter, you should look out for the future, and learn some trade where your talents will have full scope. I have found you a chance to learn one of three, — a watch-case engraver, a wood engraver, or a bank-note engraver, — and I advise you to begin at once." The boy had already decided to become a painter or sculptor, and was considering what course to pursue. He chose the last-mentioned

trade, because it appeared to him as nearer his object, and apprenticed himself for five years to an offshoot of the company of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, and Edson. Up to this time Shirlaw had followed his own inclinations without annoyance or obstacle of any kind, thanks to his own nature and the good sense of his parents. In apprenticing himself he added to the pleasant programme of the past a wise provision for the future, — a good trade, upon which he could not only rely for subsistence, but make it a means of earning money in case of need. It was an important factor in his steady progress as an artist. It serves him to-day, and will continue to do so as long as he lives. It was five years of study and exacting progress, a training of his enthusiasm, and a preparation for profitable art study when the time came. So much for the art instinct, tempered with Scotch blood. Working over-time as an apprentice, and one year as a journeyman at twenty-five dollars per week, he saved nearly eight hundred dollars with which to begin his career as a painter in a studio at 444 Broadway, New York. His first picture, entitled *Eager for the Fray*, represented a newsboy squaring off at an unseen antagonist, whose shadow was projected towards him. It was exhibited in the National Academy Exhibition in 1861, and hung on the line. He afterwards gave the picture to a soldier's fair, where it was sold at auction for twenty dollars to the artist himself, who preferred bidding it in, because he thought it was worth more than that sum. He afterwards sold it for forty dollars, and contributed the money to the object for which the picture was first given. The artist continued his painting for three years, his money holding out for that period, when, fearing the incertitude of the painter's profession, he returned to bank-note engraving.

After he had worked at his old trade for eighteen months a difficulty arose. He found that it was very distasteful to engrave the designs of others. During the three years of art life he had developed an individuality which could not be governed or put down, and he went back to his studio and once more began painting. It was a trying moment. The uncertainties of the life of a young untrained artist do not recommend themselves to a thoughtful and progressively disposed mind, — even with a certain luxurious liberty thrown in that makes rags and dry bread sufficient, — especially to one as prudent and cautious as Shirlaw. Money self-earned is, after all, the best friend and surest support. Its possession insures opportunities of study. So Shirlaw thought when, after three months of studio work, he accepted the invitation of the Western Bank-Note Company of Chicago to become the superintendent of that establishment. There was a quality of adventure in going West gratifying to his nature, — new men, new ways, near the great plains and mountains. He remained three years and six months, when, with a companion, he started on a long desired six months' trip to the Rocky Mountains. Arriving at Denver, they took a two-mule wagon, with preparations for any emergency, and went alone into the wilderness. The landscape impressed him. The plain spoke in a new language, and the mountains were a history. He saw a monstrous, savage, stately world of rock, earth, and tree, clothed in a strange and wonderful light. The sense of space was immense. He was obliged to look at nature as a mass. The desire to reproduce his impressions was humbled by a conscious inability. He felt that he must study in order to handle great subjects.

After making a large number of sketches Shirlaw returned to Chicago, procured a person to take his place as superintendent of the company, in which he had become a stockholder, took a studio, and a third time began to study and paint with increased ardor. The more he worked, the more he felt that, if he was ever to be a painter, he must go somewhere where he could get something from others, and that he could not dig it out by himself; so he picked up his things, after a residence in Chicago of five years, and started for Paris in September, 1870. Unable to get into that city because of the siege, he went to Munich to remain until the siege was over. While in London he met a New York artist, who advised him not to go to Paris, because, as he asserted, "I've been there; I can't learn anything from them; I can paint as they do, and I don't want to lose my originality." This man represented what is understood as home art, and a class who can get nothing either from the dead or the living. Shirlaw

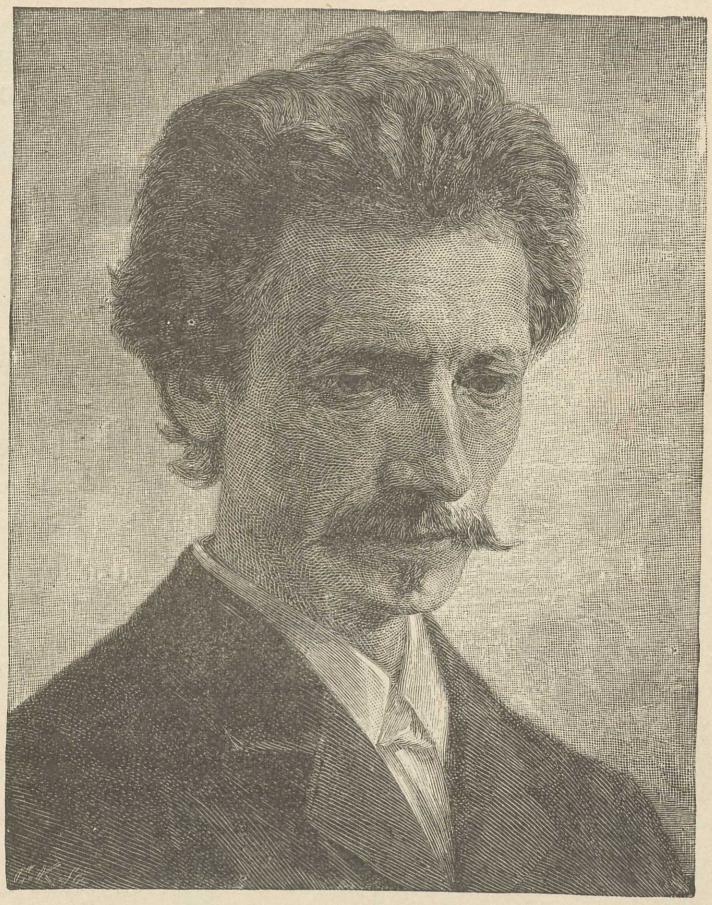


THE TONING OF THE BELL.

FROM A PAINTING BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

spent three months in Munich, "getting the hang of things," feeling his way, and without relinquishing the intention of going to Paris.

At the suggestion of a friend he went to Professor Raab's school, and began to draw, though with no intention of remaining, because he was not sure that Munich was the place for him to study. The way was open in Paris; it was the world. In Munich, to him, it must be felt out. Work is a great dissolver of doubts, an unerring path-clearer. Shirlaw remained in Raab's studio for nine months, drawing from life, without touching a brush. He then entered Wagner's painting class, where he remained two years. After this study he took a studio, and began to test the value of what he had learned, to see how much it had helped him to express himself. Shirlaw liked Raab for his wonderful accuracy of characteristics; Wagner, for his movement, vim, and vitality. The former came from Nuremberg, the latter from Hungary. Raab advised Shirlaw to enter the composition class at the Academy. The advice was accepted, and Shirlaw again, as he had previously done, selected the professor under whom he wished to study. He chose Ramberg, for his refinement of composition. He did not like Piloty, because he thought that artist theatrical, and not possessed of the sense of truth of composition; nor Leibl, because he was too truthful. Ramberg's color was not good, but he possessed the quality of a great artist and a great teacher, — that of improving in color by the influence of his pupils, who were very promising. He understood that a growing master must have growing and growth-giving pupils about him. It is as essential to art minds as air is to the body. The art instinct is a magnet, it draws to itself its kind; it is a source, it gives and receives unconsciously. This is the necessity of its existence. The Munich Academy, like the other art schools of Europe, recognizes these fundamental truths, and presents a striking contrast to the views entertained in this country in regard to art education. Here the great indefinite mass must be first educated (?); there, the artist, the producer; then the people, if need be. There it is understood that, in facilitating the progress of productive artists, the highest claim to public honor is presented, and the highest possible public benefit conferred.



WALTER SHIRLAW.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

While with Ramberg, Shirlaw painted *Tuning the Bell*, a picture much admired in Munich, and now owned in Chicago. A year after entering Ramberg's class the master died, and Shirlaw went to Lindenschmit's studio, as he liked that painter's vigor and strength of color. Under his new teacher Shirlaw painted his large and most important picture, *Sheep-Shearing*. When it was half completed Lindenschmit said, "You can finish that now, — I cannot help you." Immediately after the artist's arrival in New York, in 1877, it was exhibited in the National Academy of Design, and was justly honored in its hanging. The following explanation of its motive is taken from the catalogue of the artist's pictures. "The scene is laid in a very old monastery in the Highlands of Bavaria. The shearing is performed by women, who form

themselves into bands, each having its forewoman. Having made their engagements early in the season, they go from town to town, in their tramp of labor and of frolic. Starting from the southern section of Bavaria in early spring, they move forward as the season advances, shearing the sheep of their last year's coats. The picture was painted in Munich, and first exhibited there in 1876, and took a 'Mention Honorable' at the French Exposition in 1878."

The picture illustrates a scene, and is rather a collection of fine groups studiously arranged and actuated by the same purpose, than the expression of a centralized idea of the subject. It may be called the gathering together of the forces of a student in his first attempt at a large composition. To us its chief interest lies in this fact. It has an unusual suggestive value, not only as regards the artist's progressive condition, but as a significant lesson to students and experienced artists. The picture means more than it is. In distinguishing one school of art from another, it is easy to see that it was painted in Munich. Three of the illustrations of this article are taken from this picture. Either one of two of them sufficiently set forth the process of sheep-shearing. The same may be said of other groups in the picture; yet this illustrative abundance is anything but monotonous, because each group is displayed with its individual picturesqueness. In many of Shirlaw's early pictures there is a decided disposition to embrace all of the accessories belonging to the subject. In the *Tuning of the Bell* there are three figures and a dog that do not essentially belong to an exact interpretation of the title of the picture; they are not, however, obtrusive, and seem to have another purpose than that of forming an essential part of the composition. It has really to do with that phase of the artist's nature which leads him to examine a subject in its fulness, especially with reference to tone, — the effect of light upon one subject or a collection of objects. *The Sheep-Shearing* exhibits both his leaning towards subjects presenting a large field for the gratification of this instinct and his capacity of expression.

Shirlaw had been in Munich nearly seven years, had painted three large pictures, — the two already mentioned, and the *Good Morning*, now in the possession of the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts, — when he decided to return to the United States. Although he started for Paris and studied in Munich, his conviction was that it did not matter so much where a student went, so long as he could succeed in touching the sources that his nature demanded. To him, as to all intelligent minds, it was a matter of temperament, rather than one of method or locality, — a sympathy between active souls, not the fashion of a fancy. Shirlaw pursued his studies with the same prudent forethought, the same centralization of effort, and the same self-reliance and independence that characterized the earlier part of his life. Steady, hard work under masters of his own selection, for the well-understood purpose of laying a solid and sure foundation for future use, was his simple programme. General travelling through the art centres of Europe, familiarity with the world of masterpieces, and the usual hero worship of the enthusiastic student, were matters with which he was in no haste to concern himself. The development of the ability to express whatever he had to say occupied his exclusive attention.

The first art recognition that Shirlaw received after his return was from the Art Students' League of New York, a society now well known throughout the country as conducting a comprehensive scheme of art study, laboring, however, under the disadvantages incident to a self-supporting institution. It had been in operation a year when Shirlaw was given an invitation to take charge of it. He accepted, and began work at once. The school prospered, and at the beginning of the second year, feeling that he had done all he could, he resigned, recommending as his successor Mr. William M. Chase, another distinguished painter and student of the Munich schools, who had taken up his residence in New York, Shirlaw still attending to the composition class, with the understanding that he would not accept any salary. The school increased so rapidly that at the beginning of the third year it became evident that one man could not take entire charge of it, and a professor was appointed for each class. Shirlaw remained in charge of the composition class until the close of 1880, when, by his wish, Mr. T.



W. Dewing, an accomplished artist and student of the Paris schools, took the position. Like every artist of positive convictions, Shirlaw expressed his interest in art education and progress by teaching. It is to be remarked with increasing significance, that, with all the public patronage of art in the United States in the way of museums, academies, and galleries, it has remained for the artists, for their own and the future student's salvation, to open schools and teach them themselves.

While in Chicago Shirlaw was one of the prime movers in the organization of the Academy of Design, the first real art movement in that city. The second year of his exhibiting at the National Academy of Design, he was elected an Associate, which position he retained for a



PHOTOTYPIC REPRODUCTION OF A PENCIL STUDY BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

year. He then resigned, because he believed that this institution was not true to its aims, not vital, and not progressive. His idea of an Academy was, that it should have for its principal object the training of artists, — that it should be a school taught by the ablest professors, a recognizer above all of the art talent of the nation, a centre of art life, and a force in its progress, and not a close corporation for the exhibition of pictures only. Neither did Shirlaw desire to use the Academy as a stepping-stone to popular favor. He wished to stand upon his own merits, leagued to no clique or influence that was not devotedly concerned with the highest art interests. His resignation caused unusual comment in art circles. Among the older generation of artists it was regarded as a most impolitic act. To antagonize the Academy was sure professional death; to walk under its protecting shadow was assured eminence. Connection with a powerful society is something to be sought after by the politic artist. That one should

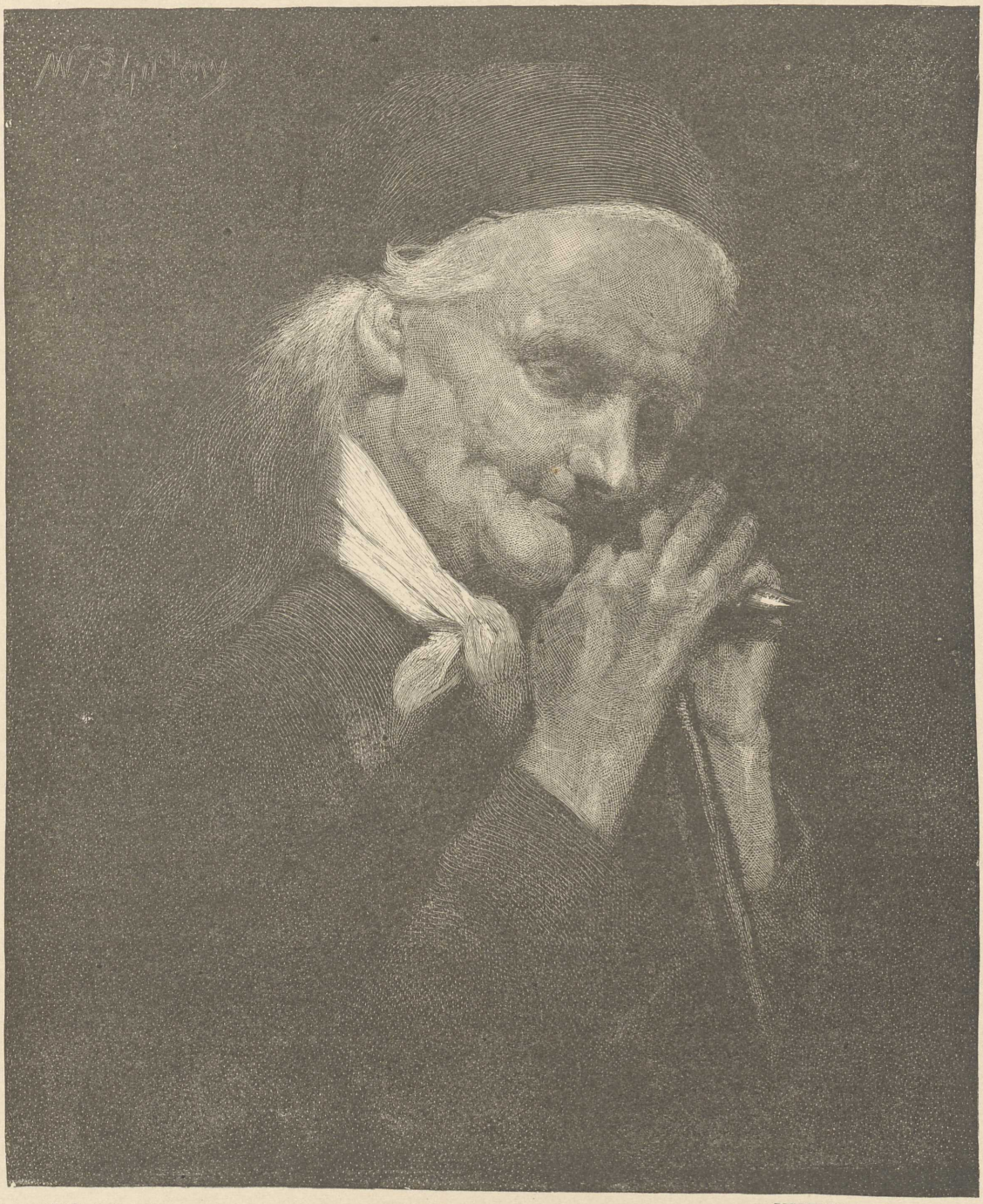
appear who quietly disregarded the influence or value of the Academy was surprising. Among the younger race of artists Shirlaw's independence was hailed as the opening of a much desired revolution. With such a leader a broader view of art and its organized purposes might be established. He was involuntarily the champion of a new art life. Another motive for his resignation was his desire to define his position in regard to the Society of American Artists, of which he had been one of the originators and its first President. He had a deep interest in this society, because its intention was more artistic and liberal than that of the Academy, and was composed to a large extent of young and progressive men, the new art blood of New York. The need of such an organization had long been evident. The difficulties before it were great. Its success depends upon a cosmopolitan breadth of sentiment and intelligence, the utmost frankness in its views of art for its own sake. How much this society will accomplish remains to be seen. Art organizations are at best of limited value, and are generally conducted by a few cunning men for their personal aggrandizement. Art progress depends upon the efforts of a few individuals. Its worst enemies are often found within its own household. No one understands better than Shirlaw that every man must work out his own salvation, according to his nature and the circumstances about him. He thought that the Society of American Artists might be a favorable circumstance.

The head-piece of this article is composed from parts of a frieze, the most important piece of decoration yet executed by the artist, and which will be further described in the next chapter. *Very Old,* engraved by Juengling for this number, is a favorite subject with Shirlaw, and an excellent example of his appreciative understanding and agreeable rendering of old age.

T. H. BARTLETT.



PHOTOTYPIC REPRODUCTION OF A PENCIL STUDY BY WALTER SHIRLAW.



WALTER S... FREDERICK JUENGLING, SC.

VERY OLD.



THE INDIAN GIRL.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

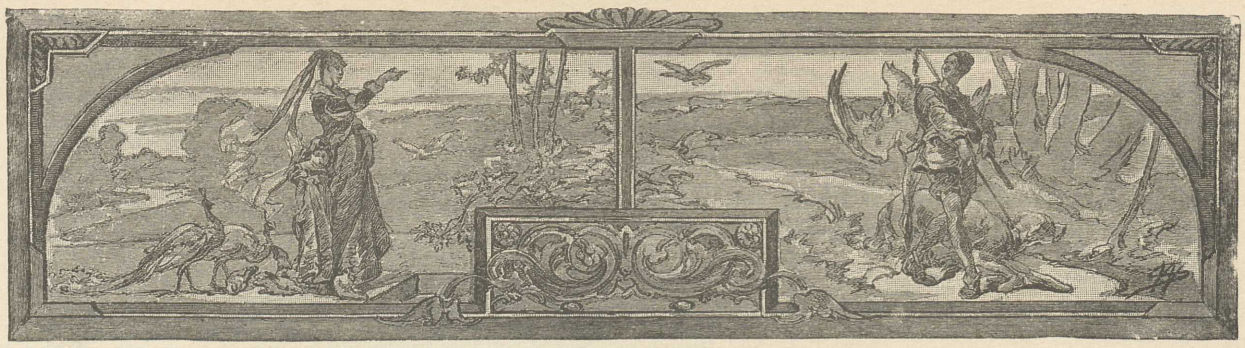
WHAT wonder is it that Endymion, in the words of Keats, should say:—

"My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing: gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewell!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! Although so vast,
My love is still for thee."



W. SHIRLAW, PINX. J. P. DAVIS, SC.

EAGER FOR THE FRAY.



DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW.—ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

WALTER SHIRLAW.

CHAPTER FIFTH.



THE FIGURES FROM STUDIES BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

DRAWN BY A. KAPPES.

WITH the exception of the frieze, of which we shall speak farther on, the pictures that Shirlaw has painted since his return to the United States have contained but one or two human figures. For the moment, at least, his interest and object have been concentrated in the pleasure of seeing and painting any simple subject that attracted his attention. To be free from telling a story, from illustrating a fact, to see intelligently, to studiously consider, and to feel the mental and physical atmosphere that clothes an object, has been the extent of his programme as a painter.

The most important professional event in the life of the artist was the exhibition of his works at the gallery of Doll and Richards, in Boston, in the autumn of 1880. It is a curious and surprising fact, that Shirlaw could not find in New York the facilities for his exhibition which he found in Boston. It comprised fifty-eight paintings, a large number of charcoal and chalk studies, and drawings in black and white. It included the *Sheep-Shearing*, *Capellmeister*, *Marble Quarry*, *The Fiddler*, *Indian Girl*, *Very Old*, *Eager for the Fray* (not to be confounded with the early picture of the same title), *Sleep*, *Cares Forgotten*, and *Autumn*. This exhibition gave the artist the first opportunity he had ever enjoyed of seeing his pictures together in a well-arranged composition. Of some art temperaments it is a fine truth that one work is a part of a whole, and a life work an unfinished effort. To healthy minds there is no examination like that of self, no criticism so penetrating and merciless, no demand so exacting, and nothing so embarrassing and unsatisfactory, as thoughtless and extravagant praise. To Shirlaw the exhibition was a combined renewal of the urgency of efforts yet to be made, of things yet to be accomplished, of associations essential to be formed. The time had surely come when a wide familiarity with the dead and living masters was a prime factor in his progress. Artists are rare in any age or country who can sustain

themselves with nature as their only intimate. To the mass of them, living men, variety of temperament, and mental antagonisms are powerful nourishers and inspirers of progress. We have seen that Shirlaw was a student of continuity and selection, and the exhibition reflected an indication of similarity of treatment. To the public it was a surprise and a gratification, and it was regarded by many as the best ever held in Boston of the works of a living artist. It showed an earnest worker and a frank student. There was a variety and simplicity of subject, an even excellence of color, and a certainty of strength, agreeable alike to the artist, to the art lover, and to the newer generation who are coming on to welcome the artists of their time. The people saw his motive, and affirmed his success. This fact was a beautiful evidence of his recognition as a much needed element in American art. Hunt, though wonderful and vital, was disturbing to much of the atmosphere that surrounded him. He was a blaze that burned out in vivid splendor. Another day will gather up the ever-living embers. Shirlaw does not startle. He comes calm and wise, and is accepted as a sympathetic artist and a timely educator.

The most significant work that Shirlaw has executed — significant to the artist as a peculiar and worthy acknowledgment of his talent, but still more so to the general subject of decoration in this country — is the frieze before alluded to. It was made for the dining-room of the house of Mr. D. O. Mills, of New York. We believe that it is the first large commission — the frieze is sixty feet long and four feet high — for a figure decoration for a private house given to an American artist of acknowledged ability among artists. It is only within a short time that the great art of decoration has been deemed worthy of respect, much less of serious thought, by Americans. We have been reluctant in admitting that money expended for the work of an artist in the adornment of private houses and public buildings was a wise investment. The employment of Hunt to paint two decorative pictures in the new Capitol at Albany was a notable event in the art of decoration in this country. It was a startling innovation upon a custom that had prevailed with a unanimity as authoritative as law. Its effect has already been widely felt. It is a matter of public congratulation when brains begin to count in decoration, and when people with wealth, taste, and good judgment seek, as in the case of the persons who employed Shirlaw, an artist to adorn their homes. Happily, the number of such people is increasing. Thought and discrimination are fitly taking the place of indifference and vulgar show. Some of the best artists of the country are engaged in this department of art, and are consequently becoming the collaborators of the architect. It is a change, indeed, from the days of the exploiting journeyman to this time, when the genius of artists like Ryder, Shirlaw, Cottier, La Farge, Dewing, Smith, Tiffany, Lathrop, and others, is more and more called upon to fill the demand for a high quality of decoration, and give to it its ancient dignity and worth. In this matter, as in others mentioned in the first article, Shirlaw has been in no small degree a representative of a new and progressive condition of things.

The subject of the frieze is *Peace and Plenty;* its elements are poetry, art, merriment, pastoral life, hunting, vintage, and music, embracing for their illustration human figures, birds, animals, fruits, and flowers. The design and execution were left to the artist's own free choice and pleasure. The *Sheep-Shearing*, as we remarked in the first article, was more redundant in the matter of the subject than concentrated in its view as a composition. An undertaking like the frieze was well calculated to test the artist's capacity as a firm thinker and direct composer, not only in the proper setting forth of a subject, but in the comprehension of one hitherto new to him. His success is in keeping with the subject in every respect. It is buoyant, gladsome, and full. It has the movement and massing of a frieze. Intelligent and sufficient, without cumbersomeness, Peace brings her rotund comfort, and Plenty her bounteous cheer. The frieze increases the financial and artistic value of the *Sheep-Shearing*, because it proves its author to be an artist of progress, and of good and ready resource. We can pay Shirlaw no better compliment. The talent that sees and exposes the true character of a given subject, in painting or



PART OF DESIGN FOR FRIEZE IN RESIDENCE OF D. O. MILLS.

sculpture, is as much needed in our art as that of the sense of poetry. The former is more likely to be overlooked than the latter. Neither is of itself demonstrative. How few in comparison see or care for the rare simplicity, the deliciousness, of A. P. Ryder's little pictures, or the full and independent poetry of a canvas by George Fuller! The intellectual and artistic consideration of one or many figures in a picture or piece of sculpture is a rare fact in American art. As far as we know, the Hunt mural paintings at Albany are the first important specimens, and Shirlaw's frieze will count as the second. In some respects it is to be regretted that its position in a private house will limit its distinction as an influence. It ought to be in some public building.



THE GOOSE GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON. — THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. W. P. WESSELHOEFT, BOSTON.

The head-pieces of this and of Chapter Fourth were composed and drawn by Shirlaw himself, from parts of this frieze. The *Man with the Dog*, and the *Girl Emptying a Pitcher*, published in the present number, as well as the initial illustrations of these articles, are also reproductions of sketches of figures from the same work. A general idea of its arrangement may be obtained from the former, and from the latter an indication of its detailed treatment. The *Man with the Dog* is a capital figure, fine in movement, large in its style, and easy in its execution. The *Girl Emptying a Pitcher* is a graceful, clear, and well-thought figure. *The Goose Girl*, engraved by Closson, belongs to a category of pictures quite common with Shirlaw, as representing the cheery *abandon* of youth and animal life. They have a certain swing of composition, a sympathy for decorative effects, and an ease of treatment, that recommend them at once to the admiration of the observer. *Eager for the Fray*, engraved by Davis, is another of this kind of pictures. The subjects are new, interesting, picturesque, and human. Their composition is harmonious and understood. They enliven the spectator with suggestions. They call for no explanation of their meaning, no apology for obscurity of intention or execution. Another style of subject very charmingly treated has an example in *Musing*. This illustration is an enlarged sketch of a figure belonging to one of the drawings made for Bryant's History. The Boston exhibition contained quite a number of heads

of old people, treated with delicacy and appreciation. The comfortable dog has formed a satisfying part in a number of the artist's works. The tail-piece to this article is from the *Sheep-Shearing*.

As an illustrator Shirlaw has earned an excellent reputation, though by no means satisfying himself with his work. This department of art has never appealed to him as one to which he could afford to give his most thoughtful attention, principally on account of the comparatively small price that publishers are willing to pay for illustrations. The painter who sells his pictures readily finds little temptation to indulge in illustration for a return that is regulated more or less by an uncertain public. Among the illustrative work that the artist has done may be mentioned the serial of *Roxy*, published in *Scribner's Monthly* several years ago; the *Death of the Miser*, for the illustrated edition of Longfellow's *Poems;* eight drawings for Bryant's *American History;* forty drawings for the serial of *Honor Bright*, which were issued in *Wide Awake;* and the Pittsburgh article in *Harper's Magazine* for December of 1880. Shirlaw illustrates like a painter and an artist, and he therefore gets a fulness out of, and gives a richness to a subject, not characteristic of the average illustrator. His drawings have tone, depth, and sense of construction; they show the intelligent observer and the skill of the practised student. The salient point of the subject is well understood, and expressed with effect, often with much picturesqueness and dramatic force. The best engravers like to work from his drawings, because, as they say, there are qualities in them that command admiration and arouse the engraver's powers of intuition and finest capacities of reproduction. Artists like Shirlaw have had much to do with the enviable progress of wood engraving in this country. The desire to employ them is an evidence that the artist must first appear as a leaven before the publisher or the engraver can do their full part. The author, artist, engraver, and publisher make four leaders of the people; working together, they become a force that has distinguished epochs.

The Pittsburgh drawings would be to many far more interesting than any of the others. The subjects claim attention. There are grand elements in them, and some of them are complete and impressive pictures. *Rolling Steel Plates* and *Emptying the Crucible* are Titanic scenes. These illustrations remind one that none of our mighty manufacturing activities, none of the impressive pastoral and agricultural occupations, nor the restless, moving ocean of mind and muscle that goes westward in continuous procession on this continent, have yet had their art expression. It seems appropriate to anticipate for Shirlaw an eligibility, by nature and training, to the task of depicting this phase of our national life. It is luxurious, sweeping, and untrammelled, — facts of the bursting, productive earth, of imprisoned, submissive fire, of gigantic, ruling men. It is the custom to tread upon the negro and curse the Indian, but they are the only picturesque specimens of color and nature that represent with us the primitive condition of things. Sooner or later they too will have their place in the admiring consideration of the painter and sculptor. Fortunate will it be for the artists who shall fittingly identify themselves with these great motives, and the whole country will be enriched when it has contributed the art expressions of them to the waiting gratification of the older peoples.

As a whole, the works that Shirlaw has executed do not indicate any especial scheme or idea of subject. He likes all subjects. He is rather preparatory than defined. He is led by sympathy rather than idea. He enjoys himself simply and modestly in his work. He understands the "certain rules of art," and is firm, exacting, and free in their use. The whirl of enthusiasm never takes him off his feet, neither does the desire for popularity allure him into a forgetfulness of the worth of his profession. A broad and versatile art feeling is a fair gauge of his motive, while a free and healthy brush characterizes his work. In the midst of the uncertain standards of art judgment, of the craze for notoriety at any cost, and the accumulated platitudes of a past generation still in existence, Shirlaw is numbered among the few artists who, without presuming to lead the public by any claimed superiority, are, by the tendencies of their natures, escaping the influence that descends to it. They are the artists, more or less



MUSING.

PHOTOTYPIC REPRODUCTION OF A PENCIL DRAWING BY WALTER SHIRLAW.

American, who have been obliged to work themselves into private and public recognition without either the sympathy or care of the public. It seems to be at this moment the only independent and practical plan for an American who has a talent for art to spend the best part of his life in procuring means to enable him to study during the last part. At present he is doing what he ought to have had a chance to do at sixteen.

T. H. BARTLETT.



PHOTOTYPIC REPRODUCTION OF A PENCIL STUDY BY WALTER SHIRLAW.



PART OF DESIGN FOR FRIEZE IN RESIDENCE OF D. O. MILLS, NEW YORK.

BY WALTER SHIRLAW.



"GOOD-MORNING."

FROM A PAINTING BY WALTER SHIRLAW.



THE DANCE OF THE FLOWERS.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

THIS is another of Mr. Harper's excellent drawings, and in it, as in so many of his beautiful creations, his love of carefully delineated faces and delicately outlined figures comes uppermost.

It represents an Oriental scene in which the "gay and grave" processional immediately attracts one's eye by reason of its carefully embodied detail. First is a group of garlanded maidens —

> "Each having a white wicker overbrimm'd
> With April's tender younglings."

Then a crowd of shepherds,

> "Some idly trail'd their sheep-hooks on the ground,
> And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
> With ebon-tipped flutes."

A festive car drawn by

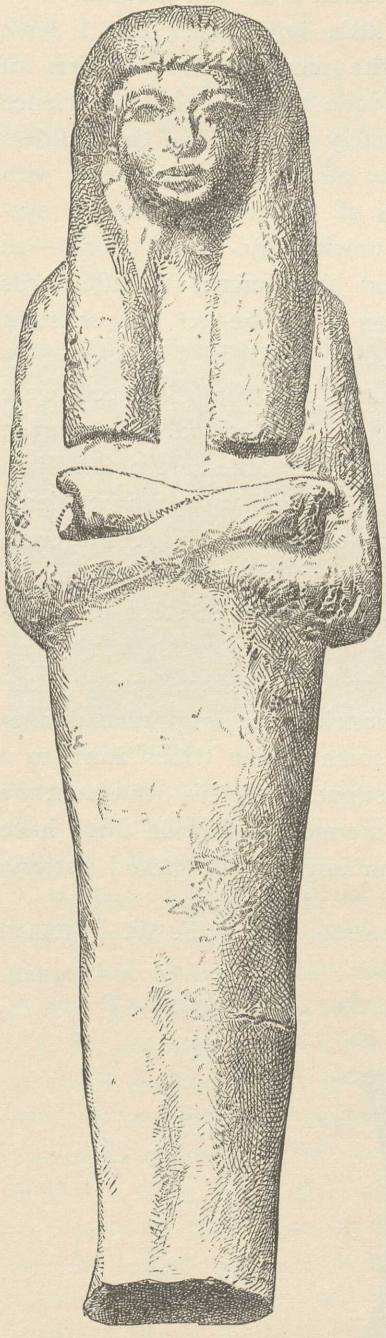
> "Three steeds of dappled brown,

and followed by the multitude, completes the scene.

"EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES"

FOUND IN AMERICA.

Chapter Sixth.



IN the course of an excavation, made in December, 1878, in a small burial mound at Yalaha, Lake Harris (on the Ocklawaha), Sumter County, Florida, there was found a little figure (see the illustration), of ordinary brick-clay, identical in design with many of the statuettes so common in the Egyptian tombs and known under the general name of Osirids. This little figure was sent to me for examination at the Peabody Museum in Cambridge; and, after a careful study, I have little hesitation in saying that all the facts I have been able to gather bear witness against its genuineness, in so far as attributing it to the workmanship of the builders of the Florida mounds is concerned. Nor can it be made a link in the chain of supposed evidence by which it is sought to establish a belief in a connection of the early nations of America with the people of Egypt. That the discoverer is entirely clear of all attempt to impose on the public is self-evident, as he was suspicious of the antiquity of the object the moment he took it from the mound, and sent it to the Museum in order to have its character determined, if possible. At the same time, the finder states that, so far as he observed, the mound had not been disturbed before he commenced to dig. It would seem from this as if a careful "plant" had been made for the purpose of imposing on any one who might happen to open the mound, which, from the large number of relic-hunters who annually visit Florida, would probably be very soon.

So far as the clay from which the figure is made is concerned, it need only be stated that there are in the Peabody Museum Osirids from Egypt, portions of jars of unquestionable native make from the mounds in Florida, vessels from Peru, and bricks from Baltimore, all made of similar red clay, so that the material does not give any indication of the original source of the object. These remarks, however, apply simply to an examination with a lens. A chemical analysis of the clays might possibly give a clue, but this has not been made. The front part of the statuette has the appearance of having been cast in a mould made by pressing an original Egyptian specimen in plaster, face down, while the back of the figure shows signs of having been cut with a knife when the clay was still soft. The top of the head and one side of the head-dress have been colored black by some substance having the appearance of ink, and the

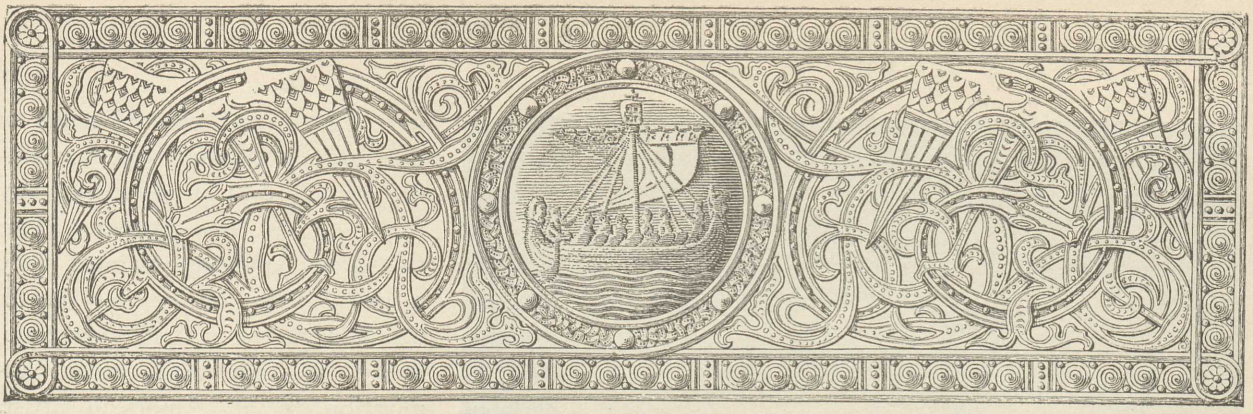
eyes and mouth have been touched or lined with what seem to be lead-pencil marks. In the illustration, which exhibits simply the form of the figure, these marks are not shown. The freshness of the surface of the object tells, perhaps, more than anything else, against its antiquity. In fact, to one used to looking at and handling ancient pottery, this little statue has the appearance of having just been taken from a place where it had been carefully kept from dirt and from hands since the moment it was made. It is also remarkable that not a particle of earth or sand can be found in any of the numerous little holes left by the imperfection of the cast, and by the breaking out of the grains of sand which are found in the clay. To make the statuette as clean as it is now, had it been buried any length of time, even in dry sand, would probably have required a long treatment with brush and water. Yet the discoverer informs me that the object was not cleaned, and that it is now in the same condition in which it was taken from the mound.

I have apparently devoted considerable space to a matter of little importance, but I have done so for the purpose of calling attention to the necessity of the most careful criticism of every object of supposed antiquity. Much harm would have been done to archæological science had this "Egyptian image" been given to the world as unquestionably the work of the builders of the mounds in Florida. Archæological science in America is already overburdened with hasty conclusions, and now that it is well known that imitations of ancient objects are systematically manufactured in this country, and sold by dealers — unwittingly, let us hope — as genuine, and that such objects have been purposely buried that they might be afterwards "discovered" by ardent collectors, every one engaged in exploration must be on the constant look-out for fraud, humbuggery, and practical jokes of every kind.

In connection with this "Osirid" from Florida, it has been stated that similar objects were recently found in South America, and are now publicly exhibited in the National Museum at Buenos Ayres. This Museum is said to possess, "among the antiquities taken from tumuli in the pampas, mummies, images, and sarcophagi, as fresh, and decorated with as brilliant hieroglyphics, as any exhibited in the famous galleries of the Louvre or other foreign museums containing Egyptian collections." In the published reports of the Museum in question, so far as accessible, I do not find any such objects mentioned. I have, therefore, taken steps to ascertain the trustworthiness of the report.

In regard to the antiquity of the mounds in Florida, it will not be out of place here to state that, while many of the burial mounds are unquestionably very ancient, it is particularly to Florida we turn to prove the continuance of mound-building by some Indian tribes down to a time long after the appearance of Europeans in that region. In support of this statement we have historical evidence, and also the fact that in many of the mounds in Florida there have been found objects of European origin, such as glass beads, iron implements, glazed pottery, and ornaments of brass, silver, and gold.

F. W. PUTNAM.



Designed by Ludwig S. Ipsen.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

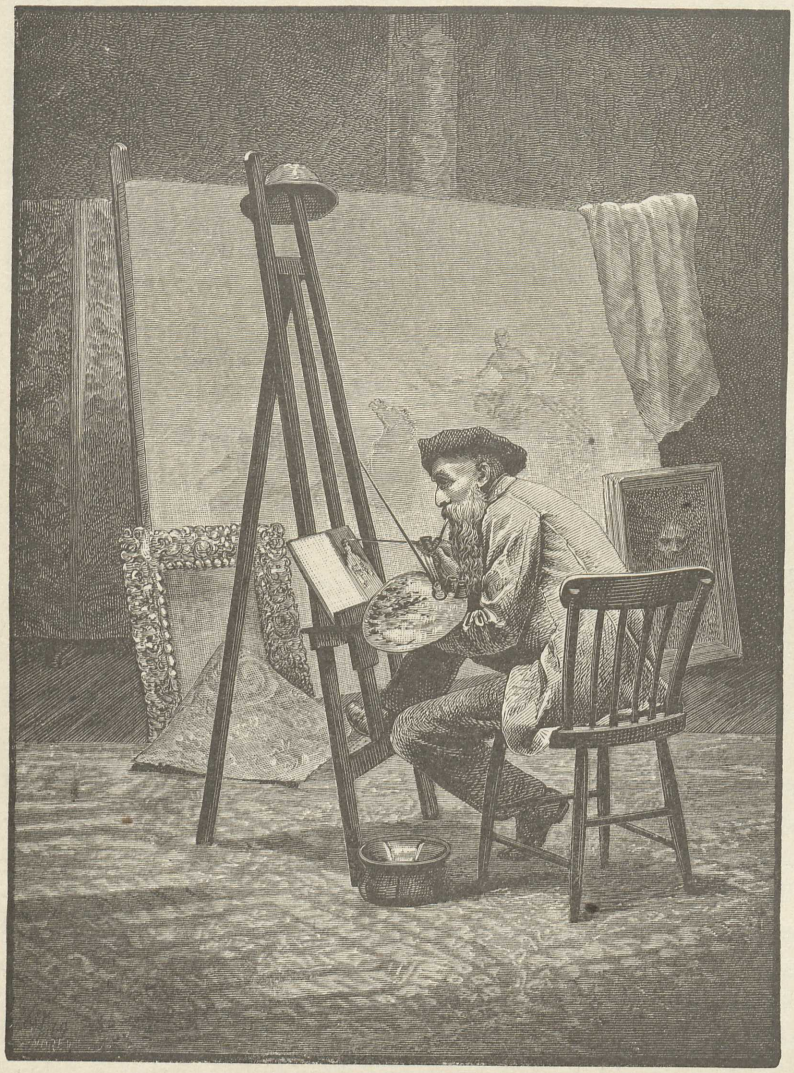
Chapter Seventh.



Designed by L. S. Ipsen.

WITH the superb collection of Mr. Hunt's works in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, which will have been thrown open to the public by the time these lines appear in print, the sad fact that he is indeed gone, that his work is done, which until now it has been hardly possible to realize, forces itself upon us to its fullest extent. He left us in the spring-time, never to return. He died in the early autumn, and they laid him to rest, as he desired, in his native place. No memorial service has been held in his honor in the city where he lived and was loved, and where his loss is sincerely mourned. But nothing we could have done would have been so appropriate, so fitting a tribute to his memory, or so consonant with his character, as this Memorial Exhibition. With sincere admiration in my heart for the dear man to whom so many of us are indebted for the first clear ideas of the good and high qualities of art, I will attempt to give a brief sketch of his brilliant career and work.

William Morris Hunt was born in Brattleborough, Vermont, on March 31st, 1824. His father was a noted judge, his mother a woman of rare mental power and force of character. The high distinction which all her sons have won in the professions of architecture, painting, and law proves the worth of her influence. Young Hunt entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen; but, on account of ill health, he left his class before it graduated. At the age of twenty-two, in 1846, we find him beginning his artistic studies at the academy of Düsseldorf, with the intention of becoming a sculptor; but, after a stay of only nine months, he removed to Paris, attracted by the fame of the celebrated sculptor Pradier. Upon his arrival there, he found the master abroad in Italy, and, not wishing to remain idle, he acted upon the advice of Couture, to whom he had been introduced, and entered that artist's studio as a pupil, although it was still his intention to follow the study of sculpture on the return of Pradier to Paris. The Atelier Couture was at that time the most popular in France. The wonderful success of the great picture, *The Romans of the Time of the Decadence*, now in the Luxembourg Gallery, turned the heads of all the young men, who declared the artist another Veronese, and upheld his work and methods with the most enthusiastic demonstrations. Mr. Hunt soon distinguished himself in his



W. M. HUNT IN HIS STUDIO IN MERCANTILE BUILDING.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

new sphere, and painted some of the most wonderful and fascinating studies ever produced by any pupil of his then master. Diaz, the great landscape-painter, only a short time before his death, which occurred several years ago, spoke of him with warm admiration to an American artist, saying that he remembered him as the brightest, most charming and talented young man he had ever known. He was a pet with *le patron*, an admired and loved leader among his fellow-students. *La vie bohème*, with all that the name implies, reigned supreme in the old Latin quarter then, and the art students were never backward in seizing the occasion to enjoy any fun that was going forward. The figure of the young American became well known in those crooked, quaint old streets, through which he used to drive a tandem team in fine style.

But Mr. Hunt did not remain long under the influence of Couture. He became the friend and pupil of a much greater man, Jean François Millet, whose picture of *The Sower* he bought for three hundred francs, an absurdly low price, considering the artist's after reputation. Millet was at that time wretchedly poor, and almost unknown; yet Mr. Hunt not only continued to buy his pictures to the extent of his power, but also prevailed upon his friends to buy, and made himself unhappy because he could not acquire everything Millet painted. This is an important fact in Mr. Hunt's life, as it shows his penetration and his keen discernment of artistic worth and power in a man whom the world did not recognize until many years later. The estimate in which Millet was then held by the pupils of the École des Beaux-Arts is shown by an anecdote which, although not fresh, may be worth repeating. When some one asked Couture what had become of Hunt, "Humph!" said he, "he has gone down there to Barbizon with that Millet, who paints peasants so poor that they can't afford even a wrinkle in their pantaloons!" Millet received a medal of the second class in the Salon of 1853; but, notwithstanding this and the splendid articles written in his favor by Gautier, in 1855 or before, his pictures remained on his hands, and he found little favor with the government or his countrymen until a few years before his death, which occurred in February, 1875, in his sixtieth year. It may be truly said, therefore, that to Mr. Hunt belongs the honor of bringing Millet into notice, and more especially of making him known to Americans.[1]

[1] Boston is fortunate in possessing many of Millet's finest and most celebrated paintings. Those in the collection of Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, Mr. Martin Brimmer, and Mr. Brooks, are among the best of his works.



SUMMER.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

The French peasant-painter's influence over Mr. Hunt was great, and affected his style and choice of subject through life. It has been said that "he worshipped the name of Thomas Couture, and taught hundreds of his countrymen to worship it." This I know to be an error. Mr. Hunt, in some fine table-talk, just previous to his death, said that Couture's system never made a painter nor a school; and it is a singular fact, that, out of all the brilliant company of talented young painters whom Couture attracted, — and he did attract the most talented of his time, — it would be difficult to find one who has attained great eminence, or received any higher distinction than a medal of the second or third class. To the artist friends of Mr. Hunt it is certainly well known that he fought Couture's influence for twenty years and more; and how well he succeeded in his own case in throwing it off, his later pictures give ample proof to those who are competent to judge.

In the year 1855, Mr. Hunt returned to America, and his marriage to Miss Louisa Perkins, of Boston, took place soon after. His first studio was in Newport, where he painted some fine studies and *genre* pictures. It was probably here that Mr. John La Farge became acquainted with Mr. Hunt, whose influence over him was very marked. From Newport he was invited to come to Boston to paint the portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, a work which assured his reputation, and marks the era of his success. It was his first portrait of any note in America, and was received with acclamation. It may be interesting to note here, that, only a few years ago, Fremier, the celebrated French sculptor, when shown a photograph from this painting, pronounced it, without hesitation, the work of a master.

Mr. Hunt now determined upon a permanent residence in Boston, and took a studio in Tremont Street, in a building owned by Mr. Joseph Burnett, from which he subsequently removed to the Studio Building, on Tremont Street, corner of Bromfield Street. His studio and gallery there were the great attractions to visitors who came to the "receptions" given by the artists in the building. The stirring picture, *The Bugle Call*, painted in Newport, was exhibited here; the drawing of *The Drummer Boy*, which attracted great crowds while on exhibition in Messrs. Williams and Everett's window, was conceived and executed here. Its motto, "To arms! To arms!" found a response in the mood of the citizens, who were burning with patriotic ardor. I think this was just after the firing upon Fort Sumter, in 1861. About this time Mr. Hunt removed to the Mercantile Building, on Summer Street, which was subsequently burned in the great fire of 1872. Many sketches, fine pictures, and portraits were destroyed by this calamity; but of all these Mr. Hunt sincerely regretted only several superb paintings and studies by his dear master, Millet, which he kept always before him, and his own early studies. In the Mercantile Building some of Mr. Hunt's best works were executed, — *The Listeners*, and other well-known *genre* works, besides a long list of his famous portraits, including those of President Lincoln and Governor Andrew, and of a great number of ladies and gentlemen of the best society in this city and elsewhere.

It was while Mr. Hunt was established in this studio that I first made his acquaintance, in the year 1864. As I look back now to that pleasant time, it seems to me that he appeared then very much as he did when he left us. He must have been prematurely gray, but he never seemed old. I never met a more magnetic man. He was terribly in earnest in his work, whatever it might be, and excited one's enthusiasm to the highest pitch. I shall always remember how he looked and talked under the skylight in the old Mercantile Building, illustrating, with a rough little cast from the Column of Trajan in his hand, the principle of breadth in treating light and shadow. He taught me in five minutes the principle of perhaps the greatest importance in painting; and although I never came under his influence to the extent which some young aspirants in art have since enjoyed, I am nevertheless proud to say that I consider myself his pupil, for I am sure I should have done nothing without his encouragement.

In this same studio, also, he gave a number of receptions, which surpassed anything of the kind ever known in Boston before. His cartoon of *The Flight of Night*, — the same subject

which he has painted on one of the walls of the Capitol at Albany,—and several repetitions on large canvases, in different states of preparation, together with small color studies for this composition, occupied a large part of the studio. Opposite the great cartoon stood the *Hamlet*, a powerful and fascinating picture, painted in a great measure from Mr. Bandmann, the actor, but never finished. There was also the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Richard Hunt with her child in her arms,—one of the most finished and striking of his works of this kind. The figure of the mother was treated in such a manner that the face was seen in profile, while the face of the child was exposed to full view. And, again, there was the study from his wife, showing the back of the head and neck, with a suggestion of the cheek, which has been thought by painters to be one of the best bits of technical work he ever did. Ah, what a pleasure to recall those evenings, when all the beautiful works mentioned, besides a dozen or more of superb portraits, were shown together in the master's studio! There were solid, grave old heads of well-known men; maidens in white muslin, with delicate flowers in their hands; and sweet, sad faces of ladies in black, with wonderfully-painted white lace. One of these, the portrait of Mrs. Long, I remember especially as something exquisite in refinement and beauty of execution. And how handsome, grand, and courteous was the host among his guests! To elderly ladies so gentle and patient in explaining, over and over again, the subject of the cartoon,—to the younger ones as gallant as a courtier of King Charles's time,—the brightest among the wits, the most serious among the thinkers and workers!

Towards younger artists Mr. Hunt's bearing was always generous and sympathetic. Elihu Vedder, Albion H. Bicknell, J. Foxcroft Cole, Thomas Robinson, and several other talented young painters, at that time just returned home to Boston from Europe, were his favorite companions, and had studios in the same building with him. Mr. Hunt proved himself a true and valuable friend to them, but his only pupil at this time, properly speaking, was Mr. T. M. J. Johnston, who painted with him, and of whom he was extremely fond, as indeed was every one who knew him, for he was a sweet-natured, gifted, modest man. His early death in Paris, whither he had gone to study, some years later, was a sad loss to the city of Boston. With Mr. Johnston's assistance, Mr. Hunt organized his first class of pupils, giving up the large studio entirely to this purpose, and fitting up two other rooms for himself. Miss Helen M. Knowlton, and several young ladies of high social position who have since achieved considerable distinction in art, were among the first to profit by his instruction. The studies of this class, the formation of which really marks a period in our local art, and was certainly a tremendous step in the right direction, were the sensation in artistic circles before long, and excited much discussion.

In 1867, Mr. Hunt returned to Paris, for the first time since his departure from it in 1855, to visit the International Exhibition. He was an exhibitor in the Fine Arts Department of America, but failed to obtain from the jury on awards any recognition whatever of his work. It has been claimed that his pictures were badly hung, and so separated that they made very little impression. However that may be, Mr. Hunt returned home in no happy mood, it is said, but began working with great vigor. Perhaps had the trial been repeated in 1878, the result would have been different; but he never tried in France again. After the fire in 1872, Mr. Hunt took a studio in the Mason and Hamlin building, where many of his old pupils followed him, working in Miss Knowlton's studio, opposite his own, she having taken his classes. He still continued a constant supervision over their work, and his "Art Talks," gathered and published by Miss Knowlton, were addressed to the pupils studying in this school. During the last two or three years of his life he occupied the fine studio in Park Square, which he constructed at considerable trouble and expense. He was very proud of this studio, and did some splendid work here. The sketches and preparations for the Albany decorations were finished here, as well as the Niagara pictures, and many of his best portraits.

The invitation from the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York to paint two great walls in the Senate-Chamber of the new Capitol, was accepted in 1878, and Mr. Hunt began



SPRING CHICKENS.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

working in Albany in October of the same year. It is probable that, had he lived and been in sufficiently good health to undertake more such work, it would have been given him to do in the same building. But the great amount of mental and physical strength expended upon these decorations overtaxed his powers of endurance. The time allowed him was very short. Most of the work was prepared and painted by a lime light at night, and executed in about fifty-five days. Mr. Hunt was too nervously inclined, and by no means strong enough to sustain such a strain. He accomplished his task, however, with great honor to himself, and these paintings will remain the grandest illustration of his genius. He finished a few pictures the year following, but it was too evident to his friends that his health was greatly impaired.



THE LAMBS. BY W. M. HUNT.

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. GEORGE W. LONG. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

He never worked after his last exhibition in the studio which he opened to the public in 1879. Most of the summer was passed at his brother's home in Vermont. The end came at last, as we all know, at the Isles of Shoals, on the 8th of September, 1879. Many touching tributes have been paid to his memory, written by loving friends and pupils, to whom the man was even more than his works. America has lost her most distinguished painter; but those whom he honored by his regard will mourn for a great-hearted, loyal friend, whose presence was a constant delight, whose sympathetic voice was one to be always remembered. He loved only the truest and best things in art, and by the aid of his wonderful wit has condensed the wisdom of ages in his talks upon the subject. He made one feel that life contains great possibilities; that art is a divine thing; that the ambition of a painter ought to be, not to gain position, or the applause of critics and society, but to be true to his best and highest aspirations, regardless of praise or censure.

His charity was unbounded, and his deeds of mercy were delicately conceived and executed, in the very spirit of the Great Master. I remember him as he stood beside the grave of poor Le Vasseur, on a chilly day in early spring. He was greatly affected and unable to utter the words, he told us, he intended to say, and which he had written upon a scrap of paper. His bounty had supplied the poor fellow's last days with every comfort. The little colony of Frenchmen in Boston, aided by a few other gentlemen, had contributed the sum of the expenses of a respectable funeral. The church had refused to allow a priest to say a prayer. Not a word was spoken. We all stood waiting respectfully for Mr. Hunt to begin, but he remained motionless, looking intently into the grave, until a general movement was made towards the carriages. I joined him, and we walked some distance in silence, which he broke by saying: "It

gives a fellow an awful shiver to hear the first shovelful of dirt and gravel rattle down upon the coffin; but after it is covered, it falls gently and makes no sound. The feeling of rest is perfect. There 's no more 'nagging,' no more pain!"

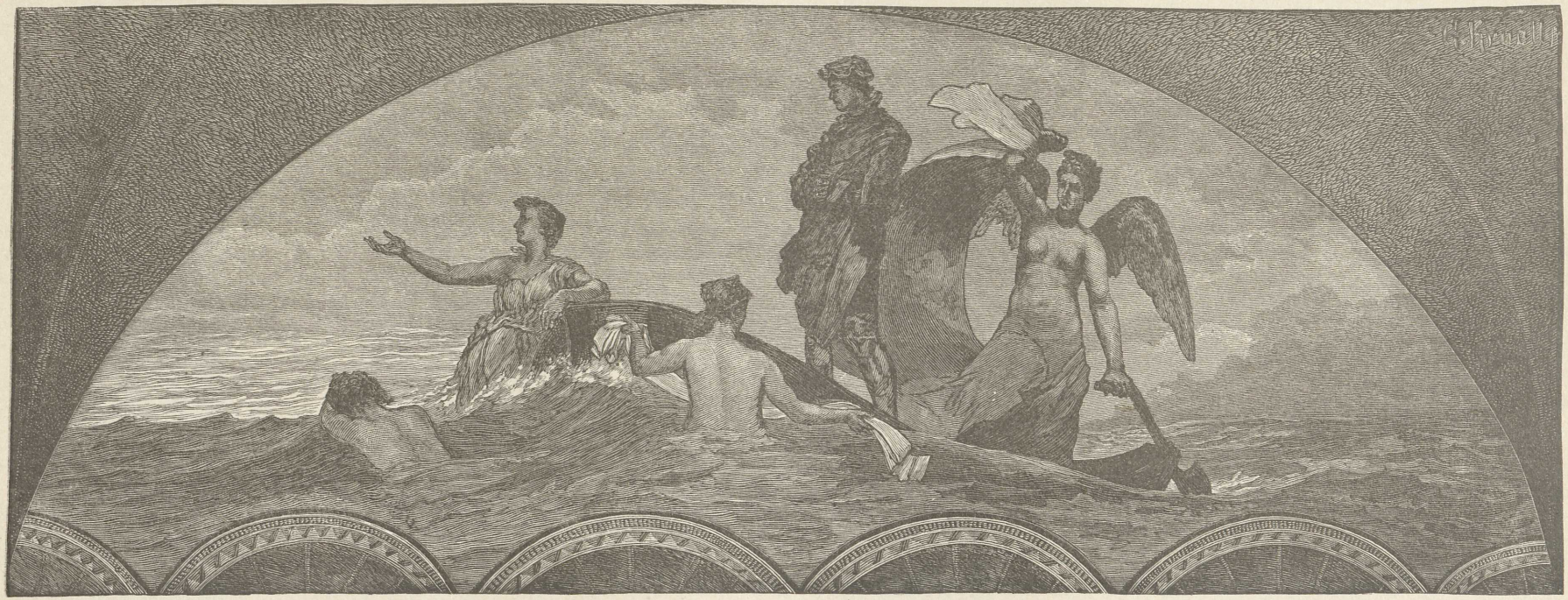
Some such thoughts must have been working in his brain for a long time. The intense longing for rest became almost imperative, until, says Dr. Bartol in his eloquent sermon, "one morning after there had been rain and thunder and the sky was black, he went once and again to the rim of this little basin, and the second time he did not return; he had slipped in. It may have been an accident or aberration of mind, although I do not like to take out intention from any act or motion of that sure-footed, fine-handed, nicely balanced man."

Enough attention has hardly been paid in this brief sketch, which must necessarily be fragmentary and disjointed, to the many-sided character of Mr. Hunt. The "Art Talks" give a fair idea of the man; but to those who were intimate with him they are but faint reproductions of his style, and those who never saw him in congenial company have lost a pleasure not to be too highly estimated. In appearance not unlike an Arab sheik with his long gray beard and his dark skin, he was the most distinguished-looking man in any company. "An Oriental in the West," Dr. Bartol has called him, — and so he was! All stopped to listen when he spoke, sure of hearing something worth listening to. His mimetic powers were beyond description; and whether it was a man, a bird, or a fish he wished to present to his audience, he imitated the thing so cleverly that the resemblance was sometimes startlingly like. With these qualities, as a matter of course, he was welcome in every society; but his preference was to choose his companions among the unconventional spirits of "Bohemia." His dislike of criticism and fault-finding was intense. He thoroughly enjoyed Whistler's pamphlet on Art and Art Critics, and often said that the so-called *critics* were a nuisance in the community. This feeling sometimes led him to praise rather than to criticise work which he believed to have been done with a sincere desire to achieve something true and good. Perhaps he ought to have been more severe in some cases seeing that his word carried such weight. That he could be severe he was not slow to show when any subject came up which provoked his ire. Perhaps it might be the critic, or the false, gentlemanly art patron, or a conceited piece of mediocrity in the *pose* of an artist or teacher. In such cases his words would come with the force of a mountain torrent.

The illustrations accompanying this paper are of special interest. The portrait, which is most admirably rendered in Mr. Linton's wood-cut, was considered by Mr. Hunt as one of his best successes. One of the smaller cuts shows the artist at work in his old studio in the Mercantile Building; the other, the landscape with the sheep, is a good example of his early work.

I have written, briefly and imperfectly, the story of the master's life as I know it. But the true life of the artist is to be found in his work, and can best be studied in the collection of sketches and paintings brought together in honor of his memory. This collection, as well as the mural decorations at Albany, I shall endeavor to review in another paper.

FREDERIC P. VINTON.



W. M. HUNT, PINX. G. KRUELL, DEL. ET SC.

THE DISCOVERER.

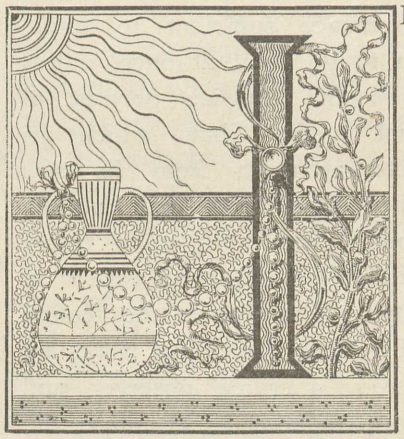


DESIGNED BY J. A. SCHWEINFURTH.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION. — THE PAINTINGS AT ALBANY.

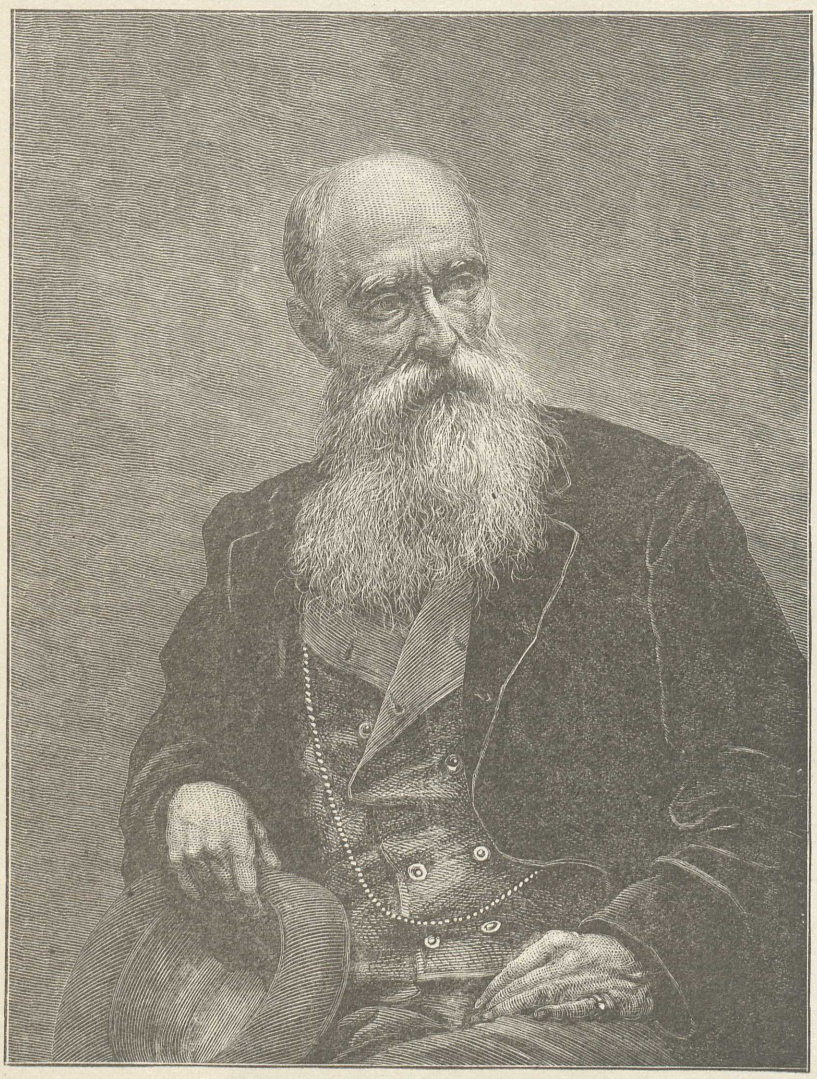
CHAPTER EIGHTH.



DESIGNED BY J. A. SCHWEINFURTH.

IN France, when a distinguished painter or sculptor dies, the Administration des Beaux Arts, under the government, makes as large and complete a collection of the artist's work as possible, and the great gallery at the École des Beaux Arts is filled with this collection and is opened to the public. It is a tribute to the genius of the dead artist, and an honor accorded to but few. The New York Academy of Design follows a similar custom in the memorial exhibitions of the works of its deceased members. Of these exhibitions, the one held eleven years ago in honor of Charles Loring Elliott, was perhaps the most interesting. Boston has so far seen only one similar collection, at the time of the death of R. H. Fuller, in 1871, when the Boston Art Club brought together in its rooms a large number of the landscapes of that talented artist. But beyond compare the most important memorial exhibition ever held in America is the one devoted to the art work of William Morris Hunt, which opened on the 11th of November, 1879, at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

The exhibition is very complete, containing some of the earliest attempts of the deceased, — a series of cameos cut with remarkable skill while he was still a student at Harvard, — and illustrating his whole career as a painter from the year 1849, not long after he had entered the studio of Couture, down to the very last stroke of his pencil, a slight charcoal sketch, No. 288 of the catalogue, executed at Appledore on the 5th of September, only three days before his death. The catalogue enumerates three hundred and twenty-one works, embracing a wide range of subjects in historical composition, portrait and landscape, executed in oil, pastel, charcoal, and crayon, and three works of sculpture, a medallion head of Couture, a finely chiselled marble bust of Psyche, restored from the antique, and a study in plaster of the three horses in one of the Albany paintings. (See tail-piece.) Four portraits of the artist, by different hands, form an interesting collateral exhibition. One of these is by Leutze; another, painted in 1850, by



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM M. HUNT.
DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. MARSHALL.

C. Monginot; a third, by Blagden; and the fourth, which represents the boy Hunt at the age of fourteen, is by his mother; thus revealing the fact that part, at least, of the talent of the deceased was inherited.

If a stranger were suddenly introduced into the exhibition rooms, without having been previously informed of the character and purpose of the exhibition, he would certainly be surprised by the noble harmony which reigns, almost undisturbed, throughout; but it would never occur to him that all these pictures, so different in conception and aspect, and so varied in treatment, are the work of one brain and one hand alone. Such a visitor might be surprised, also, that no one particular picture stands out with prominence sufficient to impel him to go to it at once, unless it be the life-size portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, which attracts attention from its size rather than from any unduly strong effect; but upon closer examination the great variety in unity, which dispels the feeling of weariness or monotony so often occasioned by the exhibition of a large number of works by any one single artist, would strike him with equal force. If he were a critical observer, and could not procure a catalogue, he would soon pick out, and group together in his mind, the work of half a dozen different artists. And if he were familiar with the works of the modern French school, he would readily recognize the presence of at least three, perhaps four, well-known French masters in examples of more or less marked excellence.

Beside the great variety of subjects before alluded to, the variety in coloristic and technical treatment in Mr. Hunt's work is in itself a sufficient cause of astonishment. To turn from a study of those exquisite little French peasant subjects, like the *Girl Reading* and *Girl Spinning*, in which the color is felt with great delicacy and the tone is like the most beautiful of Millet's studies of kindred subjects, to the roughly painted study heads, like the *Spanish Girl*, and the pictures executed in later years, is sufficient to illustrate the wide distinction between the different styles employed by the artist. The influence of the great masters can be distinctly traced in such studies as *The Daughter of the Concierge*, the portrait head numbered 35 in the catalogue, and in the *Head with a Turban*, which calls up reminiscences of Beatrice Cenci (in subject, though not in color). These last-named are complete, finished works, and help very materially to raise the standard of the exhibition. The art in them is concealed, the color is true, and the relations are perfectly preserved. Among the later works, on the contrary, there

are some which, though possessing certain fine qualities, lack this completeness, and are not therefore as satisfactory, either in color or in design.

It may be said, perhaps, that such diversities of treatment are noticeable also in the works of other artists, but the remark is only superficially true. Undoubtedly all artists modify their scheme of color according to the subject in hand, and sometimes change it entirely as they develop. The diversities, however, which are observable in Mr. Hunt's work are not modifications of one scheme or system, but each of them represents a system of its own, which might be adhered to in the interpretation of the most widely differing subjects and effects. An artist who is committed to the system adopted in No. 34 would never think of managing his color according to that shown in No. 84. Nor would an artist who, from conviction, had adopted the style in which the exquisite portrait of Mr. Horace Gray (No. 132), or the equally beautiful portrait of Mr. Allan Wardner (No. 77), is painted, ever change to the system used in the vigorous portrait of Mr. William H. Gardiner (No. 54), even if his artistic penetration went far enough to tell him that he must modify his system according to the character of his model.

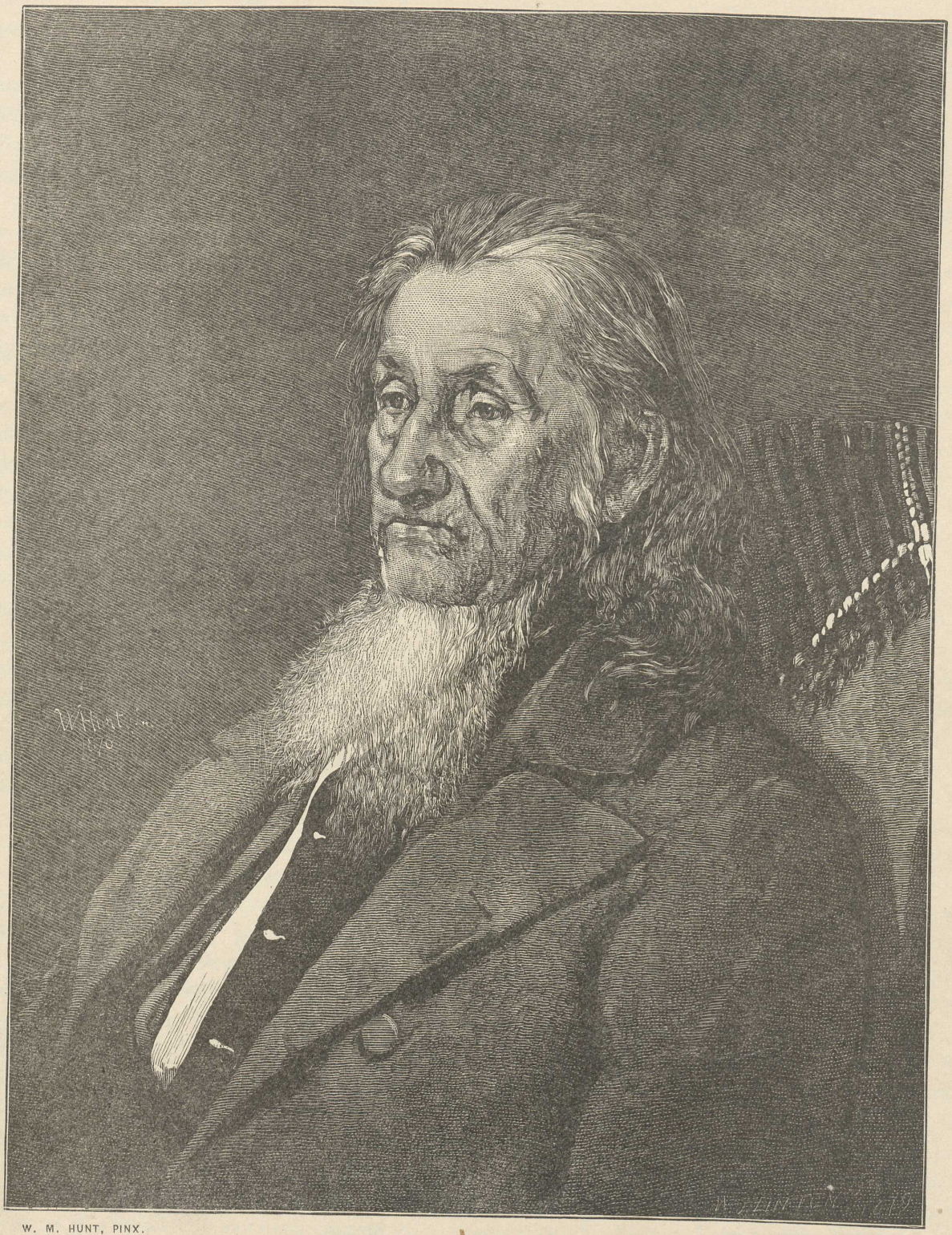
In the landscapes, the antipodes are represented by the little picture entitled *Dead in the Snow* (No. 25), which, although painted long after the artist had turned his back upon German art, is worthy of Düsseldorf in smooth finish, and the magnificent *Gloucester Harbor* (No. 100), or indeed any of the landscapes of Mr. Hunt's later years.

To a professional artist an equally interesting study would be found in an examination of the various experiments made by Mr. Hunt in under-grounds, glazes, painting *alla prima*, etc., but it would be out of place here to enter into the discussion of such questions.

Owing to this great variety of style and execution, it is a most difficult task to classify Mr. Hunt's work, and to demonstrate from it the logical development of the artist. Roughly speaking it is true, no doubt, that three periods are discernible in his art-work, the earliest of which may be defined as the Couture period, the second as the Millet period, and the third as that in which his own individuality asserted itself more freely than in either of the other two. But these periods are not well defined, and even in the last, which is that of greatest independence, there is frequently a going back to older methods, or a taking up of new methods, induced, no doubt, by Mr. Hunt's love of experiment, and by his quick appreciation of what was true and good in the work of other men. To the future connoisseur and historian of art Mr. Hunt will be a terribly trying problem, and to the forger he may possibly turn out to be a fruitful source of profit. The skill of those gentlemen who can name to a certainty an unknown picture "on the strength of internal evidence," is likely to come to grief in the presence of a reputed "Hunt," and it will be well for the reputation of the deceased and the safety of picture buyers if a careful catalogue of his authenticated works is prepared as soon as possible. In view of these difficulties, I shall not attempt to review the exhibition in chronological order, but shall content myself with pointing out some of the leading works in portraiture, in *genre* and history (figure-painting generally), and in landscape. I will only add, that in the period from 1850 to 1860 the equality of Mr. Hunt's productions is most noticeable, and that some of his finest achievements, all things considered, are to be found among the pictures which he painted at that time. The stronger execution and greater display of power in his later works, and the assertion of his own individuality, although admirable, hardly compensate for the loss of the exquisite delicacy and finish so remarkable in the pictures painted within the period named. Mr. Hunt's warmest personal friends and sincerest admirers — and among the latter I count myself — continually recur to these earlier works; and observation has led me to believe that the greater number of visitors to the exhibition regard them with an admiration more sincere than is that which they pay to the impressional landscapes, and the vigorous, but cruder, studies of his later years.

The majority of Mr. Hunt's portraits, in spite of the great diversity of treatment, have one grand quality in common, apparent even in those that are otherwise marred by curious experi-

ments in color: they are life-like to an extraordinary degree, with none of the constraint of the model in them. And it may readily be granted that this is a great quality, not shared by the ordinary run of portraits, which, although they may be painted with the extremest fidelity, do not rise in artistic value above a good photograph. Chief among the portraits, and first attracting the notice of the spectator, is that of Chief Justice Shaw, painted for the Essex Bar Association, which rightfully occupies the place of honor. The Chief Justice is represented standing by a table, upon which rests his right hand, while in the left he holds some documents. The dark, ample figure, solidly planted upon its feet, is relieved against a light gray background; the superb head, in which great power, individuality, and expression of judicial authority are strongly rendered, is beyond all praise. The whole figure, although painted, is by all odds the best *statue* at present to be found in the city of Boston. Opposed to this in its exquisite delicacy of execution and sentiment is the *Portrait of a Child*, contributed by Mr. John M. Forbes of Milton. It recalls the *Infanta Marguerite*, in the Louvre, by Velasquez, which is hardly finer in certain qualities. The golden-haired little maid, with hands demurely folded, looks out from the canvas with a mysterious, wondering air, which brings one into sympathetic relations with her at once. It is lovingly and truly painted. The portrait of the artist's friend, Mr. Jere. Abbott, is likewise admirable. It is one of the best drawn heads in the collection, and the finish is workmanlike and unexceptionable. With equal truth as much may be said of the portrait which hangs below it, of Mr. Allan Wardner, the father of Mrs. William M. Evarts. The quiet tone which pervades this picture, the even mellow light which illumines the face, and the absence of all striving after telling contrasts and effects, — the whole reminding one of some of the best efforts of the old German masters, — all these are admirably rendered in Mr. Linton's fine wood-engraving. Similar to it in quality is the portrait of Mr. Horace Gray, owned by Chief Justice Gray, and painted in 1865. It seems hardly possible to think that the quietly smiling face of the benevolent-looking old gentleman could have been so well rendered in any other style. The portrait of Mrs. Samuel G. Ward, one of the works exhibited by Mr. Hunt at the Paris Exposition of 1867, is a beautiful likeness of a sweet-faced, delicate-looking lady, reminding one of Mrs. Browning. It is perhaps the most complete portrait of the whole collection. A still better bit of painting, however, is the study from the artist's wife. It is clear and true in its color and relations of light and shadow. The back of the head is shown, slightly bent forward over a piece of needle-work; the white column of the neck is in full light, but the side of the face shown is in shadow. One lingers over this study with as much delight as undoubtedly did the artist when he painted it, many years ago. The portrait of Mrs. George W. Long, in profile, with a white India muslin veil arranged in an artistic manner over the head and shoulders, has been called one of his finest efforts. It is very simple and serious in character, almost sad, but refined and peculiarly distinguished-looking. Like Vandyke, Mr. Hunt always found in his sitters high-bred distinction, and made them ladies and gentlemen, as in most cases they were. For fidelity to the original and elegance of arrangement, the portrait of Mrs. Charles Francis Adams is especially remarkable. Not quite successful in color, as it lacks somewhat in luminosity, it is nevertheless a very noble rendering of one of the best types of American womanhood. A well executed etching by Mr. Schoff gives a very excellent idea of the general characteristics of this admirable portrait. One of the last portraits, besides his own, which left Mr. Hunt's easel, is that of Mr. William H. Gardiner. It is a strong impression of nature, boldly and vigorously handled and colored. Having seen the original enter the exhibition and stand near the picture, I was struck with the force of the likeness, in spite of some exaggerations in drawing and color in the painting. It is fit that this list, made up of a few representative examples, but very far from being exhaustive, should close with the artist's own portrait, painted for Mr. Peter C. Brooks, Jr., in February, 1879. Draped in mourning, it hangs in the gallery surrounded by a wreath of living ivy; before it floral offerings, which are renewed by the hands of friends from day to day. It is hardly satisfactory as a rendering of the fine



W. M. HUNT, PINX. W. J. LINTON, DEL. ET SC.

PORTRAIT OF MR. ALLAN WARDNER.

Original in the Possession of Mrs. W. M. Evarts, New York.

lines and strong characteristics of that wonderful head, — and, indeed, it may be said that Mr. Hunt never did full justice to himself; but it is, nevertheless, a vivid, manly sketch, which contains so much of the artist's personality and magnetism that it will always be highly prized.

The transition from portraiture to *genre* and history is best marked by some of the ideal heads. Among these there are two which are especially deserving of notice: the *Head of a Jewess*, a most refined picture of the best Couture period, and the *Priscilla*, owned by Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth. This is evidently a later work, strong in color and in the effect of light and shadow, but carefully painted.

The very limited number of compositions of importance containing more than two figures is a feature of the exhibition which necessarily strikes every careful observer. If we leave aside the sketches for the Albany decorations, to which I shall recur later on, a few early sketches, and the two large paintings of *The Prodigal Son* and *The Fortune Teller*, all of them painted in France, are the only exceptions to the rule. But even these two pictures have only three figures each. Among the early sketches alluded to, *The Farmer's Return* (No. 5), painted in 1849 under Couture's influence, and *Sheep Shearing at Barbizon* (No. 10), one of the most Milletish of the whole collection, are particularly interesting. The former is warm and sunny, full of motion and the pleasure of life; the other is sad and weary, a plaint of the burden that man is condemned to bear. They are curious illustrations of the absolute manner in which the then young student entered into the spirit of his masters, not only adopting their ways of painting, but entirely losing his own individuality even in conception and thought. One can hardly imagine, however, that this adaptation was merely outward, and an anecdote of Mr. Hunt, lately reported in some of the papers, goes to show that he not only copied Millet, but created in his style. He too was in full sympathy with the sufferings of humanity, especially in the so-called lower orders of society, and he gave expression to his feelings in some of his works. The grand air and serious tone of *The Prodigal Son* and *The Fortune Teller*, both painted under Couture and in his method, in a superb manner, greatly help the general effect of the exhibition in the prominent position which they occupy on either side of one of the great doors at the end of the gallery. The story of the prodigal is well told: the son who was lost returns in a state of semi-nudity to throw himself into the father's arms, while the jealous brother turns away. In the *Fortune Teller*, of which there exists a delicately executed lithograph by Mr. Hunt's own hand, a child, nearly nude, held in its mother's lap, shrinks timidly from the touch of an old gypsy hag. One can hardly believe that these two pictures, which have grown rich and mellow since 1849, were produced within the century. The most tender and poetic side of Mr. Hunt's nature is revealed in these and like compositions, and in some of his landscape studies, and one regrets that he was obliged to spend so much of his life in painting portraits, which, as one can easily see, were often uncongenial subjects to him. Nothing has been done in recent *genre* art more beautiful than the *Girl Reading*, the gem of the collection, or the *Girl Spinning*, *La Bouquetière* (Violet-Girl), *The Belated Kid*, *Girl with a Kitten*, and the two exquisite studies of children's heads, numbered 34 and 35 in the catalogue. The beautiful single figure, *La Marguerite*, and its replica, hung almost side by side, are especially interesting. The original, painted in 1852 with Couture, is the better of the two. It is very airy and luminous. What refinement and sweetness there is in this figure! She plucks the petals from the little tell-tale flower, *la marguerite*, with as much daintiness and grace of movement as if she were a duchess, instead of a gleaner of the fields. Peasant life, however, has a ruggedness and an idealism of its own, of which Millet, Breton, and recently Le Page, have caught the spirit without false ideality. *La Marguerite* is very picturesque, and I am sure too sweet to be true.

The Hurdy-Gurdy Boy is the only picture in the collection which reflects Mr. Hunt's redundant wit and humor. The bright, laughing face of the young Savoyard, turned up to some imaginary window, is very winning in expression. The scheme of color is full and rich, and

exceedingly fine in decorative effect; the scarlet jacket, the warm yellow sunlight on the old wall behind, and the mellow-toned hurdy-gurdy, are all skilfully painted.

Purely American subjects have not been a great source of inspiration to the artist. The *Bugle Call*, painted in 1864, the *Drummer Boy*, painted in 1861, and the *Wounded Drummer Boy*, all suggested by the late civil war, are the only pictures of the kind in the collection. Of these the first two are very spirited in action, but the one last named is by far the best as regards color.

Landscape always had a charm for Mr. Hunt, and he devoted a great deal of attention to its study. The collection contains fine specimens from very near the beginning of his career, when he first painted with Millet, and interpreted the pathetic mood in which he saw nature in a low, sad, brown key, to his last clear, vigorous impressions, like the *Gloucester Harbor* and others. The grandeur and sublimity of Niagara have never been so ably given as in the great canvas which hangs over the door in the principal hall. In this the artist found a subject worthy of his most heroic treatment. The color is laid on with a palette-knife and with great vigor of handling, but with knowledge and precision. The ground upon which it is painted is absorbent, which gives it the effect of distemper painting, a result in oil-painting of which Mr. Hunt was very fond. The prismatic tints of the rainbow against the delicate green of the falling water are tenderly suggested in the rising mist. The *Gloucester Harbor* is worthy a superlative to describe it. Like a diamond in a setting of rich gold, it shines out clear and bright amidst the low-toned canvases by which it is surrounded. A brilliant sky full of sun and air, a sheet of water ruffled by a gentle breeze, a distant town with its shipping, an old pier in the foreground on the left, and some boats on the right, cutting sharp and dark against the sunlit water, form the simple motive for a beautiful work. It is painted in a very light key, but colored and well sustained throughout. If more of this kind of study could be done by our landscape painters, we should soon have a strong school. But we seem afraid to use the force of the palette from white to black, and remain forever in a middle tone of indecisive quality. At the Exposition in Paris, in 1878, all the American landscapes looked weakly indefinite and commonplace. If the fortunate owner of the picture just described could be prevailed upon to part with it, and it could be placed in the "Hunt Room," which is to be arranged in the Museum of Fine Arts, it would have an untold value for good. A fit companion to this harbor view is the painting entitled *Newton Lower Falls*, a fine study of some old mills, in strong sunlight, upon the brink of a quiet little pond, in which the buildings are reflected. *A Coast Scene, Magnolia, Mass.*, is a spirited study worthy of Courbet. If my space were not limited I might mention fifty charming scenes, loving interpretations of nature's moods, thoroughly American too, and extending from New England to Florida, in all of which the poetical genius of the artist is revealed. The silvery gray of a spring morning, the heat of midsummer with its luxuriant growth and strong oppositions, the golden harvest-time with its fulness of color, the sad, sere autumn days, and the cold winter, all left their impress on the artist's mind, and were recorded with fidelity in his work.

Mr. Hunt's industry was untiring, and his facility in catching the spirit of a scene — of "seeing the picture in it," as he himself expressed it — was remarkable. Little did it seem to matter what was the material at hand to work with: be it oil-colors, or charcoal, or clay, — he was equally happy in using either. His charcoal drawings form an extremely interesting part of the exhibition, and are as fine things of the kind as are produced in any country. The coal is always used as if it were color, and objects are treated as patches of light and dark, but never as lines. Many carefully studied drawings for portraits are quite as valuable as the paintings themselves, artistically considered. The *Portrait* (No. 227), drawn in 1865, in the possession of the artist's brother, Mr. Richard M. Hunt, the well-known architect, and the drawings of Mr. Sandford, Mr. William M. Evarts, and Mrs. George W. Long, are excellent examples.

One of these charcoal drawings has an added interest, as it shows the artist as a composer. In the catalogue (No. 215) this drawing is described as the *Original Sketch of the Sick Donkey*. I must pass by the landscapes in charcoal, fascinating as many of them are, nor can I dwell upon the representations of still-life, butterflies, flowers, etc., which show how skilful Mr. Hunt was in the use of his material as applied to the expression of texture.

It remains for me to speak of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the artist, the mural paintings in the Assembly Chamber of the New York State Capitol, at Albany.

In these works Mr. Hunt found an opportunity to put into a fitting and permanent form two compositions which had been in his mind for twenty years or more. He began them, at the earnest solicitation of Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, of New York, not without some fears for the result of what must be, after all, an experiment. It is to be regretted that the conditions under which the artist was obliged to work were not more favorable. These conditions will be best understood by a brief description of the parts of the construction and decoration of the chamber which directly affect Mr. Hunt's work. I cannot do better than to quote the following passages from Mr. Henry Van Brunt's excellent article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1879: — "The Assembly Chamber at Albany is a monumental hall of vast proportions, walled and vaulted with yellowish stone, very bold in its general design, and charged with a great abundance of incised decoration, colored with red, blue, black, and gold. This decoration, though uninteresting in detail, is rich, and indeed almost Moorish, in general effect. The constructive features are Gothic, the carving is conventional and coarse, but the whole design is carried out with great boldness and intelligence, and the whole result is bright, large, noble, and, though wanting in sentiment of detail, is eminently fitting for a great civic hall. Two opposite walls of this chamber are occupied by round-arched windows in two stages, the lower stage having three openings, and the upper being a continuous arcade of six openings. Between the arches of this arcade and the broad, pointed ceiling vault which abuts against the wall above, is a triangular space or tympanum forty feet wide and perhaps half as high, and, we should suppose, about forty feet from the floor of the chamber. In this high space, on either side of the hall, Mr. Hunt has painted two decorative and pictorial compositions, — the most important of the kind yet executed in this country. . . . . When the artist undertook this important work, the conditions of *entourage* had already been fixed. The style of the work was uncompromising Gothic; the lower boundary of each tympanum was an arcade of bright windows; the upper boundary was the outline of the great enclosing vaulting arch. This vaulting surface was decorated with a series of ornamental belts with sunk patterns of coarse design enforced with the crude colors of which we have spoken. These belts abutted against the field of the proposed picture at right angles, and there was no vaulting rib or moulding to mark the line between the wall and the ceiling. To meet these conditions of light and color, Mr. Hunt was compelled to paint his pictures on a very high key, and to give to his outlines an accent of exceptional rigor. We cannot but think, however, that he was deceived as to the amount of light which these surfaces would receive from the opposite windows, and that the mass of staging upon which he painted made a twilight to which he adapted his work; for the broad light of the morning betrays a coarseness of outline and color which is veiled in the waning light of the afternoon, when apparently the pictures are seen in their most favorable aspect. But even then there is a fatal rawness in the decorative effect, which is readily accounted for by the absence of a distinct line of demarcation, or frame, to separate the aerial spaces of his compositions from the hard colored lines of the belts in the vaulting, which attack the very edges of his clouds. The pictorial character of the designs is another reason for their isolation by some such device from this unsympathetic neighborhood. . . . . We cannot but consider that the opportunity has been misunderstood in a fundamental point, and that work of a far lower grade than that of Mr. Hunt would have better served the purpose. With all his strength of will, and all his skill in the adaptation of his tones, and all his fiery determination

of drawing, he has been unable to conquer a right to fill such spaces with such work. It is a waste of great resources." Mr. Van Brunt, in the passages quoted, has satisfactorily analyzed and explained the feeling of disappointment which the spectator experiences when looking at the decorations for the first time. The incongruity of the paintings with their surroundings forces itself upon the spectator, but the masterly manner in which they are conceived and executed increases his admiration of the artist who was able to work with such spirit and power under such adverse circumstances.

The Flight of Night is a composition with which the friends of Mr. Hunt have been familiar for many years under another title, that of *Anahita*, the moon-goddess. One of the original sketches for this picture, numbered 300 in the exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts, is a beautiful, poetic conception and a delicious bit of painting. This little sketch follows closely the description contained in the poem by Colonel Leavitt Hunt, the artist's brother, here given: —

"Enthroned upon her car of light, the moon
Is circling down the lofty heights of heaven;
Her well-trained coursers wedge the blindest depths
With fearful plunge, yet heed the steady hand
That guides their lonely way. So swift her course,
So bright her smile, she seems on silver wings,
O'erreaching space, to glide the airy main;
Behind, far-flowing, spreads her deep blue veil,
Inwrought with stars that shimmer in its wave.

Before the car an owl, gloom-sighted, flaps
His weary way; with melancholy hoot
Dispelling spectral shades that flee,
With bat-like rush, affrighted, back
Within the blackest nooks of caverned Night.
Still Hours of darkness wend around the car,
By raven tresses half concealed; but one,
With fairer locks, seems lingering back for Day.
Yet all with even measured footsteps mark
Her onward course. And floating in her train
Repose lies nestled on the breast of Sleep,
While soft Desires enclasp the waists of Dreams,
And light-winged Fancies flit around in troops."

In the large decoration the composition was changed somewhat from this first sketch to adapt it to the triangular space on the wall, but the idea remains essentially the same. The admirable engravings by Mr. Kruell of this composition and of its pendant, *The Discoverer*, with the two study drawings of the female figures, equally well reproduced by Mr. Andrew, will help the reader to understand them, without entering into a long explanation. Various interpretations of an allegorical nature have been put upon *The Flight of Night*. It has been explained as the flight of evil before good, of night before the dawn, or as the revival of letters, which was simultaneous with the discovery of America, typified in the opposite painting of *The Discoverer*. In both these decorations the color is splendid, and the expression of height, distance, and light is admirable. In these respects Mr. Hunt has achieved a genuine success. The richer composition of the two is *The Flight of Night*, — a thoroughly poetic image, composed in a masterly manner which leaves little to be desired; but in *The Discoverer* the effort in the arrangement is more apparent, and therefore less satisfactory. The figures are too few, and are placed in such detached positions that the effect of the group is less rich than it might have been, and, as Mr. Van Brunt has justly remarked, the group is so small that in an instant the motion of the waves will throw the whole into confusion, — a catastrophe never dreaded in the great compositions of Raphael, Guido, and Rubens, which were so filled with figures that they would certainly fall into new combinations if disturbed. The frail boat bearing



W. M. HUNT, PINX.

G. KRUELL, DEL. ET SC.

THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT.

the Discoverer to the New World is guided by Fortune at the helm, and Hope at the prow, while Science unrolls her scroll, and Faith, lightly floating, attends. The West blushes with promise, and the sad-looking figure of the brave adventurer, who has abandoned his bark to Fortune's guidance, calmly stands, a dark silhouette against the bright sky, looking towards the setting sun. The wind blowing his cloak aside discloses a coat of mail, which indicates the warrior who seeks to conquer as well as to discover. One feels the lack of accurate drawing in some of these figures, but the decorative effect in both paintings is so fine that it is needless to call attention to short-comings in minor particulars.

The grave having now closed upon our departed teacher and friend, it may seem as if the time were hardly opportune for judging him upon his merits. Yet, if William Morris Hunt is ever to be so judged, it must be done now, as a better opportunity than the present for the formation of a fair and unbiased opinion of his work, and of the influences it has asserted and is likely to assert on American art, will never occur again. Nothing is easier to write than a merely laudatory article. No task more fraught with danger and with pain, or more delicate, could be proposed to an artist or critic at this time than to write a *critique* on Mr. Hunt's work. But the old saying, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is not one of my maxims, not even in the latest interpretation given to it by Mr. Wendell Phillips. Nor does it seem to me that it is flattering to the deceased to demand that criticism shall be silent in the presence of his achievements. He who is strong and has just claims to recognition and admiration need not fear for his fame, if after all it is found that his was the common lot of imperfect humanity. The weak, whose fame is fictitious, may feel the necessity of enveloping themselves in the smoke of the idolatrous incense burned at their altars; those whose reputation rests upon a strong foundation of their own building can afford to stand out in the clear sunlight, where every lineament of their features is plainly visible. Such a man was William Morris Hunt. He himself, more than any one else, would have detested blind adulation. To an intelligent opinion on his works, expressed by persons competent to judge, he never objected. It was only the senseless babble of the self-styled critic which roused his ire, and brought his blood up to the boiling point.

The charges which have from time to time been brought against Mr. Hunt's work may be summed up under four heads, — lack of originality, incorrectness of drawing, hurried execution, and crudeness of color; and, in view of this fine exhibition, it must be conceded, if the truth is to be spoken, that there is a valid basis for all of these charges, although the vehemence with which they have sometimes been urged is condemned by the many beautiful examples of the artist's skill, to which I have called attention in the course of this paper.

The lack of originality is especially apparent in the French peasant *genre* subjects, and many of the early landscape studies. They are close imitations of Millet, under whose influence they were painted. The *Rising Moon*, *The Stag* (an effect of moonlight on the snow, a subject treated by Millet in an identical manner), the *Two Lambs on a Hillside* (see the wood-engraving, which, however, does not do full justice to the delicacy of the painting), and other similar pictures, are in no sense original conceptions. But it would be idle to deny Mr. Hunt's claims to originality in his later works, and, although his imitative faculty seems always to have been stronger than the creative faculty, he has produced works — more especially in portraiture and in landscape — which are thoroughly American in sentiment, and will be treasured as refined examples of the work of the healthiest and best of our idealists.

Many of the short-comings in Mr. Hunt's works are no doubt due to the fact that his first teacher in painting was Couture. Couture was an idealist, a fine genius, and a brilliant painter, but he was by no means an ideal teacher. His manner of painting was fascinating and easily acquired, his system of drawing, based upon classical models, became to a great extent a thing of convention, and had a superficial correctness without individuality. The student became at last incapable of producing anything except in the master's method. So absolute is this method

that, if the pupil loses the first preparation, or drawing in bitumen, by painting over it without obtaining the desired effect, the labor is lost, and he will be obliged to take a new canvas. Mr. Hunt himself regretted beginning his career with Couture, and in his later years condemned the system which he had been taught in the *atelier*. The great teachers in art — the men who inspired more artists of genius to do great things than any others — were the eminent draughtsmen rather than the great colorists. Michelangelo, Raphael, and Da Vinci have wielded a power in art which cannot be measured, and it was through their wonderful composition and mastery of form. I do not underrate the colorists, like Titian, Veronese, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Delacroix, but their qualities are more apt to degenerate into poorer art in men of lesser genius than those of artists trained to exact drawing. Ingres, Delaroche, and Picot, fine draughtsmen of the French school of the past generation, were the masters of nearly all the celebrated painters who have been the glory of France. Color appeals to the senses alone, but form and expression appeal to the intellectual faculties, and for this reason the Florentine school will always be respected above all others.

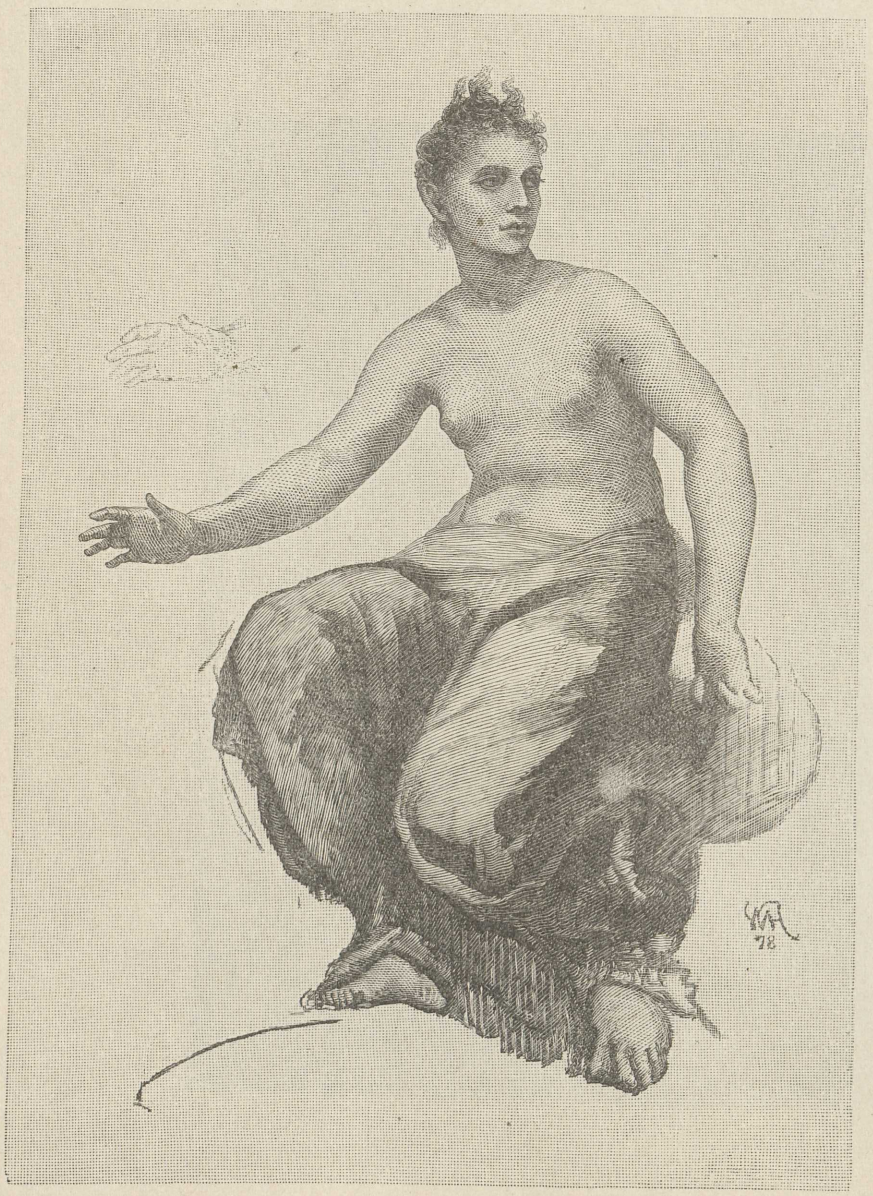
Mr. Hunt's sympathy with the Venetian painters gave a tendency to his art which led him to seek in nature motives which required the exercise of the color sense in a much greater degree than that of form, and upon that basis his art must be judged. But his love of experimenting in different ways, which sprung from his detestation of conventionality and a desire to keep freshness in his work, often led him to do bizarre things in his portraits, which injure or destroy the effect they were intended to produce. To relieve the head as a dark mass in half shadow, of a chocolate color, against a light ground of blue, gray, or yellow, may be picturesque, but is disagreeable in portraiture, because it destroys the impression of truth and familiarity. In compositions where many figures are brought together such an arrangement is allowable, but the masters entirely great seldom resorted to fantastic arrangements in their portraits.

It is well known to all, that during the last ten years of his life Mr. Hunt was trying for great qualities, — for more breadth in treating masses of light and shadow, and vigorous handling of his materials. But, at the same time, it must be conceded that, while his successes were often splendid, his failures, which were numerous, are worthy of Manet, the leader of the "impressionists," in his most erratic experiments. Good mechanical work is as much demanded in picture-making as in any other handicraft, and it is hardly necessary to say that every great picture in the world has it, without exception. The *technique* of Holbein is different from that of Ribera, but in the presence of the works of these artists the question never arises whether they are finished or not. The art in them is so subtle that it evades scrutiny.

These peculiarities in Mr. Hunt's character as an artist have also tended somewhat to neutralize the salutary effect which he exercised as a teacher; and while in the works of his pupils the appreciation of picturesqueness, the feeling for the mysteries of light and shadow, and the sense of color are seldom absent, they are occasionally deficient in those intellectual elements which find expression in drawing and in choice of subject.

But let these ungenerous criticisms cease. Whatever may be advanced against the claims of those who would have us look upon the deceased as among the greatest of the living or the dead, it certainly cannot be possible to any person capable of just appreciation to stand long in the gallery containing his works, without being deeply impressed with the fact that William Morris Hunt had a highly sensitive organization, which brought him into close relations with nature, and enabled him to see beautiful and picturesque qualities in every living and in every inanimate thing. The unerring intuition which attracted him to Millet is another proof, if any were needed, that he possessed the qualities of painter and poet.

And, finally, the limitations must not be forgotten under which Mr. Hunt was compelled to labor. Under a more exact draughtsman in his youth, and under circumstances different from those under which he was compelled to pass his maturer years, he would possibly have ranked with the greatest, and might have left masterpieces of the first order. The material was in him,



HUNT, DEL. ANDREW, SC.



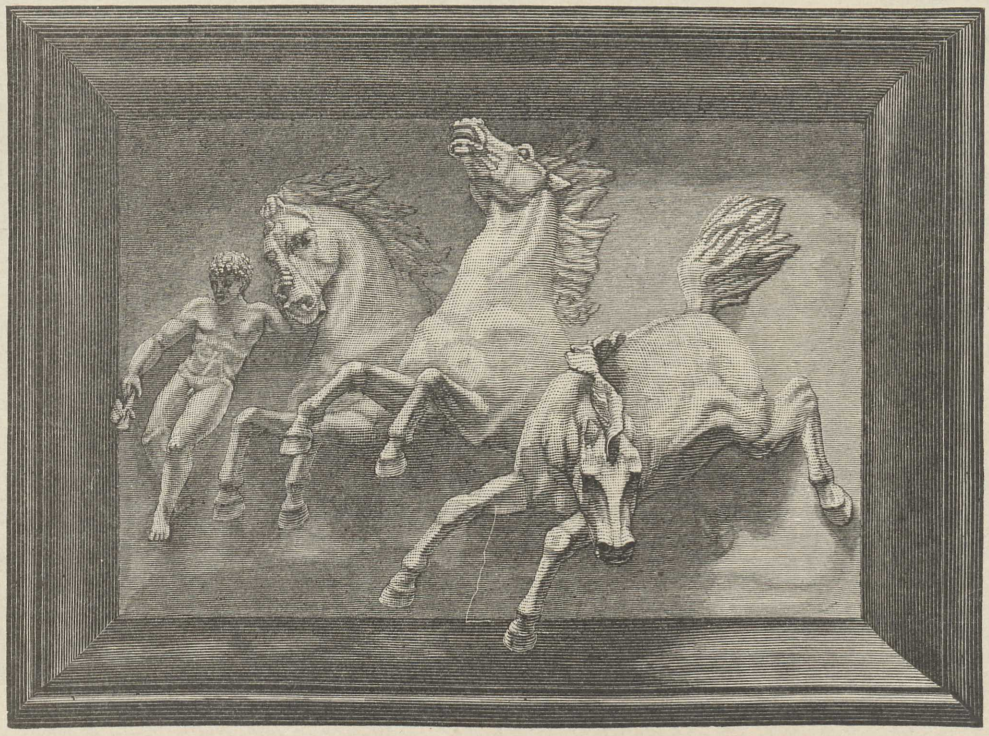
HUNT, DEL. ANDREW, SC.

STUDIES FOR THE PAINTINGS IN ALBANY.

but his powers were cramped. Torn up from the congenial soil of France, and transplanted to that of his own country, which twenty years ago was even more unfavorable to artistic growth than it is to-day, separated from old associations and sympathetic companions, his pictures looked upon as strange, incomprehensible things by his countrymen, until he began to paint portraits, it is not surprising that the love for what he left behind in France should have remained warm and bright in his heart, and that his work should have been tinged with reflections of Couture and Millet. When he returned to America, in 1855, it was his intention to paint historical and *genre* pictures; but, to use his own words, he would have been compelled to starve if he had been obliged to depend on their sale. There is an almost pathetic interest attaching to the story of the Albany paintings. In the early part of the year 1850, the study for the head of Sleep was painted; in 1863 he dashed off the wonderful sketch of *Anahita*, now in the possession of his sister, Miss Jane Hunt; the visitors of the old studio in the Mercantile Building were already familiar with the large cartoons of the same subject. What might not have been the result if the young artist, then in the vigor of his prime, had been given the opportunity of shaping the creation of his fancy! But those who should have seen were blind, and the poet and artist was compelled to expend his pent-up ideality in experiments in color, and in the painting of portraits, until the dread monitor was already at his door.

Doubly may a nation mourn which, seeing one of its brightest spirits quenched in the darkness of death, must confess that it did nothing to keep alive the flame!

FREDERIC P. VINTON.





SPANISH RECREATIONS.

BY VILLEGAS.

Pen-and-Ink Sketch by James D. Smillie. From a Photograph.

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON, PHILADELPHIA.

Chapter Ninth.



Charity. — By Kaulbach.

Pen-and-Ink Sketch by James D. Smillie. — From a Photograph.

PRIVATE collections of works of art are brought together for the delight of the owner and his privileged friends, and not to illustrate any particular school or department of art for the purposes of study. In writing upon such a collection, therefore, each example must be considered as an individual work by an individual artist, and not as one of a class. Yet Mr. Gibson's collection presents at least a limited view of the development and tendency of modern art. It includes the works of Meyer von Bremen and Kaulbach on the one hand, and of Chelmonski and Munkácsy on the other, thus illustrating most forcibly the changes which have taken place within the last thirty years. The several Continental schools are here each represented; and while the French artists necessarily predominate, — France being the present art centre of Europe, — Germany, Spain, and Italy are not neglected. Mr. Gibson's collection numbers one hundred pictures, and a survey of them, arranged as they are with rare good taste, in several small, well-lighted cabinets, must leave upon the mind the conviction that very few collections in this country are of as high a standard and of such uniform excellence.

The initial illustration to this article gives a pen-and-ink sketch of Kaulbach's *Charity*. Of late years it has become so fashionable to sneer at Kaulbach, for extravagant composition, heroic drawing, and unsympathetic coloring, that one expects to have the shafts of ridicule hurled at him, if he ventures even to whisper his praise. Art to be pure and true and elevating must be a psychological effort, — the expression of a conception, — and certainly Kaulbach fulfilled this requirement in its largest sense. To us this picture of *Charity* is very attractive. The color is not good, being too monotonous and raw, and in the flesh tints brick-dusty; but as a classical composition it is unexceptionable; the modelling is firm, the drawing correct, and the feeling delicate and refined. Kaulbach's paintings are rarely met with in this country, and Mr. Gibson's

acquisition of this picture is curious. It is the original from which the *Mutterliebe*, now owned by Mr. Probasco, of Cincinnati, was painted. Mr. Gibson saw it in the artist's studio, and desired much to purchase it. But Kaulbach would not part with it; it was a favorite with him, and he wished to keep it. Subsequently the picture was brought to New York and sold in the Derby sale, where Mr. Gibson, more fortunate than he had been with the artist, procured it.

Hanging not far from this last-mentioned work is a small canvas by Meyer von Bremen, entitled *The Little Rogue*. It represents a young girl sitting in a large arm-chair beside a table, holding in her hands a huge folio volume, over which she is gazing at some distant object, with a smile on her face and a roguish twinkle in her round, dark eyes. J. Georg Meyer, who is a follower of the old Düsseldorf school, has been much admired in this country, and a number of his best works are to be found here. But we have outgrown the smooth and labored manner of his style; and his pictures, while the subjects are oftentimes pleasing, fail to impress us, owing to the lack of spirit and strength in the treatment.

In strong contrast with Meyer von Bremen's manner, are two works by the Hungarian artist, Mihaly Munkácsy. This painter has been so often mentioned of late in connection with the celebrated picture of *Milton dictating to his Daughters*, — a canvas which we consider far inferior in artistic merit to either of the two on Mr. Gibson's walls, — that it seems superfluous to speak of him here, otherwise, than as an artist *par excellence*. As a colorist Munkácsy is weak, but his treatment is broad and his results are brilliant. His manner is forcibly illustrated in *The Wrestler's Challenge*, a large picture four feet and a quarter long by three feet high. The scene is laid in a low ceiling vault, with casks and bottles and cups around. The vault is lighted by one small, arched window on the side, and a hanging lamp suspended from the rafters. The challenger — an itinerant Hercules — stands in the centre of the picture, where he has struck his most defiant attitude. The challenged stands a little to the right, and is a nobly modelled figure, full of that quiet force which, while he is taking in his opponent, shows that the victory will be to the strong, as the race is to the swift. Nothing could exceed the expression upon the faces of the men, women, and children who are grouped around waiting and watching for the fray. Each one of them is a study of human character. Aside from the two central figures there are two others, so fine that they can hardly be called secondary. One is an old man sitting beside the table, evidently the inn-keeper, and the other a little two-year-old, who is helping herself to dumplings, while the elders are eager for the trial. Mr. Gibson's second picture by Munkácsy is a *Hungarian Encampment* on the edge of a forest, the figures by the wagons evidently those of gypsies. This picture is not equal to the first in execution, but it grows upon the beholder, and one returns to it each time with renewed satisfaction.

Jozef Chelmonski is known to us only by his *Souvenir d'un Voyage en Ukraine*, dated March, 1877, and measuring six feet by three feet and a half. A rough sled, made out of hewn logs, is being pulled through deep snow by four superb gray horses. The scene is cold and cheerless, but all the truer for it. The only relief to the pervading grays is the yellow straw on the floor of the sled, the scarlet woollen scarf around the neck of the solitary passenger, and the vermilion crown of the driver's hat. The horses, which are magnificently modelled, plunge and tear to keep warm, and their full action will carry them, soon, out of sight. Belonging to the same class of subjects is Schreyer's *Arab's Retreat*, a fine specimen of this celebrated artist's work, full of his mannerisms, which are marked, but not objectionable. Fromentin's *Halt in the Desert* is in curious contrast with the Schreyer, showing how dissimilarly two artists will treat a subject of a similar character. Fromentin's Arab chargers are sleek, well-bred coursers, while Schreyer's steeds are of the powerful, heavier Wallachian race. In Fromentin's painting there is a noble dignity seldom seen in pictures, and this quality is very manifest in the one which Mr. Gibson possesses.

There is one picture which forms the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection, and stands entirely alone, no matter from what stand-point we view it. We refer to *Le Triomphe d'une Femme Équivoque*,



LE TRIOMPHE D'UNE FEMME EQUIVOQUE.

BY THOMAS COUTURE.

Pen-and-Ink Sketch by James D. Smillie. From a Photograph.

by Thomas Couture. We have spoken of this picture and its author on a previous occasion, — soon after the artist's death, — and what we say now can be little else than a summarized repetition of what we said then. We look upon Couture as the great master of his time, and we claim that his influence will be felt and recognized, when others — names perchance at present more famous — are forgotten. Couture was an idealist in the highest, truest, best sense of the word, for he was also a moralist. What he lacked most was a delicate, sensitive refinement. All of his pictures teach some lesson, even though they represent but a single head, such as the *Roman Youth*, a superb and thoughtful study, also in Mr. Gibson's possession.

Le Triomphe d'une Femme Équivoque is a grand allegorical composition, painted in 1873, and measuring six feet by four. The design is shown in the sketch here reproduced. The story is a serious one, pointing backward and forward, and calling, "Halt!" It tells how, if the pleasures of the moment alone are pursued, the thorns and thistles that strew the path will assuredly assert themselves when, possibly, it may be too late, even though they seem to bend so easily to the will. The life of the principal actress in the scene is made to reflect itself in lonely, decrepit age, as surely as the lives of her satellites will reach the goal of debauched Silenus. Referring to this great composition, an accomplished and highly esteemed scholar recently wrote to its owner: "Cart-ropes cannot drag me from the conviction that the final destination of the original, long after you and I and the rest of us are dust and ashes, should be a church. If pictures can preach, what more eloquent sermon can be uttered than by this painting, in favor of purity and of abhorrence for the path that leads down to utter misery and death?" As a technical piece of work, also, this picture must ever hold a high place. It exhibits in the highest degree Couture's principles and manner, his theory and his practice, his strong and expressive drawing, his rich, brilliant, and suggestive coloring.

The poetic Hamon has here a delicious idyl, called *Night*, in which the aerial effect of the floating figures is exceedingly well rendered. The drawing is poor, and the color ineffective, but the taste displayed is exquisite. Cabanel's *Birth of Venus* is so well known through the engraving by Alphonse François, that a minute description would hardly be permissible. The form of the goddess is round and voluptuous, and the poetry of gentle motion, as the body responds to the undulations of the sea, is marvellously expressed, while the semi-consciousness with which she half raises her arm from off her opening lids is most seductive. The picture is light in tone and delicate in color, which two qualities render pure a composition that otherwise might seem objectionable.

The marine painters who contribute to the collection are Achenbach, Clays, and Hamilton, and their pictures are each good in their individuality. Achenbach has an effective *Coast Scene*, Clays an admirably painted *Dead Calm* off the coast of Holland, and Hamilton, the only American artist represented by a meritorious work, an eminently characteristic *Sea-Shore*.

Possibly there is no artist of our day whose works have warmer admirers and more outspoken opponents than Jean Baptiste Camille Corot. If it is true, and we think it is, that the landscapist shows his art more by conveying an impression faithfully than by reproducing a scene with accuracy, then Corot should be awarded the meed, for his pictures seem to portray only fleeting thoughts and vague impressions. His great fault is his indistinctness; his pictures lack form, and produce their effects by misty indecision. He has, however, a delicate grace of sentiment, and a tender, almost timid method of rendering his subject, that show him to be a poetical dreamer, in which respect he resembles Turner. Mr. Gibson has two of his landscapes, and one of them, *At Break of Day*, a suggestion of which is given herewith, we admire more than any other of the many pictures by Corot which we have seen. It is a very feeling bit of nature, when the cool gray of the morning is so delicious. Daubigny is another idealist of the Corot stamp, full of taste and pathos, whose pictures are toned to such a harmonious key that they almost become monotonous. The landscape by him in Mr. Gibson's collection is a good specimen of his manner.



AT BREAK OF DAY. — BY COROT.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY JAMES D. SMILLIE. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Another artist who, like Corot, stands midway between passionate admiration and violent condemnation, is Jean François Millet. It is claimed that he is an artist who aims in his pictures at an exact imitation of Nature. We should consider him rather the reverse; that he is a rustic poet, who uses Nature with a license, never forgetting her, but imbuing her with feeling when she would be cold and irresponsive. *The Shepherd* is a picture of emotion, of sentiment; the untold tells so much, that one returns to this painting, discovering some new expression each time. And yet it is nothing but a shepherd overtaken by night, followed by his flock and his faithful dog. The atmospheric effect here is untranslatable into words. It is chilly; the sheep are huddled together, and the shepherd has his long cloak closely gathered around him. Your sympathy is won for the toiler whose labor is so unremitting, whose life is so lonely; and the painter's philosophy expresses itself in the grave tones of his color. *The Shepherd* is a painted poem, and to appreciate it one must *feel*. There is a small etching of this picture, by Courtry, but it does no sort of justice to the original.

Nature, it seems to us, is looked upon by Jules Breton much in the same manner as Millet regards it, despite the great apparent difference in the methods of the two artists. Breton, as a painter, is the most perfectly rounded and symmetrical now living. He does all things well; nothing could be added, no improvement made, to any picture that comes from his easel, while the simplicity of his work renders description difficult. *The Potato Harvest*, probably known to many of our readers from the etching by Bracquemond, is simply an episode in the daily life of a peasant, — a woman emptying a basket of potatoes into a bushel-bag held for the purpose by one of her co-laborers. And yet these two real ideal women, these potato gatherers, elevate the whole sex. They are not painted above their station, but in their station;



LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE. — BY TROYON.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY JAMES D. SMILLIE. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

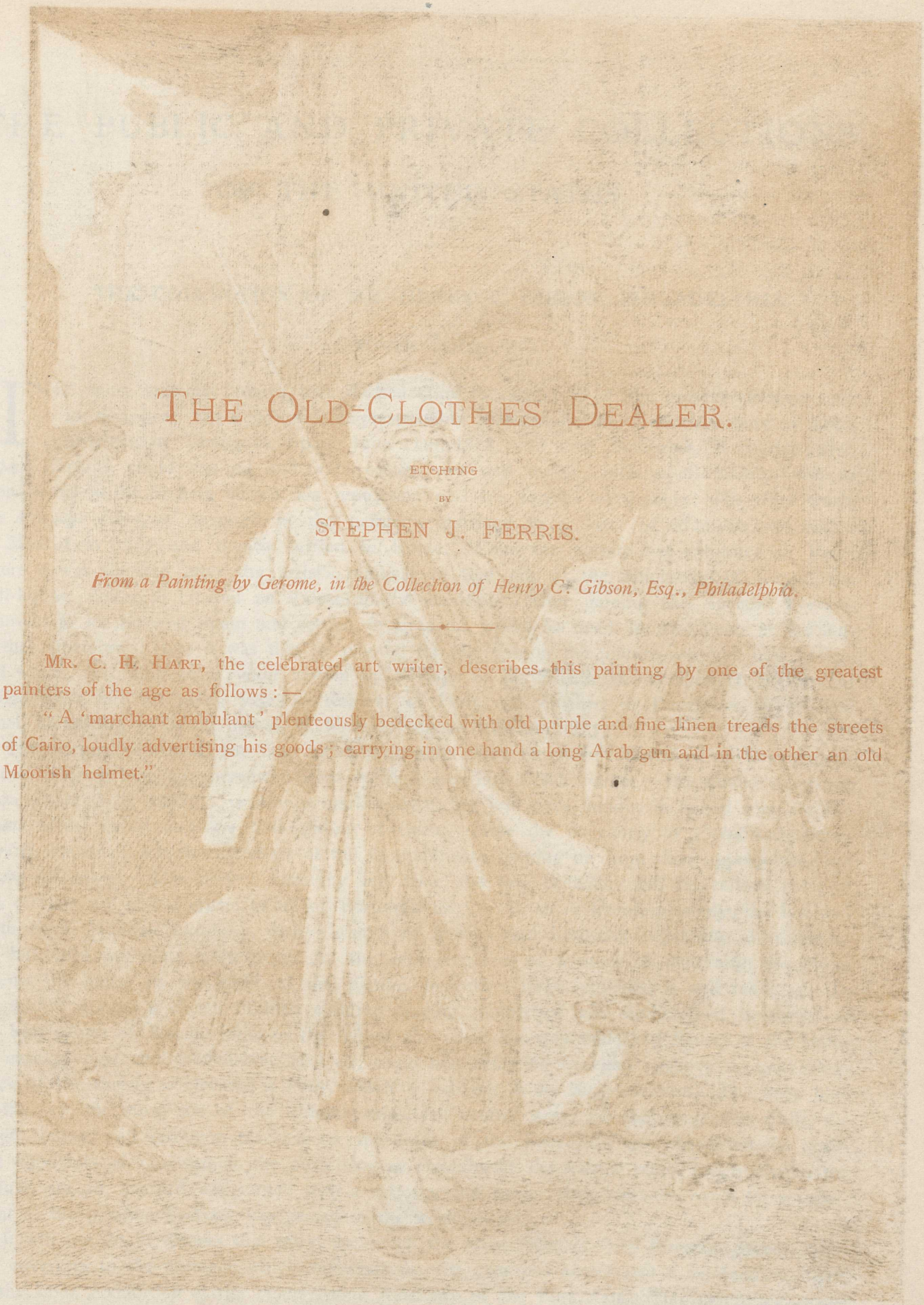
not with delicacy and gentle grace, but teeming with strength and vigor and robust health. The painter thus gives them their own idea of perfect beauty, and by this idealization of nature he excites admiration and reaps the rich reward of his unrivalled art. It has been well said of Jules Breton, that "his pictures are rich in truth, yet not without the elevating ideal element; and its ideality is of that genuine kind which is in perfect harmony with reality." If Breton excels in any one particular, it is in his wonderful painting of hands and feet, — the most difficult part of the human figure to render satisfactorily. His technical qualities are very high, his manner broad, and his coloring unsurpassed.

Constant Troyon was a capable artist, but he seems to us to have been somewhat overrated. His work bears too much the appearance of labor, of hard work; an effect which may arise from the fact that he never worked on one picture continuously, if we may trust tradition, until it was finished, but kept a number about him in various stages of progress. His *Landscape and Cattle,* as seen in the sketch, is a quiet, dignified, and truthful picture in all its parts. It would seem, however, that *Crossing the Ford* would be a more correct title, as that is what the cattle are about to do, while the landscape is quite subordinate.

The two Bonheurs, Rosa and her brother Auguste, — the latter the more accomplished artist of the two, — are represented by very good pictures. To the same class belongs *The Last Hour*, by August Schenck, a grand, life-like picture of sheep ready for the shearer. Voltz has a large oblong *Approach of a Storm*, with a herd of cattle contemplating the prospect. Van Marcke's *Landscape and Cattle* has been reproduced in etching by Mr. Peter Moran, of Philadelphia. In this etching the cattle are very well given, but the landscape, a most difficult one to translate by the needle, has not been quite so happily rendered.

CHARLES HENRY HART.





THE OLD-CLOTHES DEALER.

ETCHING

BY

STEPHEN J. FERRIS.

From a Painting by Gerome, in the Collection of Henry C. Gibson, Esq., Philadelphia.

MR. C. H. HART, the celebrated art writer, describes this painting by one of the greatest painters of the age as follows: —

"A 'marchant ambulant' plenteously bedecked with old purple and fine linen treads the streets of Cairo, loudly advertising his goods; carrying in one hand a long Arab gun and in the other an old Moorish helmet."

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. HENRY C. GIBSON, PHILADELPHIA.

Chapter Tenth.

THE most meteoric genius that flashed upon the art-world of the present century, only to disappear too soon, was unquestionably Mariano Fortuny, who was born in Reus, province of Tarragona, Spain, June 11th, 1838, and died in Rome, November 21st, 1874. Fortuny could use oil and water-colors, pen and needle, with equal facility, and as soon as his works became known his reputation and his fortune were made. His chief work, the *Mariage Espagnol*, inspired by the painter's marriage to a sister of Madrazo, was begun in Madrid in 1867, and thence carried to Rome. When the picture was exhibited in Paris, where it was finished after the artist's removal to that city at the solicitation of Goupil, the well-known dealer, it created an extraordinary sensation. After gaining this success, Fortuny returned to his beloved Spain and settled in Granada, where he lived for two years at the foot of the Alhambra. Here it was that he painted for Mr. Gibson the picture we shall now notice, and which, according to a letter written by Fortuny to his friend, Mr. William H. Stewart, of Philadelphia, but for many years a resident of Paris, was finished in December, 1872. The panel, measuring 19 by 14 inches, is, however, signed "Fortuny 1873."

The picture represents the *Casa de Ayuntamiento viejo*, or ancient town-hall of Granada, an edifice that was long ago perverted from its high uses into a fish-market. The quaint moresque Plaza where it is situated is now a market-place, but was once famous in ballad song for the *Cañas* or the *jereed*, and the bull-fighting of Gazul. Here the pageantry of *Pasos* and *Corpus Christi* was displayed, the members of the Ayuntamiento looking on from their appropriate *Casa de los Miradores*. The perfect harmony and taste, the rare brilliancy and marvellous color of this picture, are characteristic of all of Fortuny's work. As an architectural study, the low and picturesque Moorish buildings, with a wealth of flowers and luxuriant vegetation overhanging the balconies, are most interesting. As the representation of a story of maternity, the group against the house to the right of the picture, beneath a large umbrella, is well rendered. In the middle ground a cluster of little children playing, unwatched and undisturbed, is worthy of the best efforts of Knaus, while to the left of the panel the gay bedecked figures at the stalls, for ease of pose and nonchalant lazy air, could not easily be excelled. Above the gathering-place of the throng is elevated a *Pieté*, which is sublime in its suggestiveness. The deep blue of the sky, the warm red of the chimney-tops, the neutral grays of the rough-cast walls, the green, yellow, and vermilion placards on the front of the house, the gay shawls on the heads and shoulders of the women, the purplish-gray shadows of the narrow street which divides the picture, are all handled and united with a delicacy and power that leave no room for wonderment at the position Fortuny has gained in the world of art.

It will not do to dismiss this work, for which the artist received forty thousand francs, without adverting to the romance which surrounds it. Its generous owner sent it, in January, 1877, to the Loan Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. This exhibition closed on the last day of March, but Mr. Gibson allowed his pictures to remain through the regular

Spring Exhibition, which ended on the second day of June. The pictures were returned in the customary way, and, it being summer, were not hung, but were placed in a room securely locked. In the fall, on Mr. Gibson's return to the city, one of his first objects was to arrange his pictures; and what was his surprise, on turning to his Fortuny, to discover that something was wrong. A closer inspection revealed the certain fact that the original had been spirited away, and a poor copy substituted in the frame. Then followed a long investigation and search, which resulted, early in November, in the original picture being returned to Mr. Gibson by Mr. George W. Bartlett, the then Curator of the Academy, whose printed statement concerning its recovery reads like the most extravagant fiction.



A Summer Stroll. — By Boldini.

Pen-and-Ink Sketch by James D. Smillie. — From a Photograph.

Next to Fortuny, we turn to his brother-in-law, Raymundo Madrazo, whose perception of the requirements of his compositions is only equalled by his power to express them. His *Dancing of the Faleo, in the Palace of Pelato, Seville*, is a marvellously painted picture, and in nothing more so than in the multitude of varying tints and hues the artist has successfully and harmoniously employed. Belonging to the same school of luxuriant Spanish colorists is Villegas, who on a small panel (9 in. × 12 in.) has produced a hand bouquet of chrome and orange, bluish white and bluish gray, light greens and dark greens, olives and purples, which is bewitching in its intensity. The subject of the picture, *Spanish Recreations*, is shown by one of the sketches which illustrate this paper. There is a fervor in these Spanish brushes that is very fascinating, and one can see the passion of the love-song and the stiletto through every touch. At the same time, as a school, these painters

can hardly exert a healthy influence, for they fail to possess those higher ethical qualities which should always be the aim of true and enduring efforts.

Although not of the Spanish school proper, yet holding a near relation to it, is Boldini, whose *Summer Stroll* is given on the preceding page. In his manner he almost borders on the grotesque, here placing a thick dab of paint with the palette knife, and there leaving the canvas wholly uncovered; yet his effects are good, and the luminosity of his pictures very remarkable. In the present example the grasses fairly sparkle with the morning's dew. Not unlike Boldini in style, but much stronger, firmer, and purer, is Firmin Girard, who has well depicted two lovely Japanese maidens, elaborately and elegantly robed, reclining full length on the bank of a stream, feeding a bevy of ducks.

Mr. Gibson possesses excellent specimens of those two keen satirists, Vibert and Zamacois. *Calling the Roll after the Pillage* is not, it is true, as brilliant in color as Vibert's pictures usually are, but it is very strong in neutral grays; and the motley crew, from their arms and equipment, might be mistaken for the worthy supporters of the immortal Falstaff. Zamàcois, Spanish by birth, French by art, has here two aquarelles, *Contemplation* and *Revelation*, each only a single figure, — but such figures! — they tell their story in every line. Zamacois's master, Meissonier, gives us a *Cavalier* warming his feet at an open wood-fire while awaiting an audience. The picture is executed with that delicate manipulation and minute care of detail which has yielded this artist his immense reputation. As a study of color it is rich and deep, rather than brilliant. Belonging to the same highly-wrought style, but without Meissonier's power, is the *Hunter's Story*, by Seitz, a little bijou, full of expression and character. Four old men are grouped around a table, upon which are bits of ceramic ware that would sorely tempt the china hunter to forget the eighth commandment. The eager faces of the listeners, and the animation of the speaker as he relates the doings of the day, carry one back to the Dutchmen of two centuries ago, who found in these themes such satisfactory studies.

The best-known name, perhaps, among the living artists of France is that of Jean Leon Gérome, and the fame of its owner is due to the dramatic scenes his brush has delineated. He draws well, paints well, and understands thoroughly the management of light and shade; but his coloring is hard, metallic, and cold. His subjects are chosen principally either from the Orient or from Grecian or Roman history. To the last class belongs his celebrated picture of the gladiators, called *Pollice verso*, while *The Old Clothes-Dealer*, which has been carefully and admirably reproduced by Mr. Ferris in the accompanying etching, is of the first class. A "marchant ambulant," plenteously bedecked with old purple and fine linen, treads the streets of Cairo, loudly advertising his goods, carrying in one hand a long Arab gun and in the other an old Moorish helmet. One of the most interesting features of this picture, which cannot be considered one of Gérome's best works, is the wayward street dogs, which are superbly painted.

Roybet, De Neuville, and Detaille, each almost as well known by his etchings as by his paintings, are represented in Mr. Gibson's gallery by good specimens. Roybet gives us a *Cavalier* just pulling on his glove, which is excellent for the firmness with which he stands, notwithstanding his legs are rather thin for the build of his body. Detaille, who is just now in the prime of his life, and yet is the leading military painter of France, would, we think, be perfectly safe in risking his reputation upon the *Charge of the Ninth Regiment of Cuirassiers in the Village of Morsbronn, on the day of the Battle of Reichshoffen, 6th August*, 1870. He is a pupil of Meissonier, and is often likened to his master, a comparison which is incomprehensible to us, his manner being much broader and stronger than is the manner of that artist. From his earliest boyhood he was passionately fond of soldiery. When a mere child he would fashion whole corps of soldiers out of pasteboard, painting them with a truth and fidelity, as to arms and accoutrements, extraordinary. These exercises laid the foundation for his success. On the breaking out of the Franco-German war, Detaille at once enlisted as a volunteer, and during the campaign, sometimes in the very midst of battle, gathered the sub-

jects for his future works. The *Charge of the Ninth Regiment* was exhibited at the Salon of 1874, and is a large canvas six and a half feet long by four and a half feet wide. The title tells what it is; but the moment seized for the composition is when the head of the column of cavalry suddenly finds itself confronted by *chevaux-de-frise*, barricading the narrow way through which the entire corps are rushing, while attacked on all sides by the hidden musketry from the windows of the neighboring houses. It is a scene of wild confusion, almost of dismay, for the main body are coming full tilt upon the advance halted by the barricade. The skilful artist has shown his art by choosing a period that is grand to watch, but not yet fearful to behold; the horrors are to come, when the imagination comes into play, and strews the ground with the dead and dying, the mangled and the maimed. Detaille paints with a nervous, rapid touch, in strong contrast with the deliberate manipulation of his master; he puts the action in his brush that he requires in his subject. As a colorist he is natural in the best sense of the word, and the reds and blues and steel-grays of the uniforms of the Cuirassiers are notably well handled, the tone of his work being perfect. Next to Detaille, we have his rival, Alphonse de Neuville, in a miniature (9 in. × 12 in.) representation of *A Drummer of the French Army*. This artist's single figures are so well known and so superior that it is unnecessary to say more than that this picture is one of his best.

There are two of Hansen's elaborate *Interiors* in Mr. Gibson's collection, with which may be classed *The Message*, by Baron Leys, where, standing in the centre of an antique hall, a richly dressed young woman receives a billet-doux. Leys follows the old Flemish style in his painting, his work being stiff and tame, but the texture of his costumes would bear comparison with Terburg's *Satin Gown*. These Belgians seem to have a liking for fashion-plates. Alfred Stevens and Florent Willems each give similar exhibitions of costume. The former's *À la Campagne*, and the latter's *Morning Walk*, while good of their kind, seem to us to be bare of artistic sentiment and a waste of artistic ability. The only English picture in the collection, unless *The Reverie* by James Tissot can be counted one, is of the same character, *The Mirror*, by John Faed, where a rather matronly female admires her new flashy cretonne or brocade gown in a whole-length cheval glass, thereby giving the full benefit of a back and front view.

Italy, the once great studio of the world, has of late produced but little native talent. It is true, however, that within the last score of years she seems to have been striving to revive from her lethargy in this respect, and Mr. Gibson possesses distinctive pictures by Michetti, Maccari, and Alberto Pasini. The last-named artist is considered to be at the head of the modern school of Italian painters; but for his subjects he turns almost universally to the East. His *Scene in Constantinople* is peculiar, and not altogether pleasing. It has the effect of either Lilliputian figures or Brobdingnagian minarets and towers; the grouping, too, is confused, and the color cold, — the sky of the Orient resembling an inlaid block of lapis-lazuli. From the Italian painter who seeks in foreign climes the subjects for his easel, we turn to two painters from foreign lands who seek their themes beneath Italian skies, — Rico from Spain and Ziem from France. It has been said of Ziem, that Venice, the city of enchantments, has such a fascination for him "that in contemporaneous art it has become a sort of monopoly for his talent, so much so that one experiences an involuntary astonishment upon seeing a view of Venice not signed with his name." His *Grand Canal* is a misty, yet gorgeous picture, with a fiery tone pervading it which is unusual in Venetian scenes. Rico's *Venice*, on the contrary, is of the conventional hue intensified, but it is a very masterly work. It is an architectural picture, a near immediate view, and the treatment of the buildings, with their scintillating reflected lights and shadows, is very strong and skilful. This is one of the paintings improved by gas-light, as the garishness of the blues is thereby lessened.

Our space is nearly filled; therefore we must leave the dazzling scenes which we have last been contemplating, to enable us for a moment to penetrate the forest with Diaz, or tend the sheep with Jacque; view the landscape with Jules Dupré, or sit beneath the oak with



LANDSCAPE. — BY DUPRÉ.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY JAMES D. SMILLIE. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Courbet. It is to England's great original landscapist, John Constable, that we are indebted for the modern school of French landscape painting. At last the Channel has been crossed, and some good found in Nazareth. He showed what use could be made of simple nature, what power there was in atmospheric effects; and Jules Dupré may be said to have been the first to learn the lesson and follow it. Dupré is a powerful colorist, and has a thorough mastery of the almost imperceptible gradations of light and shade in nature, which gives to his pictures a tone the most winning and attractive. If he excels in any particular, it is in his masses of foliage, which are strong in their massiveness, yet always full of life and air. His distances, too, are skilfully handled, so that it has been said, "You lose yourself in them before you are aware you have left the foreground." His work is simple and truthful, and the two pictures in the present collection, of one of which an indication is given in the sketch, are fraught with deep feeling and sentiment and native refinement. Diaz is not unlike Dupré in some respects, especially in his quality as a colorist, his landscapes being noted for their richness and versatility of tint. Fontainebleau was a favorite study with Diaz, who lived on its borders, and in the little glimpse of the great forest he gives us here one can see to perfection his wonderful manner of exhibiting the light through the foliage. In addition to his landscape work, of which Mr. Gibson has three specimens, Diaz has painted some *genre* pictures, which, in our opinion, are marked only by lack of taste and bad drawing. Two of these gaudily colored canvases are here, *An Eastern Tale* being one of his best works in this department.

Unlike Dupré and Diaz as a colorist, Charles Jacque resembles the former in his simplicity, his feeling, and his ample power of expression. For many years he was known as a free and prolific etcher, Guiffrey's catalogue of his plates enumerating over four hundred. Since he has forsaken the needle and taken up the brush, he has produced many very acceptable works, and Mr. Gibson's *Landscape with Sheep* is a very good example of his best manner. The sheep are gathered beneath the shade of some noble oaks, where the shepherd is sitting, employed in



THE GREAT OAK-TREE OF ORNANS. — BY COURBET.

FROM THE ETCHING BY LEFORT.

knitting stockings. The animals are thoroughly at home; they have not been placed on the landscape merely for the occasion, and the broad handling shown in the picture is very expressive. The color is muddy, sombre, and hard; but as a composition it is a fine study.

The last picture we shall notice is by Courbet, the partisan of the Commune, the destroyer of the Vendome column, who prided himself upon being the head of the realistic school in France, and who preferred ugliness to beauty, because his nature was coarse and unrefined and soulless. There is no inspiration, no sentiment, in his *Great Oak-Tree of Ornans*, here reproduced from Lefort's etching, as indeed there cannot be in any truly "realistic" work. Yet Courbet's bad qualities are not so discernible in Mr. Gibson's picture as in some of the other works of this artist, for the simple reason that the subject was capable of a realistic treatment with less injurious result than perhaps any other subject that could have been chosen.

In concluding this partial notice of Mr. Gibson's collection, we must express our thanks to the owner for his great kindness in affording us every facility for our work, and at a time when it was most inconvenient to him, his cabinets being closed and many of the paintings unhung, preparatory to his departure for Europe.

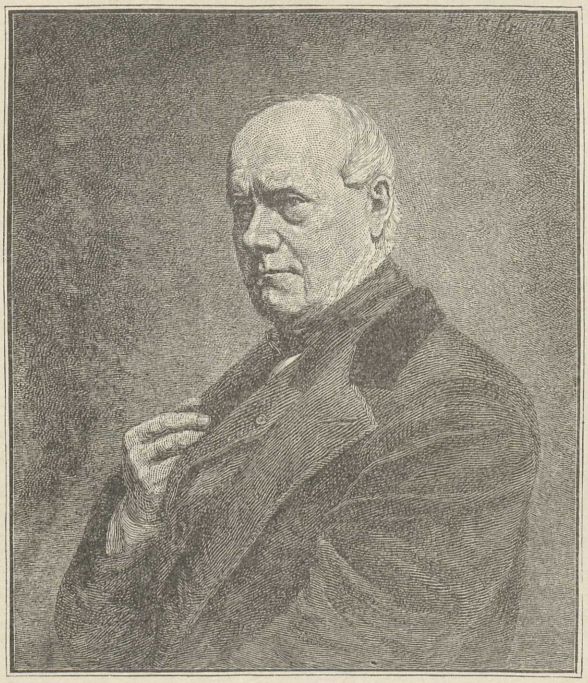
CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE BARYE BRONZES IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY.

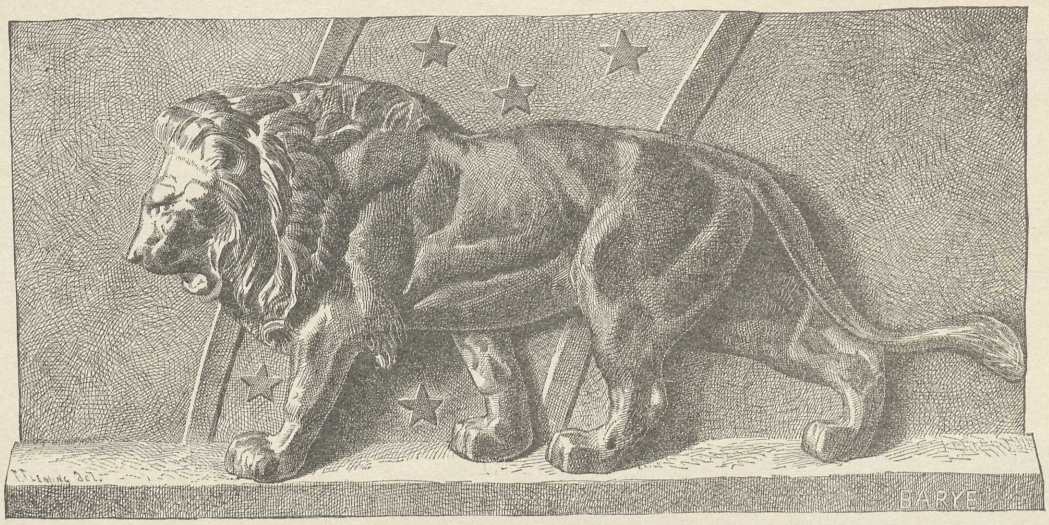
CHAPTER ELEVENTH.



ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. KRUELL, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A REMARKABLE feature in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, at Washington, is the collection of bronzes by the late Antoine Louis Barye. Numbering one hundred and eighteen pieces, it is larger than any other known collection of Barye's works, even in Paris, and therefore offers an opportunity to study the great sculptor's style which cannot be found elsewhere. The collection was bought from the artist himself, in 1873; and, in its rich variety of groups of human figures, wild and tame animals, reptiles, birds, candelabra, &c., conveys an adequate idea of the genius of Barye, — his classic fancy, as well as his knowledge of the forms and habits of animals in repose, or when roused to fury. Though many of the pieces are small, not averaging over a foot in height, and some not larger than a paper weight, there are several of grand size, and even the most diminutive are wrought with a truthfulness and a freedom of action which make them appear larger than they really are. The illustrations to this article, limited as they must necessarily be, have been so selected as to present types of some of the leading aspects of the artist's versatile genius.

Barye's strength lies in his intense realism, — a trait of his artistic character which is shown even in his monumental sculptures, such as the *Lion of the Column of July*, on the Place de la Bastille. This is a bas-relief, and one of the first of the works which drew general attention to the young artist. It is interesting to compare this lion with the monumental renderings of the same animal that have come down to us from antiquity, such as the well-known "Lion on the Steps of the Capitol," at Rome. Barye's bas-relief represented a new departure, which did away completely with the trammels of received conventionalism, and accepted nature pure and simple. In that massive frame of bone and muscle, ponderous, but of supple action, there is an expression of life, freedom, and truth which could not be acceptable to the official representatives of the academical French art of the time; and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in the year 1837 the jury refused to admit the artist's bronzes to the Salon. Barye, however, did not allow himself to be turned aside from the path which nature had marked out for him. Soon after appeared his *Lion and Serpent*, and *Lion and Horse*, in both of which the ferocity of the lion is most powerfully depicted, while in the latter we seem to hear the frenzied shriek of the victim. And so with his other beasts of prey.

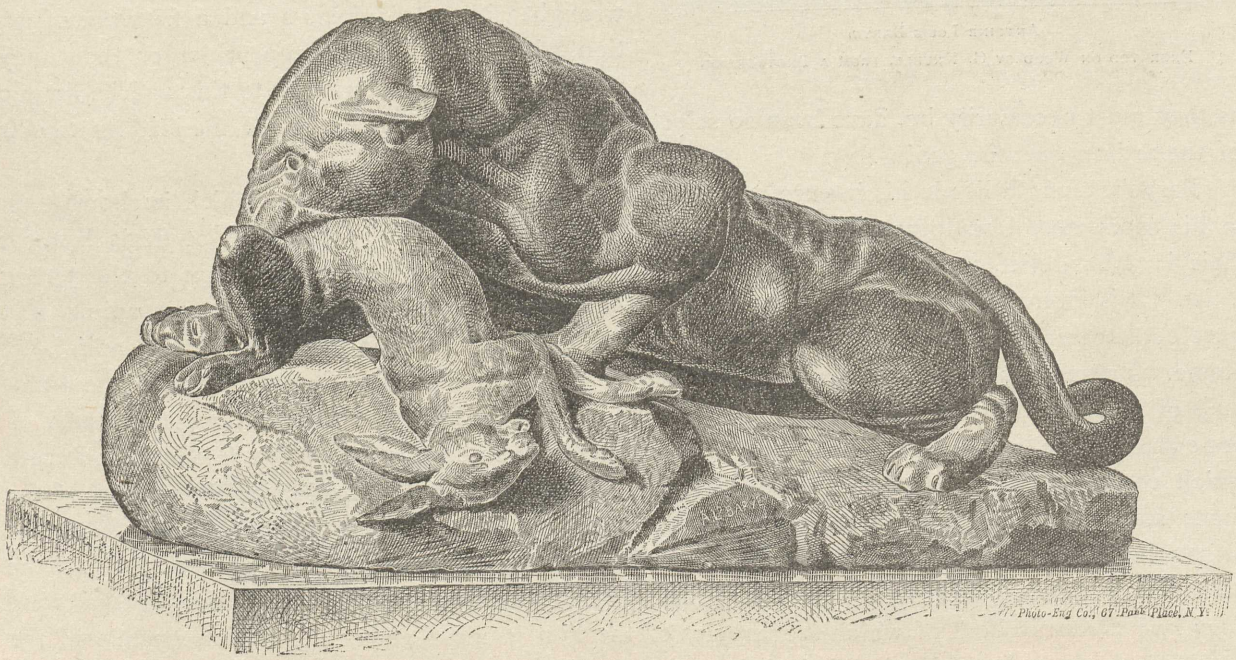


THE LION OF THE COLUMN OF JULY.

His *Tiger devouring a Crocodile* was a decided revelation in art; but his marvellous modelling of these and similar animals in ferocious action reached its climax in the *Jaguar devouring a Hare*, exhibited in plaster in 1850. A superb copy in bronze, over three feet in length, is in the Corcoran Gallery.

Among Barye's early work must also be mentioned the *Deer dragged to Earth by two Scottish Hounds*, while the *Deer biting its Side* is a wonder of skill in quickly seizing an attitude which the animal could only for a moment maintain. The *Bear and Dogs*, again, reveal a perfect mastery over the forms of both animals in fierce combat; and in the *Bear Erect*, as well as in the bronze showing Bruin on his back, playing with his toes, the artist has exhibited genuine humor.

No animal, however, figures in Barye's works in so many phases of quiet or vehement action, as the horse, whether free of harness or as the fiery steed of the Arab horseman battling with wild beasts; or bearing those fine examples of individual portraiture, the General Bonaparte, and the Duke of Orleans, or those figures endowed with knightly grace, the Gaston de Foix, and Charles VII.



JAGUAR DEVOURING A HARE.



THESEUS SLAYING THE CENTAUR.

Bronze Group by Antoine Louis Barye.

Engraved on Wood by George Andrew, from a Photograph.

In the two last-named works the armor and trappings are also worthy of special notice, as they give proof of the conscientious study which the artist devoted to these details in his desire for realistic truth and historical correctness. To those who know the value of a comparative study of art, it will be most interesting to compare Barye's horses with antique specimens, such as the horses in the Parthenon frieze, and the head of a horse of Hyperion, casts of which are to be found in the Hall of Antique Sculpture in the same Gallery.

Barye's fame as a sculptor rests chiefly on his animals. But his statues of historical personages, such as those just mentioned, are also of the first order, and in his compositions illustrative of mythology and legend he shows a superlative skill in the modelling of the human figure. At the

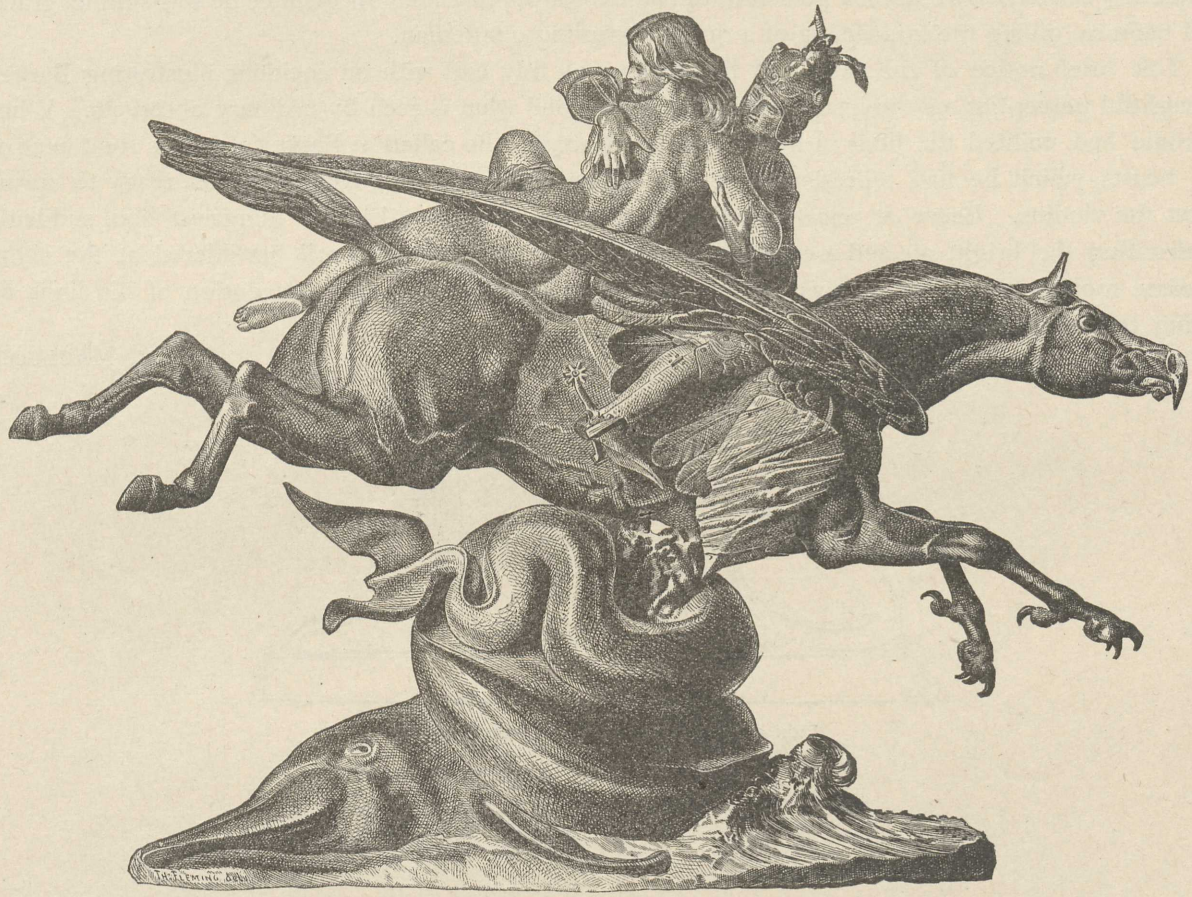


LION AND HORSE.

same time these works exhibit the versatility of his genius in a most brilliant light; for while all of them are equally realistic, the difference in the treatment of the classical subjects from that of those of a romantic nature is apparent at a glance. The grand group of *Theseus slaying the Centaur*, the largest in the collection, measuring four feet three inches by four feet, is a superb example of the artist's interpretation of classical mythology. The horse portion of the centaur (whom visitors to the Gallery may compare with the centaur in the group No. 49 in the Hall of Antique Sculpture) is sublime in its action, and quite as much so is the calm expression of the hero who, bending back the centaur's head by the throat, is about to brain him with his rude weapon. The fine genius of the sculptor in thus depicting the severity of overpowering might in the hero of his group, is also shown in *Theseus and the Minotaur*. Erect, with legs apart, and unyielding to the grasp of the monster's

thigh, he seizes the Minotaur by one ear, as he calmly thrusts the sword into his throat. In spite of all modern nervousness and realism, there is a statuesque repose, and a quietness and simplicity of contour in these groups which contrasts strangely with the restlessness and variety of sharply cutting lines in the group entitled *Roger and Angelica*. This latter is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful of Barye's works, in the production of which romance and love lent their inspiration to the artist. It is the old story of Perseus rescuing Andromeda from a sea monster, but recast in the mould of mediæval legend. Too much cannot be said in praise of this composition, of the rush of the hippogriff, and the graceful forms and poise of the heroic rescuer and his prize, all dominating the sea monster which forms the base.

The truth to nature and the power of realization shown by Barye can only be acquired by a combination of natural ability, close observation, and downright hard work, which is found only in



ROGER AND ANGELICA.

men of rarest quality. Even as a child Barye was fond of watching the animals in the Jardin des Plantes, and listening to the stories concerning their history and their habits, which were told him by an old keeper who had noticed his interest in them. Here was the inspiring source of his subsequent success; and his enthusiasm in the study of animals, which lasted nearly to the close of his life, is made evident by the true story of a visitor, who, having vainly called several times at his house to see him, was finally told that, a new tiger having been received at the Jardin, the artist had not been home for a fortnight.

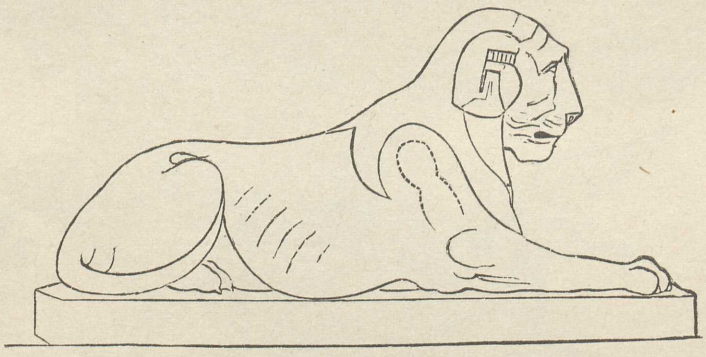
Barye always gave the finishing touch to his works, returning to the factory all the copies which were unsatisfactory to him. Their vigorous modelling has sometimes been mistaken for want of finish; but Barye aimed to give to the surface a texture suggestive of the skin and hair of animals, so that there is a certain naturalness in his works, even to the touch. The variety in the productions of this artist is truly astonishing, and reminds one of the work done by some of the old artists. He

modelled animals, statues, vases, candelabra, and other utensils; made designs for all sorts of industrial objects, among them a beautiful clock for M. Pereire; decorated several façades; lithographed, etched, and painted in water-colors. Of the latter class of works, strong in drawing and sombre in color, there are quite a number in American private collections.

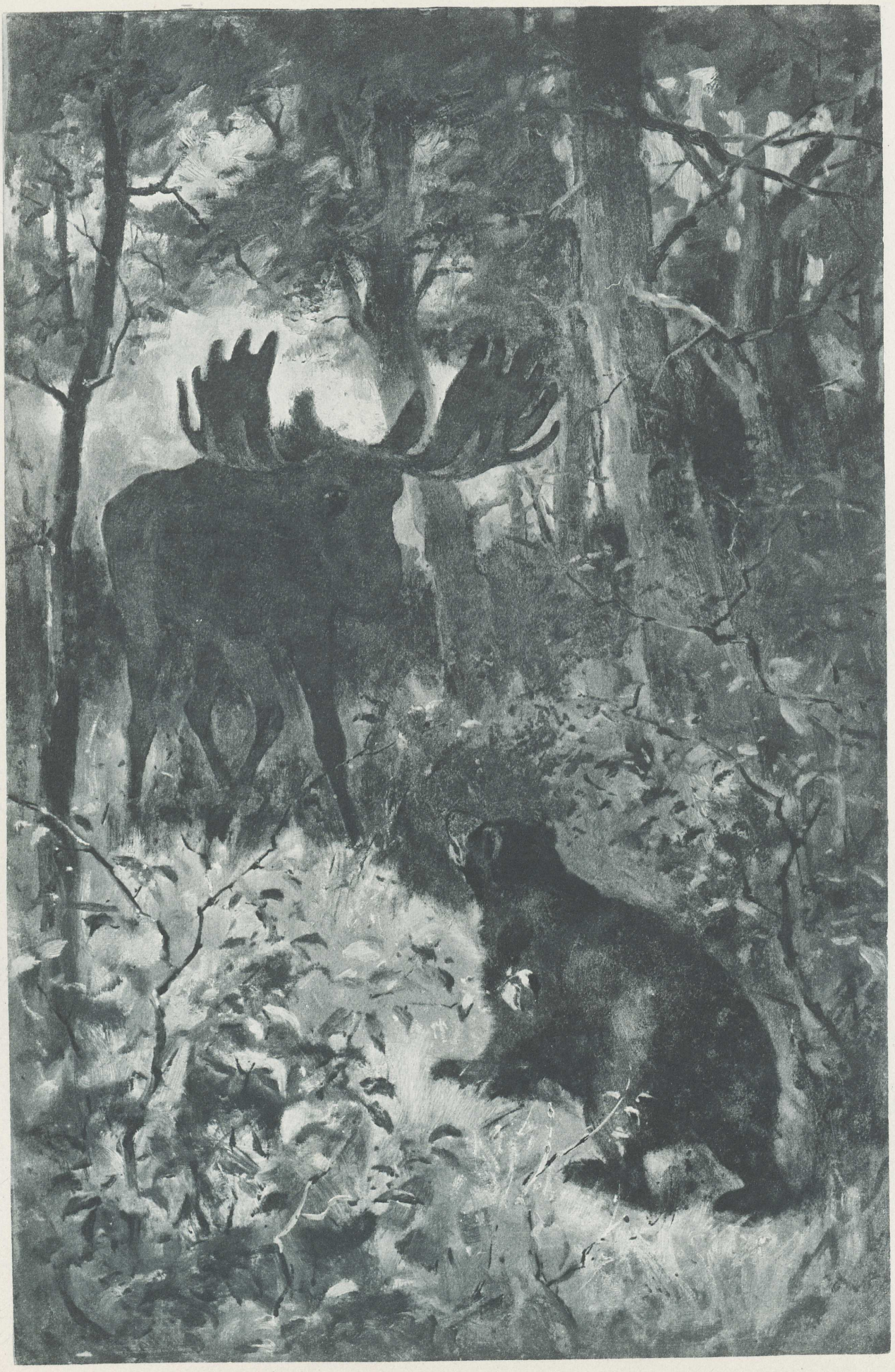
Barye was born at Paris in 1796, of poor parents, and died in 1875, full of honors, as the first animal sculptor of France. He studied engraving under Fourier, modelling under Bosio, drawing under Gros, and gave much attention to practical anatomy. During half his career he struggled for subsistence, and was not famous until near his fiftieth year, when his genius was fully recognized, and he was appointed Professor of Animal Drawing at the Jardin des Plantes. The story, however, that he was for years forced to hawk his wares about the streets of Paris, is not true, and probably grew out of his simple habits. Without a particle of pride, he did not hesitate to be his own porter, and frequently carried his bronzes in person to the houses of purchasers. In manner he was simple, grave, and taciturn, giving the impression of a quiet, observing gentleman.

This brief notice of the man and his works may fitly end with an incident illustrating Barye's thoughtful perception of the instincts of animals, beyond what is seen by ordinary observers. When Gérome had painted the lions in his "Christian Martyrs," he called in Barye to see his treatment of the beasts, which he had represented as just released, with eager, ravenous looks, ready to spring upon the victims. Barye at once said that it was not natural, — that the hungriest lion, suddenly confronting the bright air and a crowded arena, would hesitate, and recoil bewildered at the sight. Gérome took the hint, and always met the compliments upon the fine conception of his lions by giving the merit to Barye.

WM. MACLEOD.



LION ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL, ROME.



A NOVEL ENCOUNTER.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

FRANK T. MERRILL.

MR. MERRILL, an artist of remarkably diversified talent, is acknowledged to be an expert animal painter; and lifelike indeed are the creatures which emanate from his hand.

In this picture, apparently, the animals, surprised at their strange encounter, are on the verge of a disagreement as to which shall have the right of way. It would be difficult to tell whether the moose, armed with sharp hoofs and spreading antlers, or the bear, with his knife-like claws and teeth, will come off victorious, for "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."



SONG OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN. DRAWN BY MERRILL.

F. T. MERRILL.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

IN this age of research and inquiry, when the demand for historical accuracy on the stage and in literature and art is so large, the illustrator pays far greater attention to types, costumes, and accessories than was formerly thought necessary. Who does not remember the nondescripts which too often figured in the pictorial embellishments (?) pertaining to the books of our childhood? In them, Jew, Christian, Roman, Turk, Egyptian, and Ethiop alike outraged the laws of ethnology by their unvarying similarity of feature, and only the most rudimentary differences in dress and surroundings were defined. Those costumes which were not of the artist's own day were either falsely classic, or preposterously mediæval, and the personages depicted, strutted or languished in the most extraordinary interiors and landscapes. Even so magnificent a work as the Boydell Shakspeare shows many instances of this want of research and lack of care in details. The daughters of the unhappy Lear are seen with their hair dressed in the style of the late eighteenth century; Cleopatra's face and robes are purely Grecian; and Othello, as he bends in agony above the slumbers of the doomed Desdemona, grasps in his hand a two-penny brass candlestick.

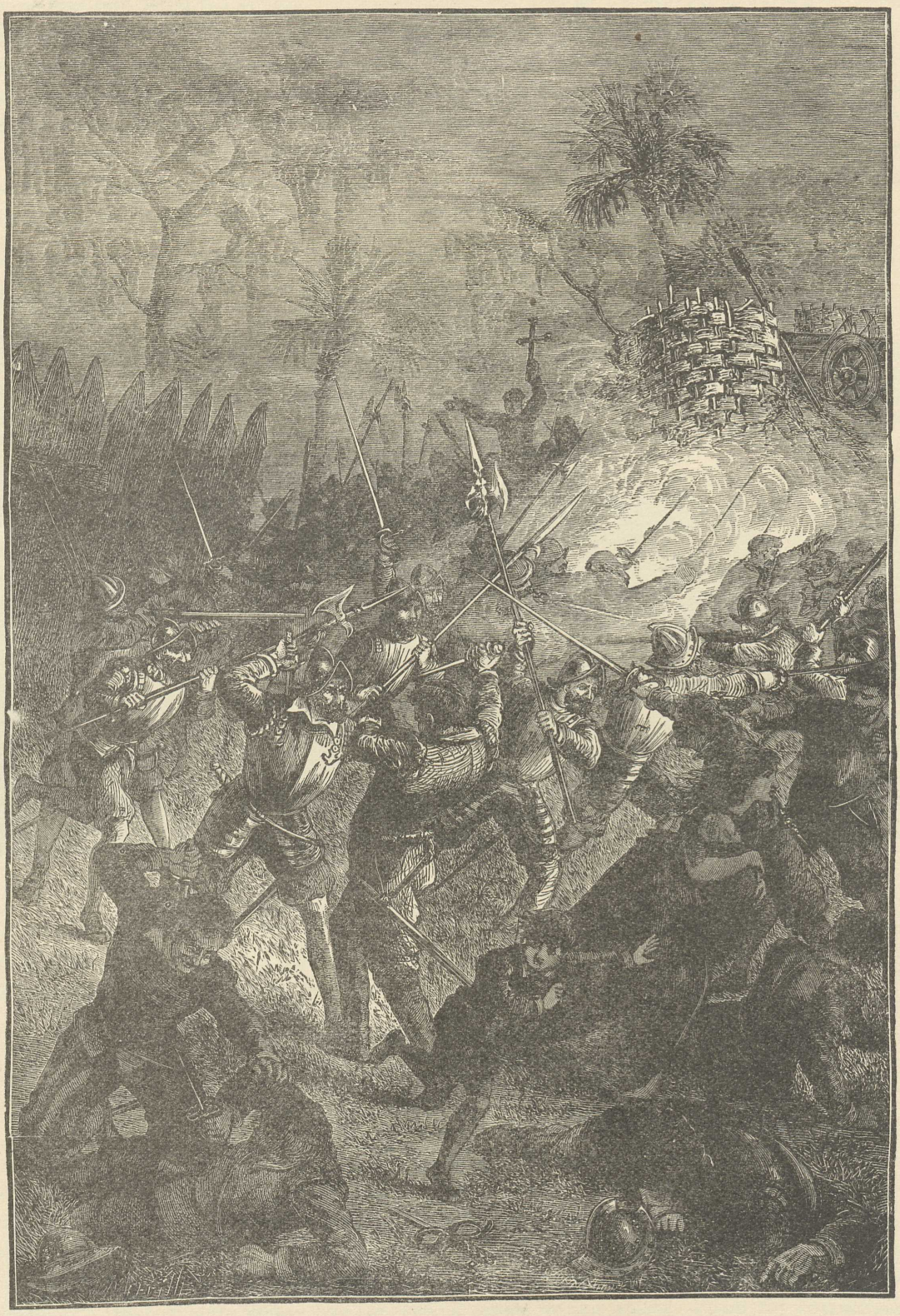
To good old Benjamin West, — of whom it has been keenly said, "Since the time of the Medici no artist had obtained such a chance to show the stuff that was in him. Hardly since Michael Angelo has contemporary fame uttered a more decisive sentence of merit. Hardly since the Dunciad has a reputation snored so soundly!" — is due a debt of gratitude for the courageous innovation in historical painting which, against the advice of Reynolds, he made in his picture of the *Death of Wolfe.* Disregarding, as Allan Cunningham says in

his "Lives of Eminent Painters," the "classical" taste of the time, which "cried out for naked warriors with bows, bucklers, and battering rams," (Thackeray asks, "Was there ever anything so absurd as this passion for the nude, which was followed by all the painters of the Davidian epoch?"), he painted the expiring General and the surrounding group of mourning soldiers in their own uniforms, and dealt a deathblow to one time-honored convention. America, the country in which the illustrative artist is most widely appreciated, has reason to be proud that it was an American who thus served the cause of true art.

Few of our illustrators pay more attention to the correct costuming and surrounding of the people they draw, than the subject of this sketch. For him, it is often not sufficient that the various authorities should be drawn out from the libraries, and carefully studied, but recourse is had to the wardrobe of the costumer, or to some skilful needle which can fashion anew the old-style garment to be reproduced. This, after being worn by the model, or draped on the lay figure, and translated into black and white, becomes a valued "property" of the artist's studio, which now holds the not inconsiderable nucleus of a collection of historical costumes and weapons. The writer pleasantly recalls a sunny afternoon spent in Mr. Merrill's charming home in Dorchester, lingering over some of his sartorial treasures, either original or copied. Among them, to mention a few, were a helmet and buff coat with its string of bandoleers, which might have been worn by one of Miles Standish's musketeers, in battle with the ambushed savage; a Hessian soldier's cap with the white horse of Hanover prancing on its peaked front; a farm-laborer's smockfrock, picked up in one of the midland counties of England (its harmoniously frayed blues, such as Millet has painted in French peasants' blouses, faded with years of patient life among the peaceful meadows), side by side with the blue of an army overcoat whose color had slightly paled under the heat of fiercer suns and on fields whose green was splashed with cruel red; a dainty gown of the last century, of the mode which Lady Teazle and Miss Hardcastle wore, accompanied by such velvet and satin suits, fine with lace ruffles and silver buttons, as their admirers donned; and good store of cocked hats, swords, muskets, and other civil and military paraphernalia and accoutrements.

Frank Thayer Merrill is a Bostonian, born in 1848, and educated at the Roxbury High School. Although none of his ancestors were professional artists, several of them showed an artistic bent, and he attributes much of his own talent to his mother, who had the genuine art instinct. He learned his art in his native city, at the old Lowell Institute, and at the Museum of Fine Arts, giving much more time and hard work to the study of drawing than most of our impatient young artists do. With the exception of a trip of a few months abroad, made several years ago, during which he studied for a time in Paris, he has spent most of his life in the "Hub." Always busy with commissions from publishers, for the illustration of books or magazines, he has found but little time for performance in the other branches of art. He brought back from Europe, however, a number of water-colors — studies from the costumed model and scenes in the George Eliot country. So far, he has etched but one plate, called *Old Comrades*, and showing a man in the dress of an Incroyable, leaning against the arm of a chair, and carefully inspecting a large flint-lock pistol which he holds in his hand. Doubtless the weapon has done him good service, and is likely to be called on again. The subject is an interesting one, well drawn and etched, and has been successful, as it deserves to be.

In taking a survey of Merrill's work as an illustrator, we find that, among his earliest important drawings, were some made for "Pioneers in the Settlement of America," a large historical work to which many of his fellow artists contributed. Of Merrill's designs for this book, an example is here given. The *Massacre of the Huguenots at Fort Carolina*, depicts the ferocious assault of the Spaniards upon the French, whose fort on the St. John's River in Florida, built in 1564, they surprised and captured the next year.



THE MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

DRAWN BY F. T. MERRILL.

The fierce Menendez, who commanded the Spanish forces, boasted of his wholesale slaughter, and said he had murdered his victims "not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans." A day of vengeance came however. Gourgues, a French soldier of distinction, fitted out three small vessels, in which he embarked for Florida with a hundred and fifty men, mostly Huguenots. Landing north of the St. John's River, he allied himself with some of the Indian tribes who had suffered from the oppressions of the Spaniards, and attacked the enemy's forts. These being carried, and many of the Spaniards slain, he disposed of those who had survived the assault by hanging them to the same trees where they had hanged the French, and over them he placed a board inscribed, "I have done this not as to Spaniards and Mariners, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."



HAYSLOPE CHURCH. DRAWN BY MERRILL.

For Longfellow's "John Endicott," one of the "New England Tragedies," published in the great illustrated edition of the poet issued some years since, Merrill furnished a number of illustrations of the persecutions of the Quakers in the Boston of 1665: —

> "And let our curious eyes behold once more
> The pointed gable and the pent-house door,
> The meeting-house with leaden-latticed panes,
> The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked lanes!"

And a little later he drew nearly two hundred pictures for a fine edition of Miss Alcott's "Little Women." In this, Meg and Jo, Laurie and the Professor, Beth, Amy, and the rest of the characters so well known and so dear to thousands of young hearts — and to hearts not now so young as when they were first moved by their story — are happily and sympathetically portrayed. In company with E. H. Garrett, Merrill illustrated "Curfew must not ring to-night," that poem which has proved a boon to so many would-be elocutionists, but not to their audiences; and divided with J. J. Harley, the illustration of the transformation scenes in Mark Twain's historical tale of "The Prince and the Pauper."

Reference has been made to the artist's visit to England, at which time he passed some delightful weeks in and about the lovely village of Ellaston, on the banks of the river Dove, beloved of Izaak Walton, in North Staffordshire. Ellaston is the original of Hayslope, where

George Eliot has laid many of the scenes of her "Adam Bede," and here Merrill stayed, identifying the places spoken of in the novel under other than their actual names, and finding among the peasantry and farmers around, people who remembered or could tell of the originals of many of the characters of the book. Merrill was specially fortunate in meeting an intelligent fellow with whom he took lodging, who was himself a lover of "Adam Bede," and well acquainted with its places and personages, real and unreal. The result was many admirable studies of cottage and farmhouse, church and tavern, including some excellent drawings of the interior of the wayside hostelry, with its sanded floor, its high settle near the fire, and its rustic frequenters refreshing themselves. Two are here reproduced, —



THE DONNITHORNE ARMS. DRAWN BY MERRILL.

picturesque Hayslope (in reality Ellaston) Church, its "grey steeple looking out from a pretty confusion of trees and thatch and dark-red tiles;" and the Donnithorne (otherwise Bromley) Arms in Ellaston village. Here also is given Merrill's excellent drawing of hero Adam himself as the great novelist describes him in the opening chapter of her book: —

"A large-boned muscular man nearly six feet high, with a back so flat, and a head so well poised, that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeves, rolled up above the elbow, showed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand, with its broad finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name."

The same year that produced the George Eliot drawings, also brought forth some fine designs illustrating Moore's "Lalla Rookh," of which perhaps the most striking are the one showing where

> "Through vast illuminated halls,
> Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
> Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
> From many a jasper fount is heard around,
> Young Azim roams bewilder'd;"

that wherein the Fire Worshippers stand with

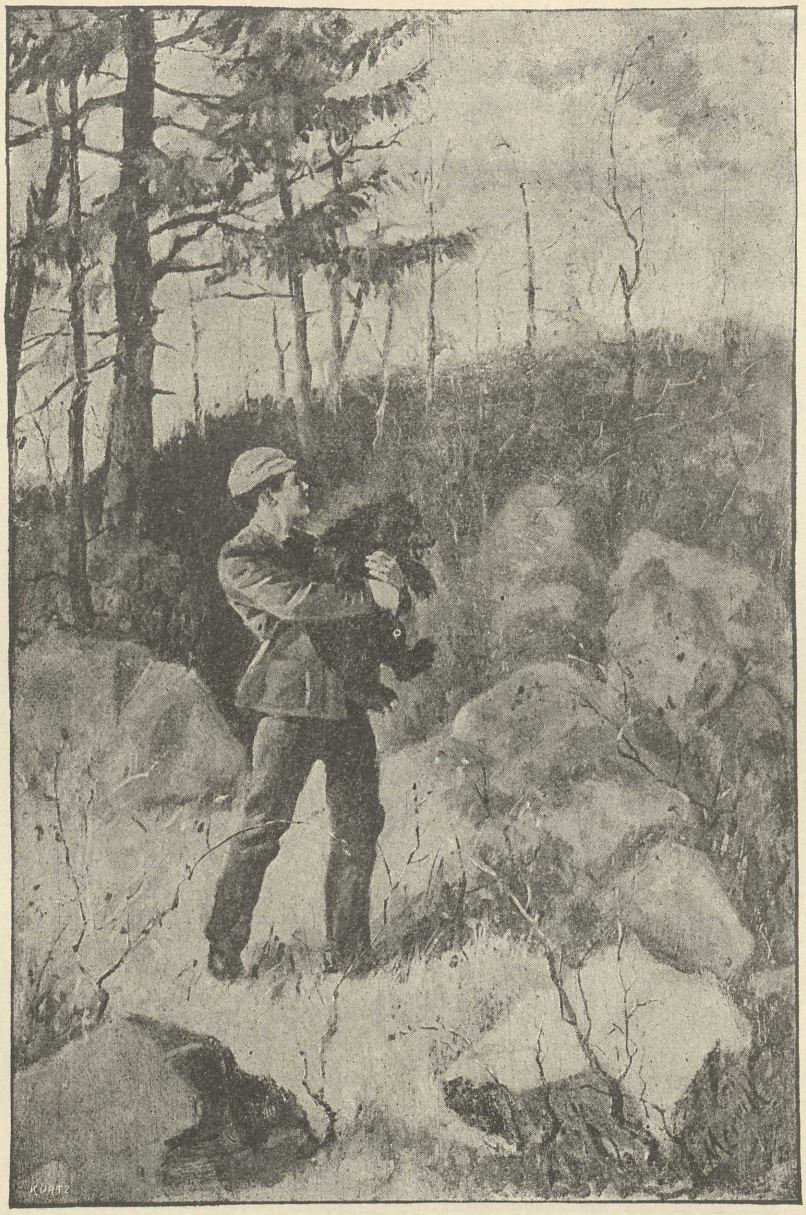
"Swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell," —



ADAM BEDE. DRAWN BY MERRILL.

and that showing an Eastern fanatic on the battlefield: —

"One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbeliever's blood
Lies their directest path to heaven, —
One who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!"



A Queer Puppy. Drawn by Merrill.

The picture on this page (from "The Red Mountain of Alaska") shows a direction of Merrill's talent in which he is very strong, and that is, in drawing a boy. Boys he seems to thoroughly know and appreciate, and he must have studied them somewhat as did Charles Dudley Warner, whose "Being a Boy" is a complete guide to the American boy. That is proven by these quotations alone: "There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing." "Every boy who is good for anything is a natural savage. You want to catch your boy young, and study him before he has either virtues or vices in order to understand the primitive man." Merrill's boy looks a hearty fellow, who can eat without undue urging. To parody Wordsworth, who knew something about boys himself, he is —

A creature not too bright or good
To eat consid'able daily food.

Merrill has drawn in a spirited and faithful manner many scenes in our great war, and of these we select Tirrel's battery at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, which is from Charles Carleton Coffin's book "My Days and Nights on the Battlefield."

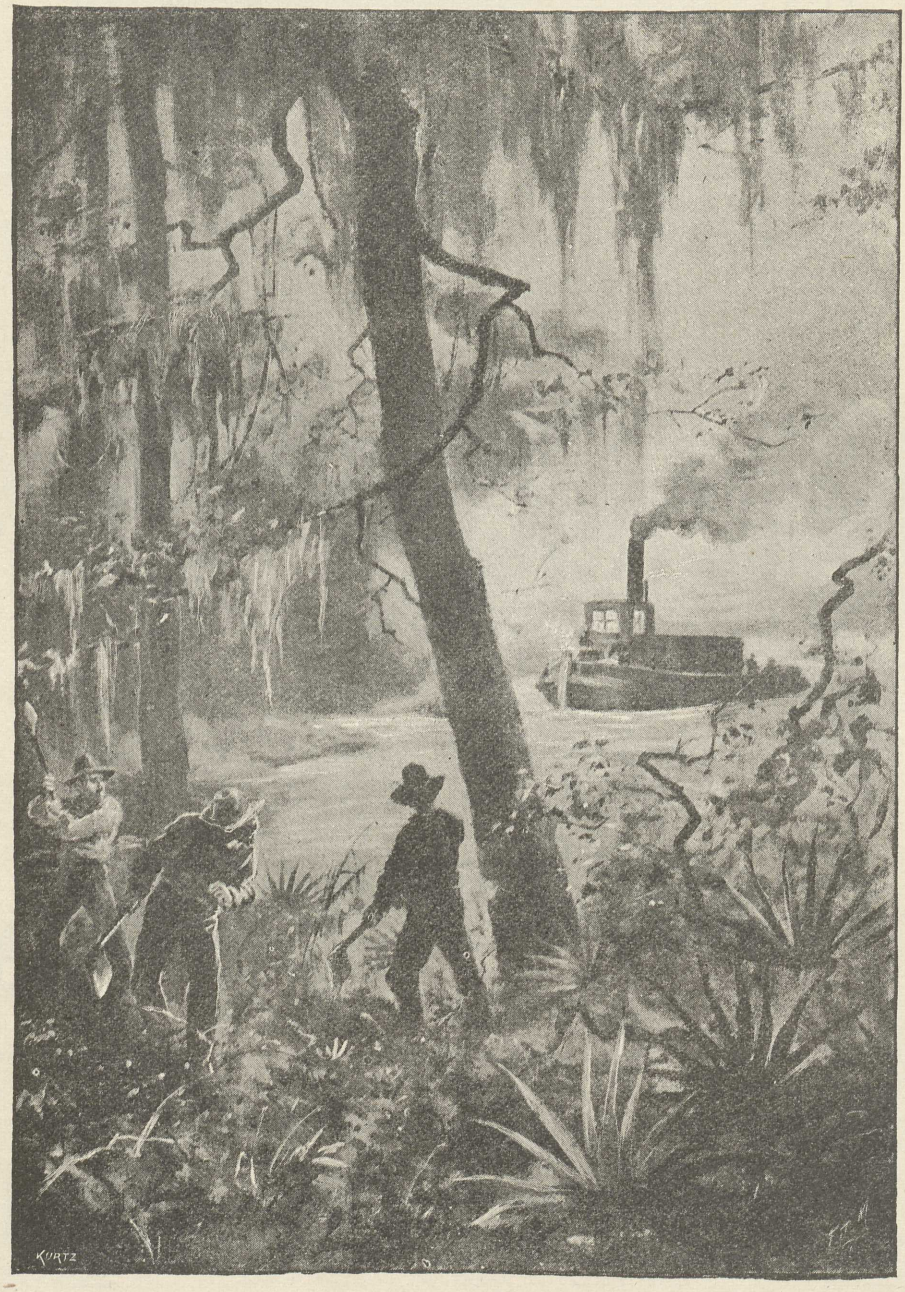
From "The Sailor Boys of '61" we present an illustration of an incident of Admiral Porter's expedition to Steele's Bayou on the Mississippi in the March of 1863. It is thus described: —



TIRREL'S BATTERY AT PITTSBURG LANDING. DRAWN BY MERRILL.

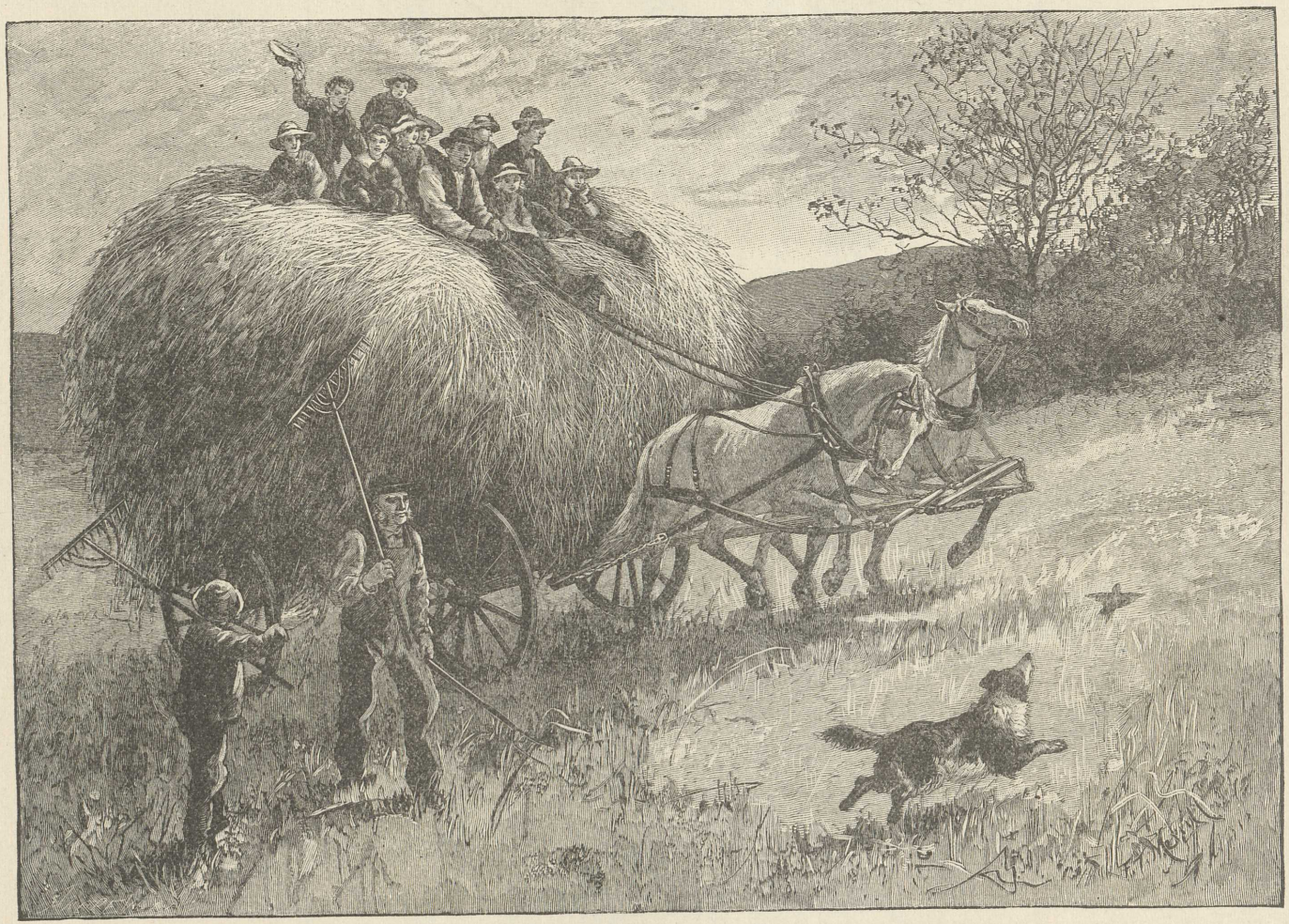
"The fleet had by this time advanced to a point within seven miles of Rolling Fork, when word was brought to the Admiral, by the negroes swarming on the banks, that a party of guerillas had gone up the river bank with the intention of felling trees across the channel. One of the tugs, the 'Thistle,' under Lieutenant Murphy, was immediately hurried ahead, with a boat-howitzer, to overtake the guerillas and stop the work before it would be too late.

The 'Thistle' had a close race for it, but she reached the first tree before the party on shore had quite succeeded in cutting it down, and a few shots from the howitzer drove them off." Going back some fifty years from this, we come to the time of the memorable siege of Tripoli by our navy, a stirring episode of which is here depicted, from "The Boys of 1812." It shows the hand-to-hand fight of the gallant Commodore Decatur with a Turkish commander, who had, after surrendering, treacherously murdered his brother, Lieut. James Decatur.



SHELLING THE GUERILLAS. DRAWN BY MERRILL.

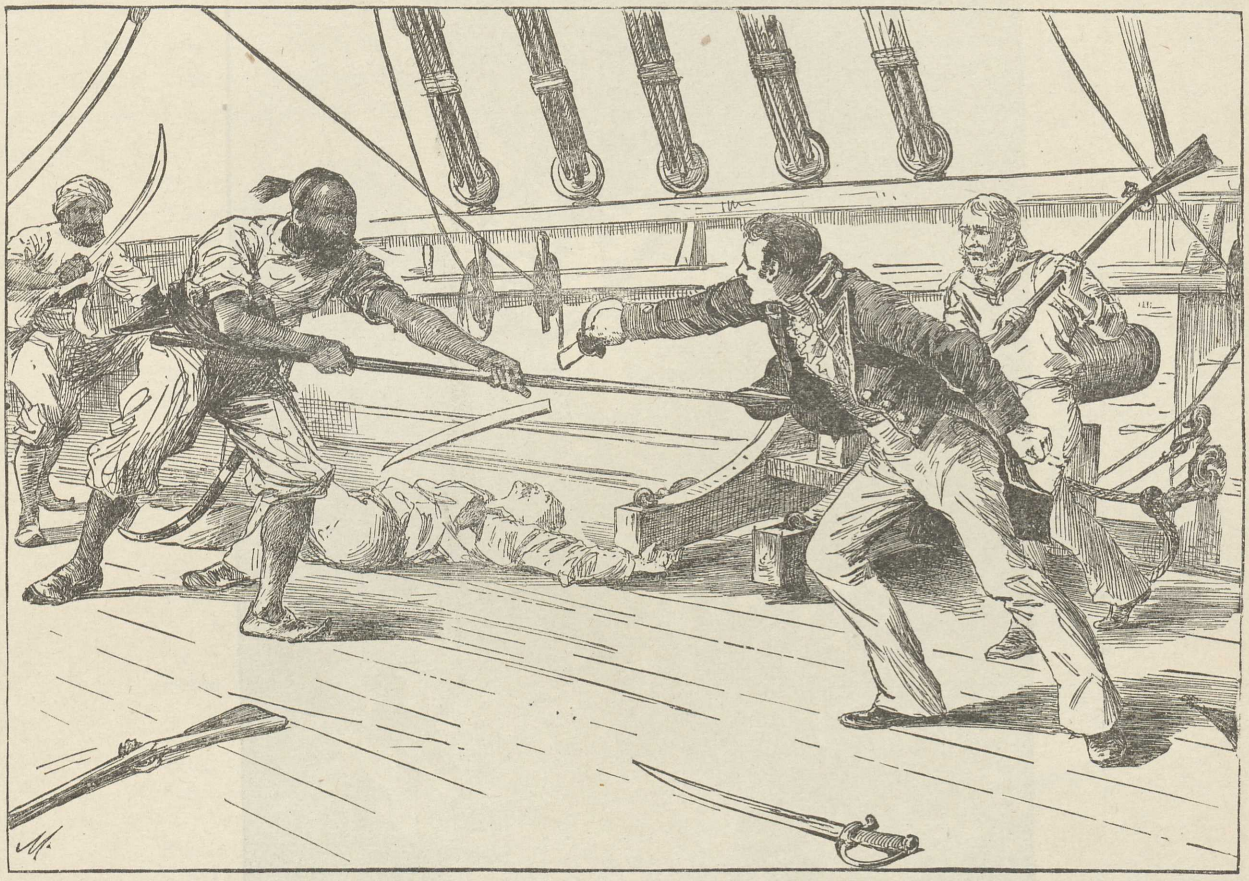
"As Decatur rushes upon the Turkish captain, the latter makes a thrust at him with a boarding pike. Decatur parries with his cutlass, but the blade breaks at the hilt. The Turk makes another lunge, and this time wounds Decatur in the breast. The American wrenches the weapon from his antagonist, and they grapple and fall to the deck, Decatur uppermost. At this moment another Tripolitan makes a cut with his scimitar at Decatur's head; but as the weapon is raised in the air, a young blue jacket, Reuben James, — whose name will ever be



THE LAST LOAD.

DRAWN BY F. T. MERRILL.

remembered for this act of self-devotion, — since he cannot stop the blow with his wounded arms, stoops down and intercepts it with his head. The fight now goes on around the two prostrate captains. The active and sinewy Turk, making one last effort, turns and gets Decatur under him. Drawing a knife from its sheath, he is about to bury it in the captain's throat. But Decatur is as cool as he is valiant. Seizing the Turk's uplifted arm with a grip like iron, he feels with his right hand for the pistol in his pocket. Quickly it is cocked, and, without drawing it, Decatur aims and fires. The dagger drops from the Turk's hand, and his body, limp and lifeless, rolls over on the deck. Another prize has been captured, and Decatur has avenged his brother's death."



COMMODORE DECATUR FIGHTING THE TURK. DRAWN BY MERRILL.

The illustration which follows is for a song in Scott's "Lady of the Lake": —

THE LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free;
For that 's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew ;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee, —
That life is lost to love and me !



Song of the Imprisoned Huntsman. Drawn by Merrill.

Merrill has produced hundreds of pictures for juvenile literature, such as *The Last Load*, for "Our Little Ones" magazine, and a great number of illustrations for books of all kinds, — fiction, poetry, travels, adventure, and so on.

One of them which is printed herewith represents two of the "Six Girls," who were made the subject of that bright little story which Merrill illustrated.

A Letter — for your Grandfather, perhaps, is the title of a large drawing made by Merrill, of which a print has been published, which will doubtless be hung on the wall of many a home. It depicts a charming girl putting a missive to her lover into one of Nature's letter-boxes, the cleft of a hollow tree.

As Frederick Locker sings: —

"What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!"

A lucky dog, indeed, he was to have such a correspondent as this, — a correspondent over whose little scented notes he could linger by the hour together, dreaming happy dreams of the time to come whose heaviest shadow would be that it lacked the rapture of reading love-letters, there being no need to write to each other when they were married! There was such a charm, you know, in the mysterious secrecy (entirely needless, as every one, like Barkis, was "willin'") which enveloped these interchanges of vows and sighs through this rustic medium, and we must admit that it savored more of sentiment than an iron box on a lamp-post, which is our modern substitute for the nook in the trusty oak. Every one who sees the picture will be apt to wish that his grandmother looked so in the days of her courtship, and to ask with the poet: —



"This relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen,
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride.

"Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

"Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come."

"What funny fancy slips
From between those cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I may n't
Marry thee?"

Among the most satisfactory of Merrill's works are the illustratious to "The Courtship of Miles Standish," including a charming presentment of Priscilla: —

"Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion,
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthems,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!"

those accompanying Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," which drew forth a letter of warm appreciation from Joseph Jefferson; and those made for Edward Everett Hale's masterly story of "The Man

without a Country." But perhaps the best of all his drawings are the ones which he has so gracefully twined about the lines of Thackeray's poem "The Mahogany Tree":—

"Christmas is here
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear,
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree."

Looking at these dainty and delightsome fancies, one forgets for a time —

"Life and its ills
Duns and their bills,"

and lingers long over such happy renderings of the poet's thought.

Mr. Merrill has shown a steady advance in the quality of his work, and there is no doubt that his future achievements will add greatly to his reputation. Still a young man, and joining to his natural gifts the invaluable attributes of perseverance and industry, it will be strange, indeed, if he does not far surpass his former efforts, good as they are. He is not content to rest on his well-earned laurels, but means to do still better, and this is the happiest of auguries for the years to come.





Geo. Inness, Pinx.

W. Wellstood Sc

THE SACO RIVER VALLEY.

From the Original in the American Art Gallery, New York.

SACO RIVER VALLEY.

FROM A PAINTING

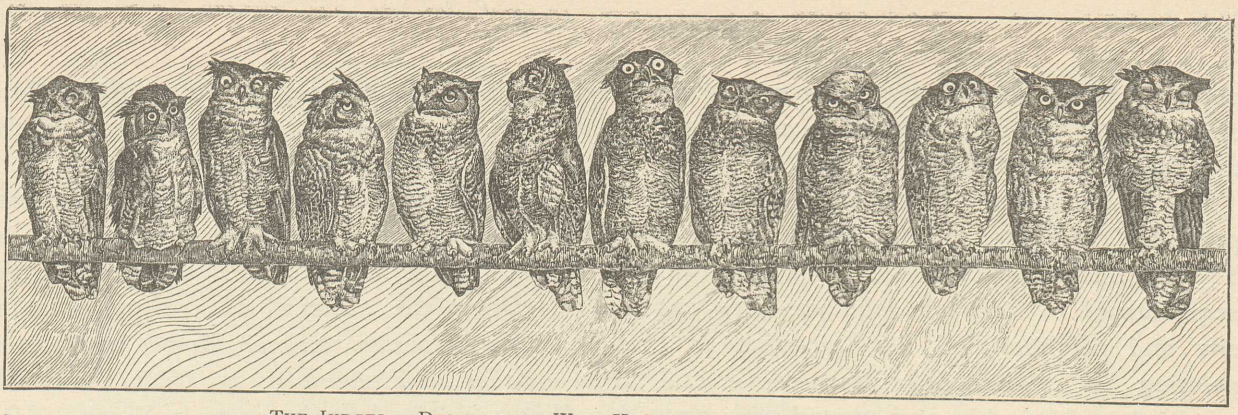
BY

GEORGE INNESS, N.A.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM WELLSTOOD.

From the Original in the American Art Gallery, New York.

THIS scene of pastoral beauty is especially characteristic of the artist, whose works are the most sought for of those of any American landscape painter. The quiet rural aspect of the far-famed Saco River Intervales is contrasted vividly with mountains enveloped in low-lying clouds,—a combination which Inness always excels in, and by which he has secured both well-earned fame and fortune.

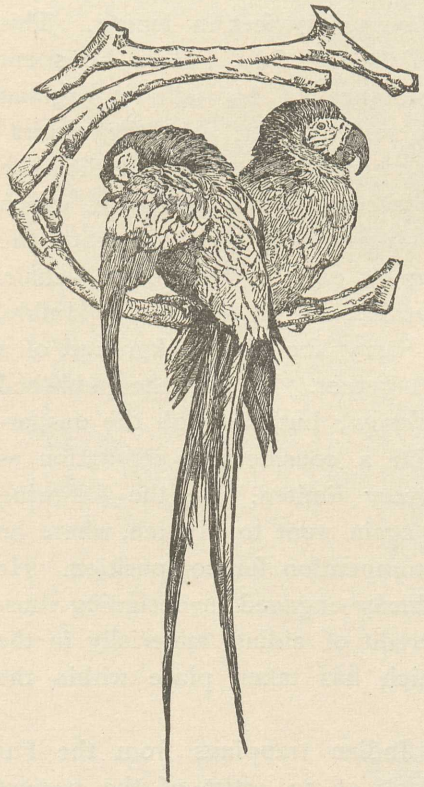


THE JUDGES. — DESIGNED BY WILL H. DRAKE. — ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

CINCINNATI ARTISTS

OF THE MUNICH SCHOOL.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.



DESIGNED BY W. H. DRAKE.

THE predominance of German art in Cincinnati is a fact that has often been commented upon; but it is the work of Düsseldorf and Carlsruhe that appears in the collections of its citizens, while the paintings of the Munich school are rarely met with. There has been, however, a marked tendency on the part of Cincinnati art students, in the last few years, to seek instruction in the schools of the Bavarian capital, so that the larger number of those who studied in Europe in the last decade have been taught in Munich. The art life of some of the most successful among these students is roughly outlined below, in the order of seniority of birth.

HENRY F. FARNY, a native of Alsace, was born in Ribeauville, in 1847. His father was one of the Republican leaders of the district, and had taken so prominent a part in opposing the Napoleonic party that, after the *coup d'état*, he only escaped transportation to Cayenne by flight. He emigrated to this country in 1853, and settled in Western Pennsylvania, in the pine forests at the head-waters of the Alleghany River. Thence the family removed to Cincinnati, where the father died in 1865, from which time the son was thrown entirely upon his own resources. His inclinations were towards the study of art, which he began in his eighteenth year, his first efforts being in the shape of decorations on water-coolers. He afterwards became a designer for lithographers, one of his widely known productions of that period being a caricature of the escape of Jefferson Davis, clothed in the dress of a woman and engaged in the act of climbing a fence. His occupation at this time began to be varied by working as a designer for engravers on wood. In 1867 he went to New York, and entered into the employ of Harper & Brothers, and in the same year shipped for Civita Vecchia in a schooner, part consideration for his trans-

portation being an obligation to render some assistance in sailing the vessel, — a contract which ended in his working his passage after the fashion of the passenger who assisted in pulling the tow-line of a canal-boat.

In Rome, where Farny arrived with a few dollars in his pocket, and the marks of some practical knowledge of the art of navigation upon his person, he was kindly received by Thomas Buchanan Read, who took him into his studio. Soon after his arrival he made the acquaintance of Regnault, who was then engaged in taking the sketches of the scenes in the city and neighborhood that appeared in Francis Wey's elaborate work on Rome, and also in painting his celebrated portrait of General Prim. Being a Frenchman by birth, Farny was admitted to fellowship, and treated with great friendliness by the French artists in Rome. After a stay of a few months in the old capital of the world he went to Düsseldorf, where he became the pupil of Munkacsy, who was then at work upon the painting which first gave him fame, *The Last Day of the Condemned Man.* Three years were spent in this roving manner, wandering in various parts of Europe. During the entire time it could hardly be said that he studied regularly under any master. Having no means of support, except those which he derived from his own exertions, he was sometimes forced to work in the fields, or accept any other laborious occupation that could be had for temporary subsistence.

In 1870, the artist returned to this country, and, after unsuccessfully endeavoring to dispose of the paintings executed abroad which remained unsold, he was compelled to gain his support by making designs for the large showbills used by circus companies. In 1873, he was engaged by the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce to illustrate, for the Vienna Exposition, the process of killing and packing hogs for market, which he did in a cartoon ninety feet in length. This cartoon he accompanied to Vienna, and afterwards went to Munich to study. Here he spent five months under Professor Diez, and first made the acquaintance of his fellow-townsman Duveneck, who was then engaged in the study of art under the same master. At the expiration of his short stay in Munich he returned to Cincinnati, where he opened a studio with Duveneck and Dengler. A view of this studio is given in the accompanying wood-cut, which was executed from a photograph taken at the time. Dengler is standing to the left of the spectator, Duveneck occupies the middle, while Farny is taking his ease in the rocking-chair. The picture of *The Maid of Orleans* is a cartoon now in the possession of Mr. A. H. Hinkle, of Cincinnati. It is a rough sketch on paper, designed by Farny for the background of a booth in a fancy fair, and was painted by him and Duveneck together. In 1867, he published an illustrated comic journal in Cincinnati under the title of *Giglamps;* but although the unsparing cartoons which he designed for this periodical gained for him a considerable reputation as a caricaturist, the profit he derived from it was nevertheless very limited. In the following year, in company with Duveneck, Dengler, and Twachtman, he again went to Munich, where he remained a twelvemonth and gained honorable mention in the competition for composition. He returned to Cincinnati in 1876, where he has since remained, chiefly engaged in designing illustrations for school-books and magazines. To him is due the credit of aiding materially in the change in the character of the illustrations in school-books which has taken place within the last few years.

Mr. Farny's present studio in Cincinnati is a place rich in Indian trappings from the Far West, and in the various objects that constitute the surroundings of an artist of the present day. He is an accomplished amateur actor and musician, and a linguist conversant with most of the languages of Europe. *The Silent Guest,* a picture belonging to Judge Force, of Cincinnati, representing a well-known frequenter of the Over-the-Rhine beer-gardens, is perhaps the best of his works in oil. *The Idyl,* herewith reproduced by the kind permission of the owner, a lady of Cincinnati, is a good specimen of the artist's poetical sentiment, as well as of his skill in the use of the pen. The phototype, however, owing to the unavoidable short-comings of the process, does not do full justice to its beauty.



AN IDYL.

PHOTOTYPE FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY H. F. FARNY.



DENGLER, DUVENECK, AND FARNY, IN THEIR STUDIO.

ENGRAVED BY S. S. KILBURN. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRANCIS DUVENECK is by birth a Kentuckian, having been born in Covington, October 9th, 1848. He commenced his career as an artist at the age of sixteen, under a "fresco" painter of Cincinnati engaged in the decoration of churches. In the employ of this man he travelled over the greater portion of the United States and Canada, industriously engaged in painting religious subjects, often on a gigantic scale, on the walls and ceilings of ecclesiastical edifices. The great facility which he has in the use of the brush was undoubtedly acquired in the laborious exercise of this calling.

In 1870, he went to Munich, and entered as a pupil under Diez. He returned to Cincinnati in 1875, and painted the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in that city. The figures are colossal in size, but there is nothing in the design or execution that would enable any one familiar with his style to recognize these paintings as his work. He evidently fell back into the conventional mode with which he was so well acquainted, and executed a fair work of its class, but nothing more. The costumes of the adoring choirs, in the spandrils at the right and left of the chancel, are in form and color sufficient to raise a smile upon the faces of those who know the artist by the paintings that identify him in the minds of art connaisseurs.

In the same year Duveneck exhibited his *Circassian* in Cincinnati, and was finally compelled to sell it for fifty dollars, for want of a better offer. Shortly after, several of his paintings, among them the one just spoken of, were exhibited in Boston, and became the subject of general comment and eulogy. It was, indeed, the admiration which these pictures excited among the art-lovers of Boston, that first made the young artist known to the general public. *The Circassian* was purchased by Miss Alice Hooper, of Boston, and presented to the Museum of Fine Arts in that city. *The Professor* (a study from an old Munich model known by

that nickname), another of the works exhibited at the same time, became the property of Dr. Henry C. Angell, of Boston. The *Portrait of Professor Loeffz*, which was also shown in Boston, was subsequently bought by Mr. Hermann Goepper, of Cincinnati. These two paintings, the first of which is here reproduced by the courtesy of its owner, are excellent specimens of the artist's powers, and are generally looked upon as his best productions up to the present time. In August, 1875, Duveneck returned to Munich, and in 1877 he exhibited at the National Academy of Design, in New York, his *Turkish Page*, a work remarkable for its *technique*. The picture is in reality made up of studies. There is no serious attempt to make it conform to the title it bears, the tanned hands of the page presenting a marked contrast to the white skin on the other portions of the body, precisely as it would appear upon the arms of an academy model. The execution of the objects represented in this painting is a remarkable instance of the artist's power of expressing upon canvas the outward semblance of things. Nothing can excel his *technique*. It is a model of strength, a *résumé* of all the qualities that go to make up manual skill, based, it may be said in this case, upon powers of observation of the first order. If time should demonstrate his ability to supply elements of the ideal that will add to and not weaken its effect, he may enjoy, even during his lifetime, a fame such as few men in the history of art have yet enjoyed.

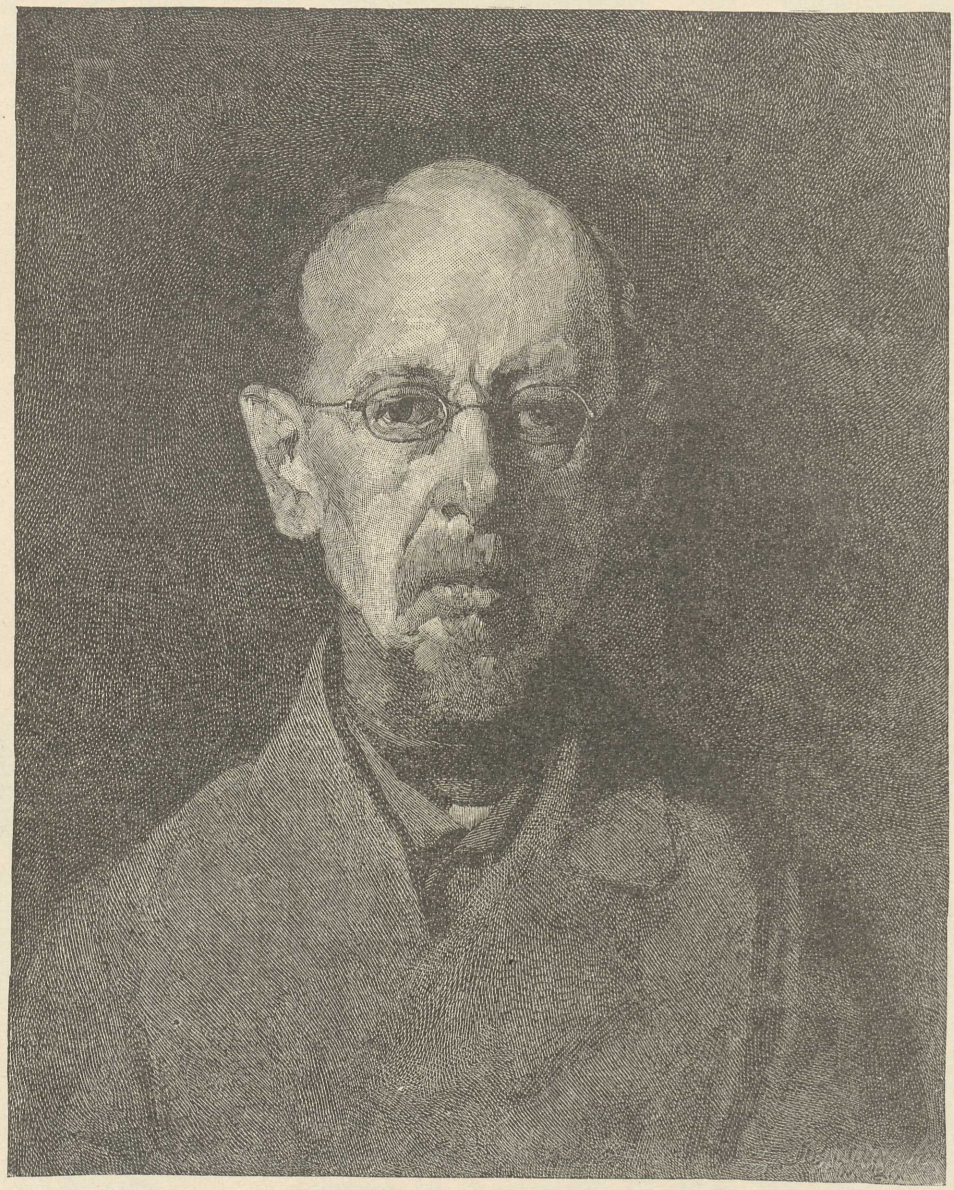
At the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York, in 1878, Duveneck exhibited *The Coming Man*, and *The Interior of St. Mark's in Venice*.

The head-piece, initial, and tail-piece to this article were designed by WILL H. DRAKE, a young Cincinnati artist, who, although he has not yet had an opportunity of visiting Europe, may still be ranked with the Munich students, as he has imbibed something of the spirit of that school.

GEORGE MCLAUGHLIN.



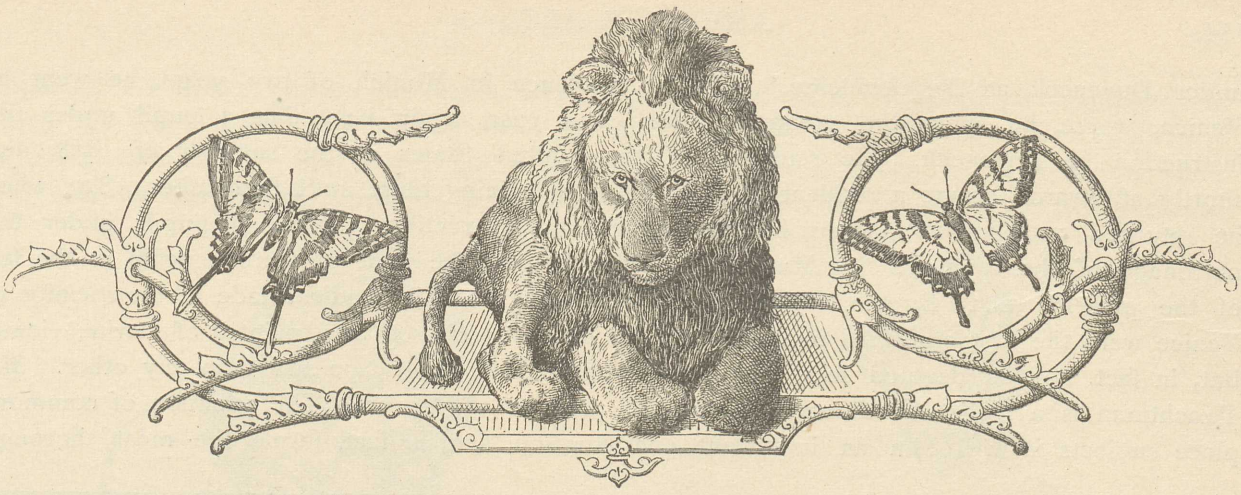
DESIGNED BY WILL H. DRAKE.



F. DUVENECK, PINX. FREDERICK JUENGLING, SC.

THE PROFESSOR.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. HENRY C. ANGELL, BOSTON.

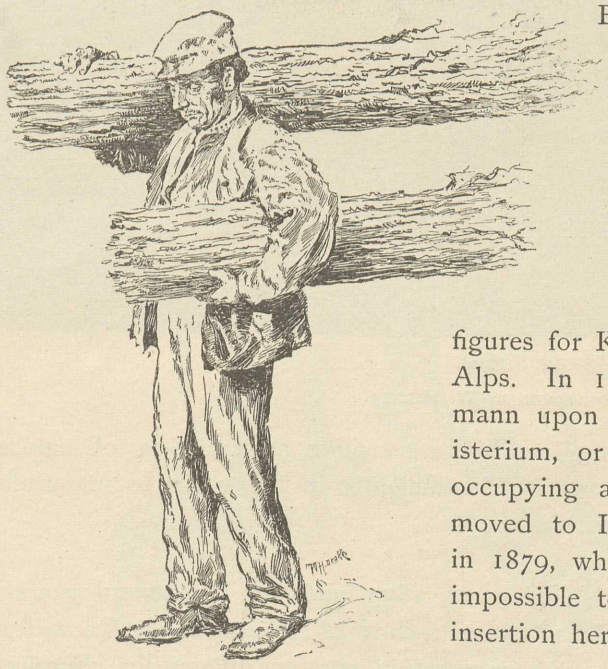


DESIGNED BY WILL H. DRAKE.

CINCINNATI ARTISTS

OF THE MUNICH SCHOOL.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

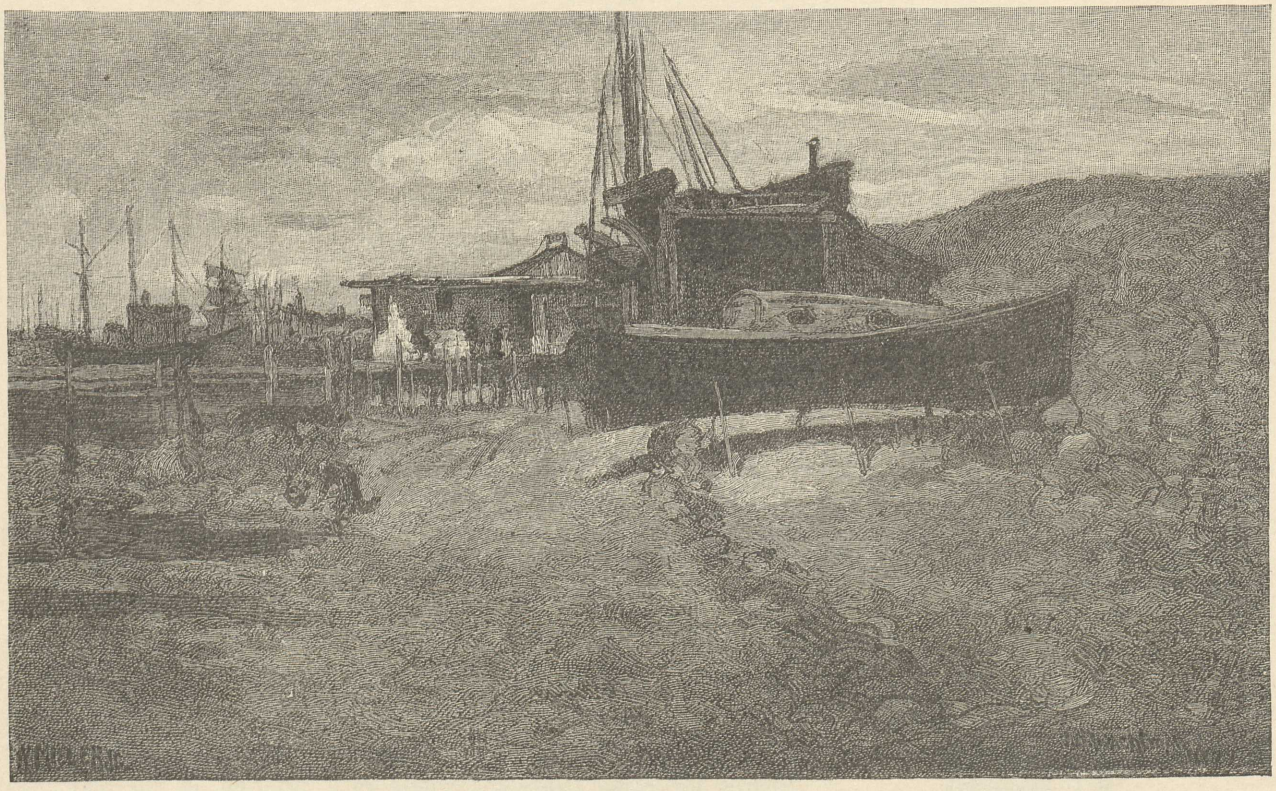


DESIGNED BY W. H. DRAKE.

FERDINAND MERSMANN was born in Cincinnati, August 23d, 1852. He began his artistic career under Hermann Allard, a carver in wood engaged in making figures of the saints for churches. In 1872 he went to Munich, in company with Dengler, and studied sculpture in the Academy for a year, under the instructions of Professor Knabl. He afterwards spent two years and a half in Munich, engaged in carving decorative figures for King Ludwig's castle of Lindehoff, in the Bavarian Alps. In 1875 he went to Berlin, and worked under Pohlmann upon the Germania group intended for the new Ministerium, or Ministerial Palace, and in 1876 we find him occupying a studio with Duveneck in Cincinnati. He removed to Indianapolis in 1877, but returned to Cincinnati in 1879, where he now resides. Unfortunately, it has been impossible to obtain an illustration of any of his works for insertion here.

JOHN W. TWACHTMAN is a native of Cincinnati, where he was born, August 4th, 1853. His first occupation was the decoration of window-shades, a calling which he followed for five years in the manufactory of H. H. Breneman. At the expiration of this time, in the year 1873–74, he became a pupil of the Cincinnati School of Design. He spent the following year in the studio of Duveneck in Cincinnati, and was engaged at the same time as a pupil in the Life Class of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute. In 1875 he went abroad, and studied under Professor Loefftz in Munich. He also became a member of the Life Class

under Duveneck at the Academy. After a residence in Munich of two years, he went to Venice, where he spent the greater portion of a year, again becoming a pupil under the instruction of Duveneck. He returned to the United States in the summer of 1878, and shortly afterward became a resident of New York, remaining there until September, 1879, when he returned to Cincinnati, where he was engaged in instructing a class of pupils under the patronage of the Women's Art Museum Association, until he went to Europe again in the fall of the present year. By the accidental circumstance that his studies made in the vicinity of Venice were the first exhibited in New York, he has been classed as a painter of marine views; but, in fact, he has devoted less time to that branch of landscape art than any other. Mr. Twachtman is a realist in theory, and in the practice of his art. The selection of commonplace subjects is with him an important consideration, and, in fact, forms the most thorough



STUDY OF NEW JERSEY SHORE.

BY J. W. TWACHTMAN. — ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

exemplification of his realism. His temperament gives him a sensitive appreciation of nature, and his poetic feeling for all that it suggests shows itself sufficiently in his works to materially modify the realism he so radically expresses in words.

FRANCIS DENGLER was born in Cincinnati, December 2d, 1853, and was for several years a student in St. Xavier's College of that city. In 1870, as a boy of seventeen, he learned to carve in wood, under Schroeder & Brothers, who were engaged in making images for churches. He chafed and fretted in this employment for a couple of years. In 1872 he went to Munich, where he became a pupil of Professor Knabl. After two years of laborious study, he obtained in 1874, for his group called *The Sleeping Beauty*, the flattering compliment of the silver medal for special excellence, given without reference to the competition of its class, an honor which had not been accorded to an American student for seventeen years. This fine work, full of expression in every line, was exhibited in Cincinnati, and afterward in Boston, and gained for him the highest tributes of admiration. But he received no substantial support from the

people of his native city on his return, which occurred in 1876. Wearied and depressed, he turned his steps toward Boston, and from its citizens he won the first adequate recognition of his great abilities. He had hardly an acquaintance in the city when he arrived, but within two weeks he was offered a position as teacher of modelling in the School of the Art Museum,

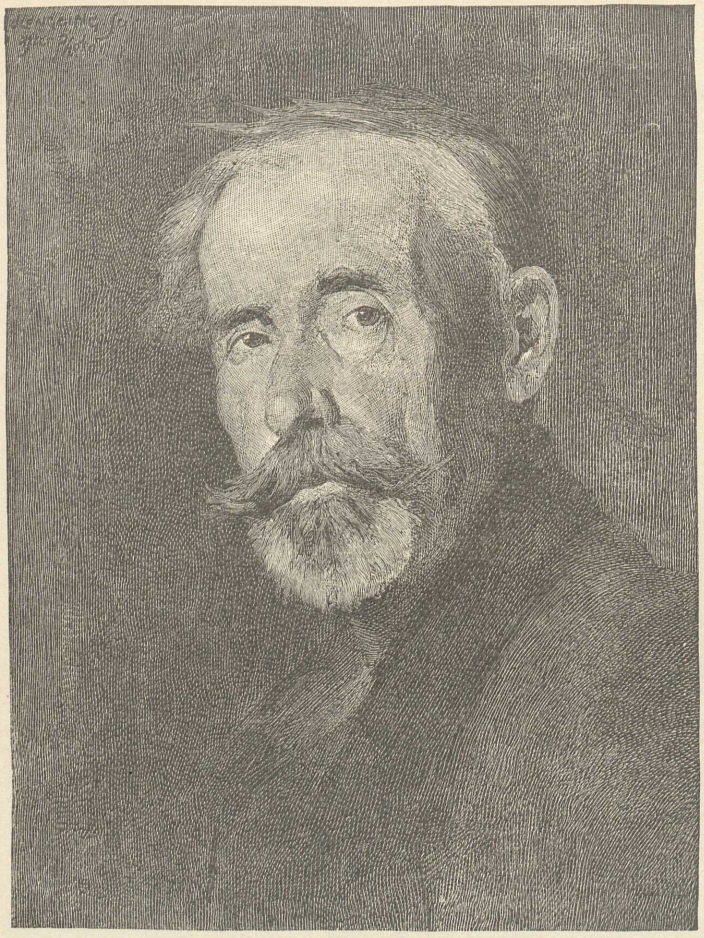


CAUGHT.
BY F. DENGLER. — DRAWN BY T. FLEMING.



SKETCH FOR A STATUE OF SCULPTURE.
BY F. DENGLER. — DRAWN BY T. FLEMING.

and an interest was exhibited in his welfare that terminated only with his life. During his stay in Boston he modelled several fine vases; a bust of the Rev. Dr. Bartol, which remained unfinished at the time of his departure; and a small group, to which he gave the title *Caught*. He also made sketches for three figures, *Painting*, *Architecture*, and *Sculpture*, which were intended ultimately to be placed on the three pedestals at the main entrance of the Boston



PORTRAIT STUDY.

BY F. R. STROBRIDGE. — ENGRAVED BY FRED. JUENGLING.

Museum of Fine Arts, one of which is now occupied by a cast of a caryatide from the Erechtheion at Athens. These works were executed in the intervals of his employment as an instructor.

In 1877 consumption manifested itself in so marked a manner that he was forced to resign his position at the Museum. He returned to Cincinnati, where he executed and exhibited *Azzo and Imelda*, a group founded upon the poem by Mrs. Hemans. In the autumn of 1878 he went to Florida, after having spent some time in Colorado, in a vain search after health. He died at Jacksonville, January 13, 1879. In the words of the resolutions of the Boston Art Club, his death was "a calamity to American art," and his loss one to be especially mourned by those "whose gladness on gaining him was so soon turned to sorrow." His works, finished and unfinished, were given by his father to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where they will always be treasured, as made by one who earned a name long before his prime, and gave the world an earnest of the possession of the greatest gifts.

HENRY MUHRMAN is of German parentage, and a native of Cincinnati, where he was born, January 21st, 1854. At the age of fifteen he entered a lithographic establishment, and he continued to draw upon stone until 1876, when he went to Munich to improve his knowledge of drawing. While there he began the study of water-color painting, his sole object being to make use of the knowledge acquired in lithographic work. His success was so great that he was advised to take up the art as a profession. He returned to Cincinnati in September, 1878, but, meeting with no patronage, removed to New York, where he became first known through the pieces he sent to the exhibition of the American Water-Color Society in 1879. His work was so highly appreciated by the artists of New York, that he was elected a member of the Water-Color Society by acclamation. He is at present again a resident of Cincinnati.

FRANCIS RUSSELL STROBRIDGE, a native of Canada, was born in Brantford, August 12th, 1855. His parents removed to Cincinnati when he was eight years of age. His first occupation was in the practical work of a lithographic establishment, where he was engaged for six years. He obtained some instruction from Duveneck, whose devoted adherent he remained during his short artistic life. In 1877 he went abroad for the purpose of study, and entered the Antique Class of the Academy at Munich, from which he passed to the Life Class under Professor Barth. In this class he ended his first year at the Academy, and received for his work the highest attainable honor, — a silver medal. He then entered the School of Painting under Professor Seitz, and a short time afterward became the pupil of Professor Lindenschmidt. After five months of intense labor he received the silver medal, being the only American student who ever succeeded

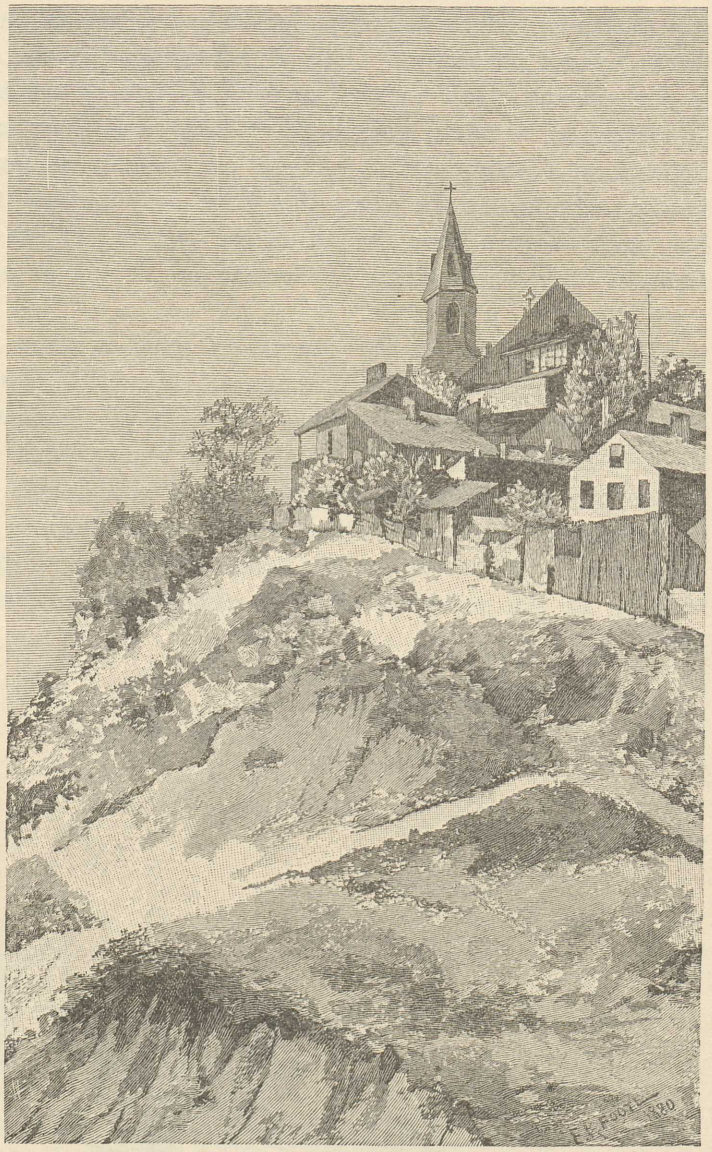


H. MUHRMAN, PINX. W. MILLER, SC.

A LONG ISLAND KITCHEN.

in carrying off medals in two successive years. He died at Polling, near Munich, March 15th, 1879, regretted not only by the American artists, but by the entire body of students, who fully appreciate his worth and his capacities.

A general review of the careers of these artists shows, to a great extent, a community in blood and a unity in training, as well as association. As is the case with most of the French artists, each one of them was first engaged in a calling more or less connected with the fine arts, which, had they been less ambitious, would have afforded them a support. For the most part they have been dependent upon their own exertions, and not one seems to have been favored by any of the chance aids which Dame Fortune sometimes bestows. They furthermore have had but little support or patronage from the city which was the place of their nativity, or the scene of their first efforts in art. Recognition and substantial appreciation have in every case been first awarded by strangers.



MOUNT ADAMS, CINCINNATI.

BY EDWARD K. FOOTE. — ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

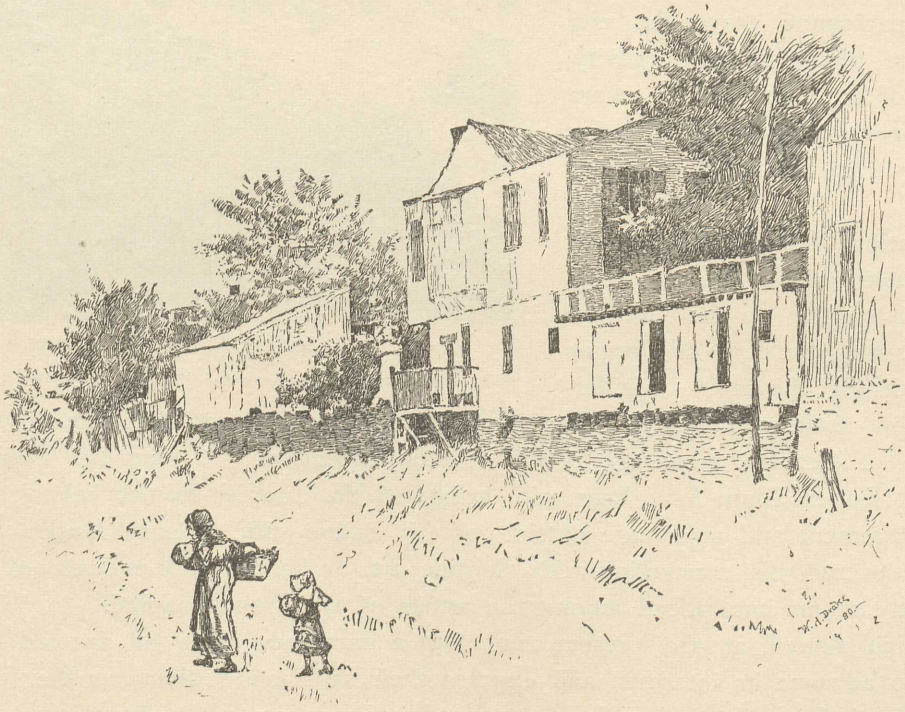
The direction Munichward of so many Cincinnati artists has, in some measure, been caused by the influence of nationality, the great body of German residents furnishing the most considerable proportion of the art students. But it must not be understood that this tendency has, even among those of German parentage, been without exception. It may be instanced that the affiliations of Robert Blum have been with artists of the Spanish-Roman school. He, too, first found encouragement and patronage outside of his native city. Henry Mosler, also a German by race, has severed his connection with German art, or has at least endeavored to do so, and now apparently seems naturalized among the artists of the French capital.

The Munich school, at the present time, has a numerous class of devoted adherents and partisans, who advance its interests, and express their satisfaction whenever the French, as they periodically do, indulge themselves in pronounced opinions as to the decadence of French art. The art of Munich, however, is not the art of the sunlight, but of the shadow. The pigments that darken on the canvas as it comes from the studios of its painters are the evidence of its desire to be strong. It says to its students: Avoid lightness of purpose and affectation, draw learnedly what is before you; — but, unfortunately, in effect it adds: When you come to color, aim to reproduce to-day those qualities which time has brought about in the works of the great masters of the past. In other words, the close of the work becomes a hastening process, and, like everything else of its kind, at the expense of a future interest. Its cost will be paid for in

still darkening effects hereafter, possibly beyond all chance of recognition of the merits of these works by our successors. This is something that can be said independently of all judgment as to the present, of all comparison with French or the best of any other art, in which breadth, as in the art of Munich, goes hand in hand with attention to details, and the adjustment of values appears as a potential fact. There are already evidences in German landscape art, which have become manifest in the years that have passed since 1870, showing that the art of the conquered has made inroads upon the art of the victors. If the same influences will effect some modifications in other departments of German art, it will be a consummation sincerely to be wished for.

The illustration on the preceding page is from a water-color sketch by Mr. E. K. Foote, a pupil lately under the instruction of Mr. H. F. Farny. It is a scene taken from the hillsides of Mount Adams, immediately east of Cincinnati, the view including the spire of the Church of the Holy Cross, which forms a prominent object in the landscape in almost all parts of the city and suburbs. Mr. Foote is a young man who has shown that he possesses the gift of *technique*, — that endowment which constitutes so large a portion of the modern painter's equipment. His works in oil have, for the most part, been painted in accordance with the training he has received. But an entire independence of its methods often characterizes his work.

GEORGE MCLAUGHLIN.



A QUIET ROAD. — BY WILL H. DRAKE.



A Persian Garden.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM PAINTING

BY

EDWIN L. WEEKS.

Although Mr. Weeks was born in Boston, he has made his residence abroad for many years, studying in the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, and being at the same time a pupil of Bonnat and Gérôme. The painting which we have presented here is typical in subject of a large portion of his work, he having travelled much in the Orient and being celebrated for his pictures of Eastern life. The lovely female figure in the foreground portrays a Persian princess who, in the privacy of the royal garden, is perhaps thinking of some absent lover.



ROMAN GIRLS ON THE SEA-SHORE. — BY ELIHU VEDDER.

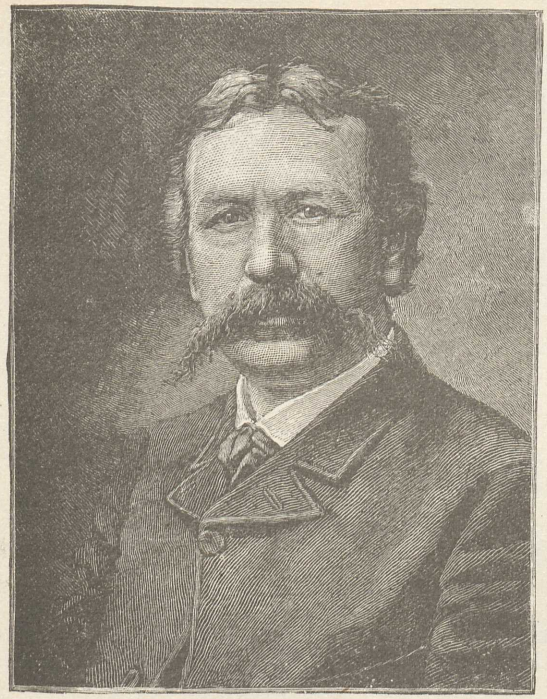
ELIHU VEDDER.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

ELIHU VEDDER, born in 1836, and consequently now in the prime of his life, visited this country in 1880. He had not set foot in it before for ten years, and of the twenty-four years that had elapsed since his first departure from home, for study, in 1856, he passed seventeen abroad, chiefly in Italy. The interest of his personal presence, added to what has long been felt in his work, seems to render the moment opportune for some slight estimate and review of his performance as a whole.

If it be the mission of an original talent to bring into the world, not peace, but a sword, Vedder has had the compliment of creating this kind of a disturbance. There began to be Vedderites and Anti-Vedderites very early in his career, and moderation in the expression of their opinions has never been the most marked trait of either. He appeared first in the exhibitions at a time, towards the year 1864, when idealism, composition, the academic qualities, were still nominally in vogue, and the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement was raising up its voice in vigorous protest against them, and claiming for its own exact reproductions of the facts of visible nature all the originality there was. Vedder did not seek originality by joining the Pre-Raphaelites, but made a distinct place for himself by taking advantage of the license to imagine, permitted, but too rarely utilized, under the prevailing theory, — by imagining, in fact, something really worth while.

His works in a general view may be distributed into a number of definite groups. These are constituted rather by throwing together those done under certain prevailing moods, recurring from time to time, than those of consecutive chronological periods. The most persistent and characteristic of these moods, and that by which he is best known, is a deep pensiveness mingled with a feeling for the desolate, weird, and mysterious. It is not a gentle, but a morbid melancholy. It is questioning, impatient, a little desperate. It is fond of embodying in symbolic forms the tragic puzzles of existence, by which all but the most commonplace minds have at some time been agitated. Some of the pictures dictated under this inspiration ask, with an intense earnestness, "O, why?" They are not always the most lucid in their construction themselves. They seem to have, not only first, but second and third meanings. As the case is with



ELIHU VEDDER.
ENGRAVED BY CLOSSON. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

reference to mysteries in general, it is to this property of seeming to have always some further depth, to which we are not quite certain we have penetrated, that they owe part of their continued allurement.

The Sea-Sphinx seems to epitomize the problem of ruin. It asks why ships go down, why the hard earnings of toil are scattered to the winds, why sailors drown and leave their bones to whiten on alien shores. It points the old, baffling inquiry as to the need in the economy of things of the wholesale devastation, involving guilty and innocent alike, which we observe in continual progress. Expression for this is sought in a shape resembling the mythical Sphinx of Œdipus, sent to ravage the territory of Thebes. It is squatted, with a bleached human skull between its paws, on a vast quicksand, bristling with cable-rings, anchor-flukes, and other appurtenances of vessels which have been swallowed up in it. The head and breast are those of an imperious, beautiful woman, whose dishevelled hair merges with the mane of the lion's body constituting the lower portion. The shore is a dark, repellent mud rather than sand, and on its edges are drawn — a detail for which the painter has shown in other works an especial fondness — the curves of thin, shallow waves which have run far up upon it. A spectral light broods over the whole. The red of a faint after-glow touches some distant sand dunes, and the rising moon is seen between bars of leaden and purplish cloud. The figure, from the point of view of composition, seems a somewhat inartistic, isolated spot, which might have been the better for being sustained by other markings somewhere of parallel force; but of the sentiment of the scene, to those susceptible to this kind of influences, there can be little doubt.

The very first example in the series put forth was *The Questioner of the Sphinx.* The Sphinx in this case was that of the great desert, at a date when the great head was encroached upon by the sand to the chin, and Captain Caviglia had not yet begun his excavations. An old Arab bends forward partly kneeling, and places his ear to the imperturbable lips. Type of mystery in itself, and witness of the mutations of empires for so many ages, has it not some secret which it is wont to impart to the breeze in subtile murmurs, if one could but catch them by a sufficient intentness? The idea is a most taking one. The scene may stand for human longing and bewilderment in general, and also, in a smaller way, for the artist's own position, or that of any other, at the outset of his career, when he might fairly be supposed to be demanding of destiny the enigma of his future. The sand, almost bare of detail, is modelled so as to give a sufficient retirement, and the small figure in its difficult attitude already gives promise of an excellence in this field afterwards attained.

The Lost Mind, also of an early date, is a woman of pale, intellectual beauty, in nun-like garments, wandering in a sterile country all stones and sand-hills, under a sky of heartless blue, unvaried by a suggestion of moisture. A few tresses of yellow hair have escaped from the hood. There is little melodramatic — perhaps not enough — in either face or gesture. The whole effect is in an expression of painful, restless groping, if we read it aright, — an effort to restore the harmony of "sweet bells jangled," to recur to an order of ideas of which a reminiscence is still retained. In *Identity* are shown the two hurrying shapes of Aldrich's poem, which met each other face to face, "In Twilight-land, in No-man's-land, ... And bade each other stand." Though they float in mid-air, and a sense of suddenly arrested motion is perceptible, the forms,

and faces gazing out at each other, dark from the white garments, wistfully, are made suggestive still of the rigidity of the tomb, and comport well with the weird imagination of the lines. In *The Eleventh Hour*, during the throes of nature at the Crucifixion the dead again come forth, and mingle with the living returning from Calvary. It seems to be conveyed to us that they are not at once recognized for what they are, as they pass muffled and mysterious through the crowd. People turn to look at first with curiosity, which deepens then into chilling terror.

In a wild excursion of a different sort the artist carries us out on the wings of his fancy to behold the great *Sea-Serpent*. It lies coiled upon a spit of sand. The opportunity to gaze safely into the malignant eye (compounded of that of snake and alligator) of the great, formidable lonesome creature, rover of the watery fields, and lashing and lashed in its storms when sea and sky are one, is embraced with a kind of fearful pleasure. We are more than ever persuaded of its existence, however the affirmations of widely travelled sea-captains be set at naught, with such reality is it given. No melodrama, no cheap horrors, here either, — no contortions, no dragon-like splendors of hue or nostrils breathing flame. The color is dull, the sea sultry calm, the attitude inert, only the eye watchful.

Vedder's ideal in all these pictures is somewhat similar to that proposed to himself by Hawthorne, — to give to the unreal and impossible an air of plausibility and real existence. Despite the well-known precept of Horace, he joins the equine neck to the human head, and bestows upon the whole plumage borrowed from various sources; but the new creature, be it sea-serpent, sphinx, centaur, or satyr, is flexible in its joints, moves if need be, and performs all its allotted functions in accordance with the conditions of its fantastic existence.

The sketches for a number of parallel conceits, attracting by their strangeness and rarely by their grace, and recalling William Blake, are found in a wonder-book of pencil drawings, photographic copies of which to a limited extent have been issued in portfolio. Among them is a *Head of Medusa*, in her state of fully developed hideousness. This is an attempt, some critics have forcibly insisted, that should never have been made, since by tradition whoever looks upon the Gorgon is turned to stone, and anything less potent in effect is a derogation. It is a terrible visage, brows knitted with agony, tears, and thick-bodied, hissing snakes. With this should be compared another (on canvas), a *Young Medusa*, in whom the evil of her coming destiny is but incipient. Here she has beautiful, blonde locks, which are just flickering into a bare suggestion of serpents, and a fair, pathetic face. The mouth is open with a gasp, as if of dread of impending horror of she knows not what. If these two be taken to stand, as they very well may, for the hideous enslavement and final state of a once lovely character by the gradual advances of guilt, they picture forth a moral lesson of exceeding impressiveness.

But now this whole class of ideas has been stigmatized as *literary*, and not *artistic*. It is certain that such a distinction of ideas exists. Without falling in with the extreme partisans who would dismiss "story" and almost "subject" altogether, and have art simply a revel of color and form with little regard to meaning, it appears that the excuse for expression in the graphic arts, instead of by language, is the display of graces of form and color. If form predominate largely, the subject is best fitted for sculpture; if color, for painting. If neither is involved to quite a considerable extent, it is literary. But it seems that the short-comings which have been criticised in Vedder's pictures of this class can be conceded without impugning the subjects of them as subjects. The choice would seem to impose the obligation of lowness of tone at least; but, even within this limitation, how very different treatment can be conceived of at the hands of others differently inspired and differently equipped! If some of these pictures do not display the most characteristic excellences of painting, considered solely from a technical point of view, and if it must even be conceded that, occasionally at least, the effect is harsh, thin, and chilly, the cause may more fairly be sought in the limitations, either natural or self-imposed, of the painter himself. Vedder cannot, in fact, be called a colorist in the usually

accepted meaning of the term. He takes pleasure sometimes in the juxtaposition of bright tints, producing a "mosaic of pure colors"; but the mystery of color, the all-pervading warmth and glow, which make the charm of the Venetians and of the great masters of the Netherlands, he does not care to strive for. Of the elements which enter into painting he seems to value color least, and he is not unwilling, therefore, to sacrifice it at almost any time to other objects, — not only to sentiment, but to form, relief, tone. He is much more pleased with the sculpturesque qualities. His color is sufficiently agreeable in some of those subjects, like his *Venetian Model* and *Model Posing*, in the midst of ornate surroundings which particularly demand it; but even in these he tosses the Oriental rugs about more for the pleasure of drawing the resultant folds, than for broken and melting hues; and he makes his appeal to interest by some dignity of pose, a carefulness of modelling, and an almost deceptive realization of what is before him, rather than by richness of the kind to which the Spanish-Italian school has accustomed us.

A natural bias towards both the grandiose and the sculpturesque must at least have been fostered by the character of the most important educational influences brought to bear upon him. He passed at first a short time in the studio of Picot, at Paris, where he had among others Hector Le Roux for a fellow-pupil, and proceeded from there to Italy for a long stay. His story up to this time had been that of a boy whose taste in a profession persisted in against the inclination of his family had thrown him into those straits that seem part of the regular formative process of the genius. When he had demonstrated the reality of his talent, he had been again taken back into favor and duly assisted. He had made several voyages to Cuba, where his family finally made their home, and had been impressed there by the sea and tropical vegetation. Some result of this afterwards appeared in a group of fanciful works of a lighter order, such as the *Roc's Egg*, the *Genii and Fisherman*, and the story of *The Miller, his Son and Donkey* (in nine tableaux), drawn as illustrations from the marvels and adventures which had taken strongest hold upon his youthful interest.

Picot was a pupil of the severe high classicist, David. He was less severe himself, occupying a sort of middle place between the old school and the new, but still sufficiently so, and painted chiefly altar-pieces, Louvre ceilings, and Oresteses and Electras, in all of which sublimity was a leading desideratum. Starting under such auspices and passing thence to the midst of the remains and traditions of a great antiquity, it would be rather strange if one with the generally impressible temperament which the wide range of Vedder's undertakings show him to possess had not responded to a decided classic impulse among others.

His classic mood, or period, embraces some of his most considerable works. The most strictly archæological are perhaps the *Etruscan Sorceress* and the *Greek Actor's Daughter*, two charming, robust, fully-draped, single figures, the former pronouncing, with a brazier and a little waxen image, one of those love incantations like that given by Virgil in the Eighth Eclogue, the other meditating regretfully, by a table full of masks, the exclusion of her sex from the drama. The antiquarian details in *In Memoriam*, in which a tall, pensive female figure in white, purple, and blue is coming through a field of withered poppies, to a low funereal shaft, on which lies the bleached skull of a wild boar sacrificed to the Manes, seem rather dwelt upon with a mystic and symbolic interest, as in Dürer, than for their archæological value. His archæology in fact is a little of an old-fashioned sort. It has not much in common with the learned expositions of Alma-Tadema, or even of Le Roux. The modern school of classicists finds it reasonable to conceive Greeks and Romans as persons of flesh and blood not greatly different from our own. In the formal school of David and his followers, to which Vedder is somewhat affiliated, they are over-suggestive of the statuary of the museums. Vedder's heavy and finely subdivided draperies are sometimes as if of marble or bronze; or, again, very light, like those on the engraved gems.

He is prevented from becoming a mere archæologist at any time by two qualities, his devotion to an intense meaning and his love of motion. One of these is always made a paramount



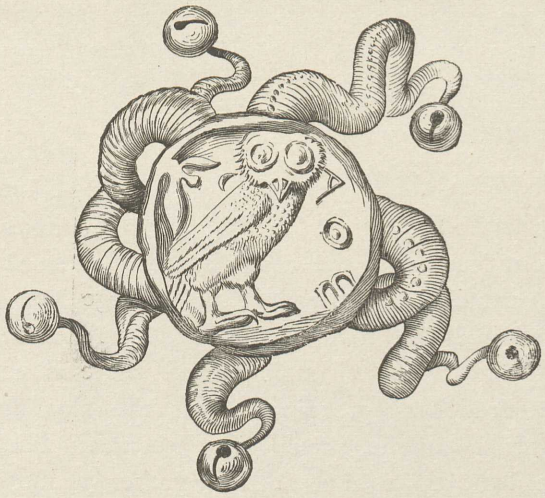
E. VEDDER, PINX. G. KRUELL, SC.

THE PHORCYDES.

consideration to others. He is not contented with simple rest; generally his characters must move, and that quite actively. A kind of movement to which he is peculiarly given is that of fluttering drapery. This in the animated *Roman Girls on the Sea-Shore* seems almost the motive of the picture. They are all muffled close in their garments, and are bearing up against a stiff breeze. They have come down to the shore rather for a promenade and romp than bathing. The line of vision is low down, so that they are outlined boldly against the sky. A gleam of light strikes into the picture, upon the figures at the point of the spit of sand, in the middle distance, while sober shade falls angularly across the whole foreground. An idea of the composition of this picture is given by the heading of this chapter. But the representation is inadequate, owing to the size to which it had to be reduced. The drawing in the faces has also been missed.

In the very peculiar and strikingly composed *Phorcydes* again, the flying locks of "the three long-lived maids" themselves, on whom, as Æschylus has it, "neither the sun with his beams nor the nightly moon ever looks," and a light, fluttering scarf weaving them together in their strange relation of interdependence, add to the spirited impression of the ephemeral, anxiously expectant poses with which they are endowed. They are semi-nude, while his figures have the general characteristic of being closely draped; and are among the instances showing his accomplishment with the material of pronounced high art. They, like the *Roman Girls*, are thrown up against the sky. Being all in nearly the same plane, with the parts well distributed over the canvas, they fall involuntarily into a kind of decorative arrangement. But it is carved rather than frescoed decoration, and carved in high relief. Vedder is nothing of the impressionist. He has no patience with flatness. Whatever else his figures be, they must be solid, substantial, rotund, almost salient enough to be taken hold of.

W. H. Bishop.



From the Title-Page of the Book of Drawings by Elihu Vedder.



THE DANCE. — BY ELIHU VEDDER. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ELIHU VEDDER.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.



THE MODEL OF THE MARSYAS.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY E. VEDDER.

THE latest in Vedder's classic series are *The Young Marsyas* and *The Cumæan Sibyl*. They are to be named as of prominence, both by reason of their size and ambitious intention. The Parisian journal *L'Art*, at the time of their display at the Exposition of 1878, spoke of them, it will be remembered, as *ces deux mechantes toiles*, and covered them with a sweeping condemnation, which was far from just, even if it be admitted that they are not the artist's most successful works. The color in both, in pursuit of tone, has become a more or less monotonous russet. Nor can it be said, in the case of the *Marsyas* at least, that the usual interest in the story is aroused. The young satyr is playing pan-pipes, crouched at the foot of a large tree-trunk, in an Arcadia which varies from the ordinary kind in being covered with snow. A circle of hares sitting about in a listening attitude are painted with a capital realism, and there is very nice feeling in the far-retreating prospect, the bare branches spreading across the sky, and the bluish shadows and artful gleams of light scattered on the snow.[1] But we are inclined to shiver a little with the unclad Marsyas, and, if we believe in him, do not gather at any rate any intimation of his tragic position as the foolhardy rival of a god, and type of reckless presumption for all future generations. This treatment, by the way, of classic myths is quite characteristic of the artist. He cares little for the accepted form of the story, but, simply taking it as a starting-point, as a stimulant for his fancy, he transforms it and works it out, regardless of precedent. We have met with a similar instance before in the *Head of the Young Medusa*, and a still better example

[1] Those who saw this painting only in the artist's temporary studio in New York did not see it under the most favorable conditions. It gained astonishingly in the better light of Messrs. Williams and Everett's gallery, where it was shown in Boston, and surprised those who had seen it before by the brilliancy of its light in the middle ground and distance. — EDITOR.



THE CUMÆAN SYBIL.

FROM A PAINTING BY ELIHU VEDDER.

is furnished by the *Phorcydes*. These three daughters of Phorcys and Ceto personified the horrors of the sea, and, according to the ancient myth, were born old and ugly, with but one eye and one tooth for interchangeable use between them. In this form Goethe has introduced them in the *Classical Walpurgis Night*, in the second part of *Faust*, — so ugly that even Mephistopheles, whom they claim to resemble, is shocked at his own ugliness. But Mephistopheles flatters them, and wonders why sculptors should not prefer to chisel their shapes instead of Juno, Pallas, Venus, and "such like." Has Vedder taken a hint from Mephistopheles? In his rendering, the three old hags — the direct embodiments of fear, horror, and terror, as their names indicate — have become stately maidens, whose gestures and faces are expressive of the agony of mind that the foreboding of disaster brings with it. They look out into the future, and see the terrible fate that is coming, but the disaster itself and the exultation over it are avoided, and thus, by the softening down of the original version, the story is made somewhat more conformable to the canons of art.

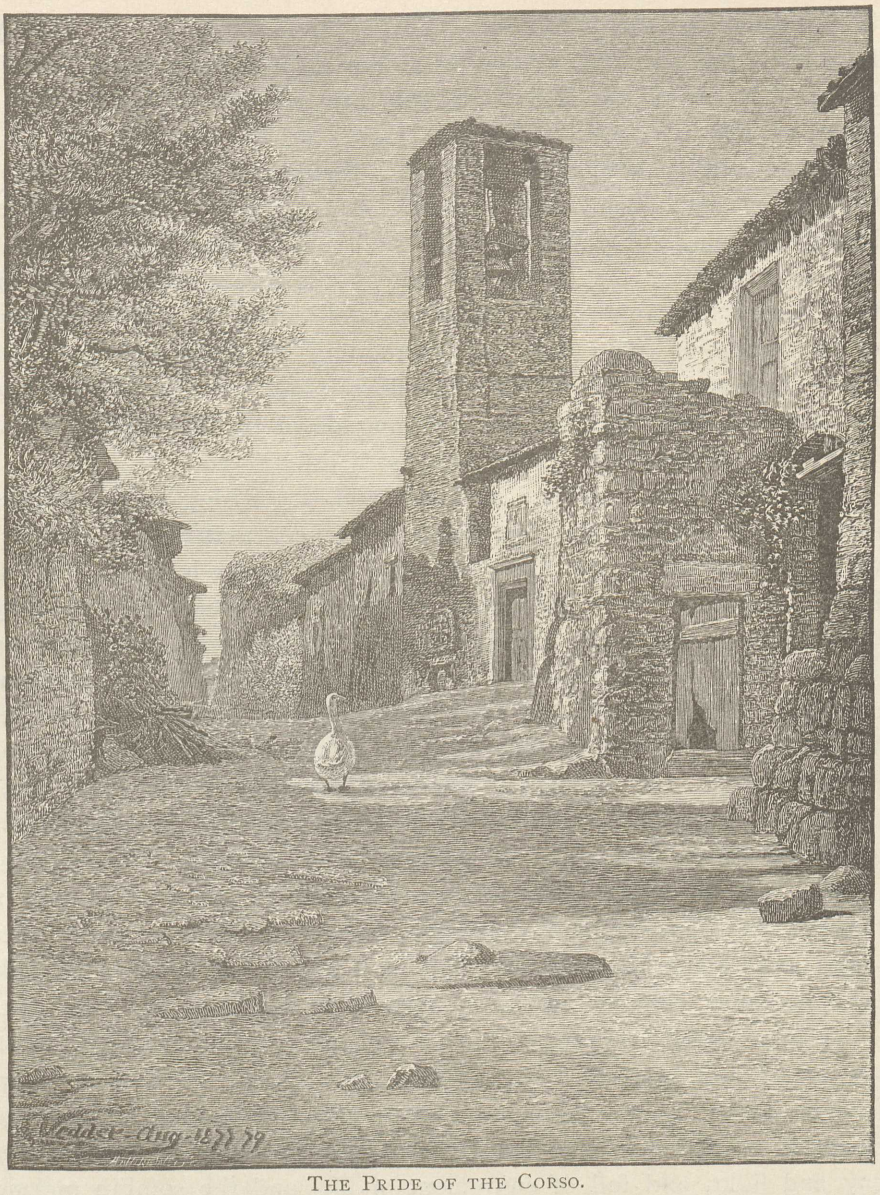
The *Sibyl* has a greater intrinsic interest. Rising to the importance of the occasion, which involves the welfare, the continued existence, perhaps, of heroic Rome, we may sympathize with the ancient crone, hurrying away with mutterings of wrath from her repulse by the purblind Tarquin, even as the smoke of the fire in which she has burned the rejected books, and the foliage of the trees, all bent forward by the wind and going with her, seem to sympathize. She is alone in the centre of a prospect, with a range of mountains like the Abruzzi in the distance. By no means the most seems to have been made of the opportunity, and we should be moved more if the wizardess, heroic myth as she is, had had more of the traits of a veritable human being. Her garments swing, rather than blow before her, and give too much of an impression of solidity. She is like a figure modelled in clay, which perhaps she was at first, — a method which, instead of inspiration from existing statuary, may aid in accounting for the general sculpturesque effect before adverted to. It is a practice which has the weight of old masters, like Tintoret and Correggio, behind it, and is much affected by moderns, like Richmond among the English, who find in it accidental felicities of lighting that could never have been invented; but its use rarely fails to be betrayed by some open artificiality.

A more hearty commendation as a whole is to be bestowed upon another antiquarian period, the merry and graceful Cinque-Cento, the second of Italy's historic greatness. This took its turn in favor. In the subjects chosen from this period Vedder shows a trait of mind which is curiously at variance with that betrayed in so many of the pictures hitherto spoken of. He is gay and light, and full of enjoyment of life, and the sombre melancholy, the brooding over the mysteries of existence, which cast a gloom over all his previous creations, seem to have left him. The mandolin succeeds the pan-pipes, and pages in piebald silken liveries that fit them like their skins, and high-born sportive dames and damsels, to portentous classic wizards and semi-deities. A fair *improvisatrice* strikes the strings and uplifts a speaking countenance. The joyous festival of a wedding procession moves by. A little assembly of Venetians reclines in a pleasant glade on the main-land, and diverts itself no doubt with such ingenious tales as those Boccaccio has left us a record of as the resource of the Florentines on the heights of Fiesole, above their plague-stricken city. Again, a long, frieze-like arrangement of figures in every variety of animated pose represents the *Dance*.

The *Venetians on the Main* have behind them a half-screen of olive-trees, which opens near the centre, showing a charming bit of distant country, with blue hills and sky. A cavalier standing with a lady turns over the leaves of a manuscript. Another is seated meditatively on a slab. A third, to the left of a dame with Titianesque broad back and blonde hair in a coil, — a bushy-headed, scarlet-capped, dark, handsome youth, — lies extended at length by a lady in white, and falls with her into such charming lines of composition that the two would make a very lovely and sufficient picture in themselves.

In the *Dance* some of the participants bow with a profound and courtly grace; others balance,

bending backwards with a touch of hauteur; others shake tambourines held aloft in the air. Some are seated on tapestry-covered settles, the straight, severe lines of which make a piquant contrast to the prevailing easy curves. Musicians of a grotesque and vulgar mien contrast the patrician types of the dancers. A beautiful youth, thrumming a guitar, from which a ribbon lightly floats, passes among the several groups, — sixteen figures in all, composed in threes and fours, — uniting them into a whole The picture is distinctly managed for a semi-decorative effect, by having the figures no more than two deep and the shrubbery brought up close behind them, thus securing the shallowness in the plane of action desirable for this result. The play of light and shade on faces and forms is gentler and more agreeable than usual with this artist. The scheme of color is made to aid the unity of effect. The same note — vivid scarlet — is struck near the centre and at both extremities, and through the intervals are distributed judicious derivative tints from it. The color, too, is harmonious and glowing. This is perhaps the most genial, gay, and sunshiny picture, of any considerable importance, which Vedder has painted. The series, as a whole, holds its own excellently with the work of foreign masters of a similar character.



THE PRIDE OF THE CORSO.
ENGRAVED BY JOHN ANDREW AND SON.

Pursuing our classification, we come to a Scriptural group. Its best examples are a *Death of Abel*, and a weird, small *Crucifixion*, in which only the foot of the cross, with the Marys clustered about it, is seen, against a lurid sky. Abel, a graceful boy, is stretched below his altar fire. The spot where he lies is in shadow, while all the country round about, wherever the murderer may have turned for refuge, is bright with a searching light. An allegorical *Star of Bethlehem*, in which the Eastern kings are seen approaching on their camels below, while a conclave of shadowy angels and prophets of old appear on a massive cloud above, vies with these in ambition, but is of an unpleasant harshness in parts.

Then there is a department of pure, formal landscape composition. The artist shows a command of the means by which size, sense of distance, and symmetrical proportion are conveyed. He combines, in the principal effort, entitled *Central Italy*, the elements of a stretch of eighty



E. VEDDER. PINX. W. J. LINTON, SC.

SLEEPING GIRL.

miles of country, with great probability. From a waste and stubbly foreground opens out a great plain spotted with vegetation and straight-walled farm enclosures. On the foot-hills is a hamlet, with its mediæval castle, and seamed and riven mountains rise beyond. It is not unnatural, but it is a brown, old-masterish, conventional nature, after all. It belongs to the "great" landscape school of the past, and in these later times, when the charm of simplicity in landscape is so much more to the general liking, and quality rather than quantity is esteemed a desirable trait, we cannot help recalling that the "great" landscapes flourished when there was not much respect for Nature as she is, and even not a little open contempt for her, as shown in the "formal" style of landscape gardening, invented among other things at that time.

He is much more pleasing in his more spontaneous efforts, his views of real nature. These are idyllic bits which show the character of his real inclination, untrammelled by a desire for excessive meaning. Here is a little peasant-girl, in pale blue, spinning in an olive orchard of grayish green; here is a child, crept into a crevice between the heavy stone olive-crushers; here a peasant and laden donkey under a steep slope, at the top of which a straw stack comes dark against the sky; here, again, a solitary goose, *The Pride of the Corso*, enlivening a lonely Italian village street. He loves architecture, too, and gives with warm appreciation an old belfry at Orte, or a ruddy old Lombard church, with its broken stucco and party-colored stripes of stone and brick, behind its bastion, at Velletri. Perugia, his residence for a considerable time, has furnished the scene of very many of these; and he has noted well Lake Trasimene, which lies below it, — its rushes, and fishermen's skiffs, the floating earthen eel-pots in its margin, all dark against a silvery surface at twilight, when the last after-glow of sunset is still in the sky.

Let us note, in fine, a miscellany of alchemists, old saints, burial of the dead outside a plague-stricken town, which might be gathered into a Gothic group, — sympathetic farm scenes somewhat in the manner of Millet, genre heads, still life, and decorative panels, — and we have passed over a range of activity of remarkable extent, and almost unique for an American artist. To have attempted so great a scope has not been, perhaps, for the development of the painter in the direction of his greatest force, nor the part of the best worldly wisdom, but it is to be involuntarily admired. It corresponds to what one understands of the true artistic temperament, — a disposition impressible on many sides, and by no means content, in a world so full of actually existing and historic themes, with a single petty division of labor. Respect for the prudence of the painter who can forever circumscribe himself within the limits of a single tree and pasture, a single spot of light in a wood, the same old woman always knitting at her fire-side, the same Venetian fishing-boat with idly drooping sails, is apt to mingle unduly, and to its detriment, with that which may be entertained for his talent itself. Vedder, at least, can never be made subject to this kind of derogation.

No consistent progress in technical development can be traced in his works. Nor is one's attention drawn to marked changes in manner until, perhaps, we arrive at the excellent *Sleeping Girl*, one of the very finest products of his easel. In this there is an appearance of attention to newer and broader methods than he had been hitherto in quest of. It is of a pleasant grayness of tone, an easy modulation and absence of extreme striving for relief, that put it in a category somewhat by itself, and possibly mark the beginning of a new departure. This, with *The Venetian Model*, heretofore admiringly mentioned, from the point of view of technical management, may be regarded as the best in the entire list. Apart from these, such as he began, in execution he has continued, evidently preferring painstaking finish to boldness of handling. He does not "load"; he bestows his pigment sparingly and with little crispness; he prefers tone to values. His skies are not often luminous, and are more apt to be frigid than softly pensive. He shows little comprehension in his numerous draped figures, which offer such excellent opportunities for it, of the delicious use which may be made of white, — a leading test of the real colorist.



THE VENETIAN MODEL.
ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

There are better *painters*, merely as such, among those who have issued lately from the advantageous training of the great foreign schools. Beside some of the rich and dashing work of the newest mode, his doings may often have an unpretending, even a somewhat tame air. But now, having taken him to pieces, let us put him together again. How few there are of all these, so well endowed with skill for carrying their purposes into effect, who have anything like a parallel invention, who rise indeed above the merest common-place! Mere unimaginative prettiness on the one hand is sought to be relieved by "character studies" on the other, — representations of the rough figures from every-day life who are brought into the studios and carefully realized. The novel excursions of Vedder into the realm of the imagination, his seriousness of aim, his bias towards the unreal, the exalted, the historically remote, seem, in these circumstances, of an extreme distinction. Hamilton's entirely frivolous Parisian lorette, *Cérise*, one of the very best pieces of painting in the Paris Exposition of 1878, hung opposite the gloomy *Cumæan Sibyl*. But even if the latter were the *méchante toile* which *L'Art* made it out to be, it would still seem of a monumental grandeur in comparison. One would almost say that a failure in the one was better than success in the other.

It is not especially desirable, nevertheless, that the ideas of Vedder should be commended to general imitation. Added to the fact that a little weirdness goes a long way in an unimaginative world, this kind of conceits should be the spontaneous expression of a peculiar bent. With any less genuine stimulus they fall into parody, and are both ridiculous in themselves and prejudicial to the patterns which in the original gave us real pleasure. If idealists do not abound, it is the misfortune of the time, but there seems no very promising way of forcing their appearance.

However much we may regret it, it is probable that we shall have to rest content for a considerable time with seeing a very few attain to such exceptional positions as Vedder took from the first among American artists, — a very few poets and visionaries in a work-a-day world, a very few pensive idealists in a generation of cheerfully matter-of-fact realists.

W. H. BISHOP.


F. A. Bridgman

A Lady of Cairo Visiting.

ETCHED BY JAMES D. SMILLIE,

FROM A PAINTING

BY

FREDERIC A. BRIDGMAN.

The original painting is now in the possession of Mr. John Taylor Johnson, of New York. This is one of the paintings resulting from Mr. Bridgman's visit to Egypt and the Nile some years ago.

Mr. Smillie evinced a fondness for etching at a very early age. When thirty-one he was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and eleven years later he was made an Academician. He was among the founders of the American Water-Color Society, and, with Dr. L. M. Yale, organized the New York Etching Club. This etching is an excellent interpretation of Mr. Bridgman's painting, which affords us an insight into Egyptian customs.



PYRENEES PEASANTS RETURNING FROM THE HARVEST-FIELD.

FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERIC A. BRIDGMAN.



DECORATION FOR AN ÆOLIAN HARP. — BY F. A. BRIDGMAN — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

FREDERIC ARTHUR BRIDGMAN.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

THIRTY years ago there was scarcely an American artist who could have been fairly judged without constant reference to the fact of his nationality. Our art was then to a great extent an isolated development, with rather arbitrary standards of its own. We were proud of our painters and of the peculiar sort of success they had achieved; but in estimating their ability we appealed to little beyond home competition and home approval. Of late years, however, our art has grown to maturer stature, and is now amenable to the severest tests of merit. A whole generation of young American painters believe in the necessity of scientific training, and appeal to European criticism and to cosmopolitan standards of success. Mr. Bridgman may well stand as typical of this generation. It has included, perhaps, certain men more exceptionally endowed than he. One may not call him so strong as Robert Wylie, so individual in mood and so enchanting in manner as John Sargent, so dashing a master of bold *technique* as a few of those we term our "Munich men"; yet his work is exceptionally striking when placed in comparison with the average work of a score of years ago, for it is exceptionally well trained, well informed, scholarly, and accomplished. No art could be less experimental than his, less provincial, self-taught, or self-deceiving. It is an art that shows at a glance the presence behind it of centuries of tradition, of generations of well-schooled and competent men. There is no "wild Western flavor" about it, as there was about some of the tentative art of our past, and as there will be, no doubt, in a different way, about the perfected national art of our future. Yet it is not a copy or a reflection of the art of other men. It is simply the excellent work of a man who has studied in the best modern school, and who paints on such lines and with such a manner as might be chosen by a modern artist in any possible land. Mr. Bridgman is therefore, as I have said, quite typical of this present time, when our men are learning to paint as well as other men can paint, but have not yet, with some few exceptions, felt any strong individual,

local impulse behind their brush. That will come, be sure, in good time. Meanwhile let us rejoice over the fact that it now seems a natural and not an abnormal thing that a young American artist should paint so admirably as Mr. Bridgman. He is, moreover, the American artist who is best known and most widely praised abroad, and who has there attained to highest official honor; and this is another subordinate reason for taking an especial interest in his work.

Our public has been enabled of late to make a very thorough study of that work, and to well investigate the grounds upon which Mr. Bridgman's Parisian reputation rests. After sending home occasional pictures from year to year, since the clever though immature *Circus in the Provinces* first spoke his name, Mr. Bridgman opened in New York a special exhibition of all of his best paintings, the most complete and remarkable ever held by a young American painter for the display of his own creations. Enough important pictures were collected, largely through the kind co-operation of New York owners, to seem fairly representative even in the artist's own eyes, though a huge book of photographs bore witness to the number and variety of those he had left across the water. To the delight, moreover, of all who are interested in painting as such, the elaborate canvases were supplemented by about three hundred oil studies, of every kind and degree of completeness. Before considering the work, it will be well, of course, to note a few facts with reference to the man himself.

Frederic Arthur Bridgman was born of New England parents at Tuskagee, Alabama, on the 10th of November, 1847. His father, a physician, died when the boy was but three years old. He says himself that at five he resolved to become an artist, and on such testimony one is delighted to accept so interesting a fact. At sixteen he entered the employ of the American Bank-Note Company in New York, and learned to engrave on steel, chiefly heads and vignettes. At this labor he continued two years, going in 1866 to study in Paris. Between this date and 1871 he spent much time under Gérôme at the Beaux-Arts, and still more time in Brittany with Robert Wylie. In this latter place he remained during the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune. These were the years of hard work that perfected for Mr. Bridgman the accomplished tool he now possesses. If there were but space in such a notice as this I might quote, on the authority of those who studied with him, many anecdotes of his extraordinary perseverance, his unwearied application, — of the indomitable resolve to paint, and to do nothing but paint, that won the especial notice of his teachers and the half-resentful envy of less phenomenal fellow-students.

The summer of 1872 was spent in the Pyrenees, and the succeeding winter in Algiers. The next summer saw the Pyrenees again, with a subsequent migration to Cairo and a winter on the Nile, more than three months being spent on a *dahabieh*, which carried the artist as far south as the second cataract. Knowing the diligence of his student years, one might well believe, even if there were not a multitude of clever studies to bear strong witness, that travelling did not mean idleness for Mr. Bridgman, and did not mean the mere imbibing of impressions or of new ideas of form and color. No less than the years spent at the Beaux-Arts or with the student colony in Brittany, these years too meant steady work and progress. Mr. Bridgman has of late passed most of his time in Paris, which has been adopted as his permanent home, and whither he constantly returns after short visits to America. Recent summers have again been spent in the north of France, and from them result, I think, the most delightful works the artist has yet produced.

Mr. Bridgman has been a steady contributor to the Salon from so early a date in his career as 1868. His first decided success was won by the *Circus* in 1870. In 1877 he obtained a medal. The Universal Exhibition of 1878 brought him another medal and the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and his works are now *hors concours* at the Paris Salons.

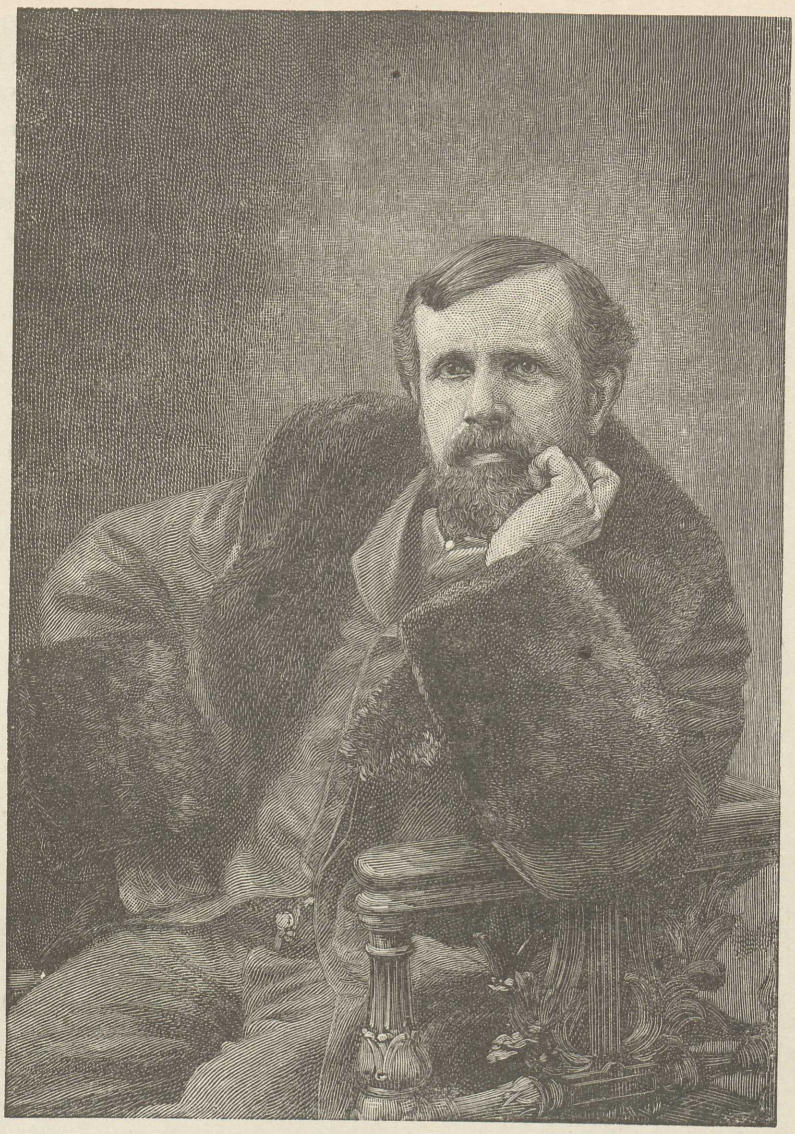
I may as well say, in the beginning, that, in spite of the many excellences to be found in even the least spontaneous of the pictures shown in his superb exhibition, it was Mr.



THE SLIPPER MERCHANT.

PHOTOTYPIC REPRODUCTION OF A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

Bridgman's studies, and not his more careful creations, that were most striking and most delightful. They revealed, moreover, an entirely new and unpredicted aspect of his talent. Even critics who had most carefully studied all the pictures he had previously sent us, and who felt quite sure that they had formed therefrom a just estimate of his ability, were forced by the first glance at these studies to reconsider the whole matter and to remake their estimate. I shall return to them in the sequel, considering first the pictures that are best known, most easily described in words, and usually denominated most "important."



FREDERIC ARTHUR BRIDGMAN.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

Among the large canvases which have fought Mr. Bridgman's competitive battles for him, and which are probably familiar to my readers, I may cite as present in this fine exhibition the *Circus*, the *Funeral of a Mummy*, the *Pastime of an Assyrian King*, the *Allah Achbar!* the *Arab Women weaving*, the *Tents of the Nomads, Biskra*, and the *Women drawing Water from the Nile*. Two or three of these have been reproduced in fine engravings, and a woodcut of the last named is before the reader. All of them, I need hardly say, were most excellent pictures in their way; but it was, I think, a way that did not excite much enthusiasm in the observer, or reveal any very strong individuality on the part of the artist. Well conceived, capably carried out, attractive by their subjects, one was inclined to quarrel with one's self that the mind was not more vividly impressed by them, — that, in spite of admiration for the painter's skill, one felt him a little too deliberate, too cool, and careful, and self-repressing. There were no definite faults of commission to be seen, but faults of omission made themselves felt that would have been obviated by a little more of vigor and breadth, and of spontaneous sentiment, — a little more evidence of a characteristically "painter's way" of looking at things. These canvases were not all, of course, quite on a level in all points. In composition, as in color, I think the *Assyrian King* and the *Women weaving* were the weakest, though the woman and child toward the left of the latter picture were most beautifully rendered. The *Funeral* was admirably composed, and no less delightful for its quiet color. The large figure called *Allah Achbar!* was a remarkable piece of painting, the lighting of the canvas being as well managed as the rendering of the textures. No large work of Mr. Bridgman's that I have seen — certainly no interior — is better than this. Yet the *Tents at Biskra* was perhaps more charming, surpassing all the others in atmospheric truth and beauty.

Looking away from these large Salon pictures, one saw, not repetitions of them on a smaller scale, but canvases of very different kinds. Prominent among them were many genre pictures of Oriental subjects, of which Mr. Smillie's etching presented in this work as a good example. I may characterize these most distinctly, perhaps, by saying that they were of a kind at once to suggest comparisons with Mr. Bridgman's master, Gérôme, — comparisons that were by no means to Mr. Bridgman's disadvantage. One or two of these pictures might have passed anywhere for Gérôme's. The good drawing, the clever rendering of stuffs, the bits of brilliant color, fine in themselves, but not harmonized with the hand of a master colorist, the delicate but hard elaboration, the ivory-like flesh, — all these characteristics of Gérôme's art were present. But there were other similar pictures, as, for example, one belonging to Mr. Knapp, and called *Conversation, Cairo Bazar*, that were better than anything of the same kind I have happened to see from Gérôme's brush. The color was finer, the handling broader, the surface less porcelain-like, the technical sentiment, if I may so say, more artistic than Gérôme's. And when Mr. Bridgman gets out of doors he usually does better still. Witness as a proof some of the elaborate courtyard scenes, with their massive doors and splendid horses and gay retainers, — such, for instance, as the one called *Waiting for the Caïd*, and owned by Mr. Isaac Walker. And notice still more the little one with the same name, here sketched for us by Mr. Bridgman's pen. Here the light and freshness and breeziness and color were quite delightful, and there was no trace of the hardness and deliberation that had appeared in some of the small interiors with their many figures.

If there is a side where Mr. Bridgman seems weaker than Gérôme, it is, I think, in the direction of dramatic force and expressiveness. Gérôme is always dramatic, though sometimes theatrical therewith. He is a master of facial expression, and his figures are almost always animated by visible intentions and distinct emotions. Mr. Bridgman's figures are lifelike and natural, but they are not always living and individual. He does not, for example, catch the vivid, half-fascinating, half-repulsive physiognomy of the East as it has been caught by Gérôme, and Fortuny, and Fromentin, — to mention only the most familiar names. His dainty Oriental beauties, especially, strike one rather as a clever imitation of the real thing, than as direct transcripts from reality. Now, I am very well aware that a picture need by no means be an actual record of things actually seen and noted, but it should instantly impress us as though it had been. Failing in this, it has an accent as of something planned and studied, and not quite spontaneously felt, — an accent perceptible, I think, in some of Mr. Bridgman's pictures, in spite of their invariable cleverness and their frequent beauty.

Mr. Bridgman can hardly be called a colorist of the highest rank, — an artist able to create a splendid, individual scheme of color, and to use it with masterly success. But he has made, and is still making, great and steady progress toward admirable coloring. In the *Circus* there were very crude passages, with others of more value. Next in date came a number of interiors that showed a blackish and rather disagreeable tone. This blackness has now entirely disappeared. In some pictures his color is now very lovely; in others, it is very ambitious, without being quite so successful. In the quiet, delicate scale of the *Funeral* and the *Tents of the Nomads* every one must take great pleasure. In the *Waiting for the Caïd* and the *Conversation*, already cited, there is more depth and brilliancy, and great effectiveness. But at times Mr. Bridgman attempts things that might have puzzled a Fortuny, and attempts them, not as a bold *improvisatore*, but in the most studied and elaborate of ways. He gives, under the brightest lights, the most intense colors in the greatest variety, shunning no difficult juxtaposition, and neither lowering nor weakening the tone, as must be done in such cases by all but the most inspired of colorists. Bits of such brilliant and tile-like coloring Gérôme uses on occasion, and with not the best success; but Mr. Bridgman showed in this exhibition whole canvases made up of a mosaic of such colors. Pinks and yellows, bright blues and greens, salmon tints and those difficult ones that are scarlet with a hint of yellow, were mingled in the many small figures and



F. A. BRIDGMAN, PINX.

SMITHWICK & FRENCH, SC.

WOMEN DRAWING WATER FROM THE NILE.

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. W. W. KENYON, BROOKLYN. N. Y.

the profuse decorations of harem scenes. Such a canvas was, for example, the *Nubian Fortune-Teller* (not numbered in the catalogue). Even where the general effect was inharmonious, however, as in this very picture, the bits of color were exquisite when considered for themselves, and not with reference to their combined effect.



WAITING FOR THE CAÏD.

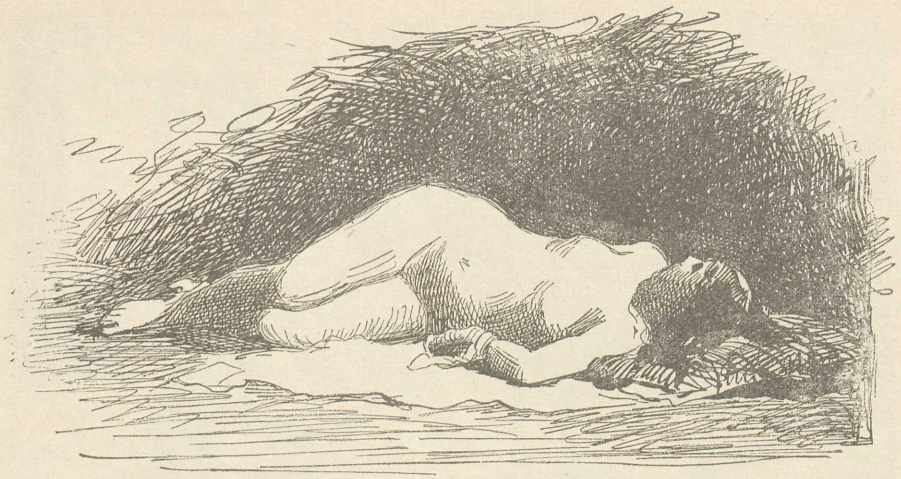
BY F. A. BRIDGMAN. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

But if one wishes to see the best that Mr. Bridgman can do, not only in color, but in other points as well, one must pass to certain pictures that have not as yet been mentioned. They were of many kinds, and not to be included in any one category or described under any definite heading. Picking them out upon the crowded walls, one felt an ever new surprise at the artist's breadth of sympathy and at his wide range of expression. First I may cite the lovely *After Sunset, Coast of Normandy*, deep and glowing in tone, fine in its simple lines of sea and shore, and admirable in texture. Here was no too studious accuracy, no cool elaboration. Nothing could have been more *suave*, more freshly felt, more delightfully reported. Nothing could have been finer in quality, — if one takes "quality" to mean that peculiar richness of surface which is about the best attraction a work can have, that peculiar texture which makes the paint and canvas appear, not only like the copy of a beautiful theme, but, in themselves, like a rich and precious substance. Surely there was no lovelier picture in the room than this, none that could more safely have been hung next to the best that modern hands can do. Very charming, too, were the *Study Head*, with auburn hair, and the *Nude Study*, — both here reproduced, — charming in flesh-color as in texture. The child's portrait, which serves as our initial, was also broadly handled and clever in character, though not so rich in color. It was directly opposed in treatment to the smooth finish of many of the artist's Oriental heads. Then there was a delightful



STUDY HEAD.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.



NUDE STUDY.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

Barnyard in Normandy, simple to a degree, except in its wonderfully well met problems of shifting light. A little canvas, called the *Mishap*, showing an old-fashioned red travelling-coach tipping in a ditch, was done in a manner that it shared with no other picture in the room. It was very daintily handled, the touches of white in the lights giving it something the air of a bit of last-century work, — a stronger bit, however, than the average of that work. Was this from the same brush, one could not but exclaim, which had painted the anxiously finished sultanas and dancing-girls, and, again, the deep and palpitating *After Sunset?* It is impossible here even to name all the pictures that cried for notice among the products of this fertile brush. I must be content to name some attractive sketches for decorative panels, — one of them forms the head-piece to this paper, — and then pass to the hasty consideration of the studies which filled out the list.

These were, as I have said, the most delightful things of all, scarcely excepting the pictures last described. Here were the very qualities in abundance one had sometimes missed. Here were vivid impressions of actual things, and vivid ways of recording those impressions. Here was feeling for color, and for tone, and for atmosphere, and for light and dark. Here were breadth of touch, rapidity of handling, and strong effects. Here were vigor and earnestness that were not deliberation. Here was a frank enthusiasm that showed these studies to have been the offspring of a catholic, artistic sensitiveness, — studies undertaken not only with a scholar's view to improvement, or a scientific desire to tabulate facts, but also with an artist's wish to fix forever the fleeting aspect that had charmed him. One found everything in these delightful memoranda, — landscapes in profusion, both African and European, architectural motives from many countries, and animals of every sort, — lions and camels, goats and kittens and donkeys, and the most incomparable horses. There were portraits of civilized babies with their nurses, and of uncivilized babies huddled in forlorn little groups. There were study heads in abundance. There were, in a word, all possible things, from the records of long-mummied existence to a splendid "impressionist" study of the *Gare St. Lazare*, with a locomotive wreathed in smoke. Who could say,



STUDY HEAD.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.



Fragment of "Burial of a mummy"
F. A. Bridgman

in presence of this last, that steam and its belongings are not artistically valuable? and who, that Mr. Bridgman is a cold or an unspontaneous painter? Nothing could have been fresher, more true to nature, and more enchanting as art, than many of the Egyptian sketches, — as, for example, this one with sailors tracking a boat, — and nothing could have been better felt and rendered than some sketchy interiors of *cafés* and bazars. Nor could one say too much for Mr. Bridgman's horses, admirable in drawing, in handling, and in spirit, giving a revelation of the whole race, from the Russian aristocrat, with his black and lustrous coat, to the most persecuted, most ragged, and most vicious of his brethren. One is tempted to linger as long over the memory of this host of striking studies as one used to linger in the room where they were on view, wondering every moment more and more at the raciness, the dash, the freshness of an artist who had sometimes been called too cold, too cautious, and — almost — too artificial.



TRACKING ON THE NILE.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

Why, I have heard it asked more than once, does not Mr. Bridgman paint his larger pictures more in the manner of his studies, — with the free and assured touches and the strong effects that are the delight of artists and of connoisseurs? Why does he sacrifice so large a proportion of these things to the lesser interests of detail, and complicated subject, and "high finish"? The first and most obvious answer to all such questions is, that the public best likes his most studied works, preferring above all others the vivid and elaborate bits of Oriental genre. But back of this there are, I think, other and worthier reasons. If elaboration can be combined with breadth and freshness, if color can be extremely brilliant and varied, and yet be kept harmonious and true and soft, the triumph may be considered greater than where the problem has been simpler, — where the scale has been subdued, and where the general effect has been preserved, but the details scarcely indicated. Mr. Bridgman is, I think, constantly putting more of breadth and fine color and surface richness into his most elaborate works. Perhaps it is not too much to hope for an approaching day when he will give us all the freshness and technical charm of his studies, combined with many of the difficult problems attempted in his studio pictures. Indeed, the works to which I have referred as showing his present brush at its very best are more than a promise that such will be the fact. They are the first fruits of his completest strength.

The *Pyrenees Peasants returning from the Harvest-field* — a copy of which is presented with this article — was painted by Mr. Bridgman for the French Salon of 1872, and bought by Mr. A. A. Low of Brooklyn, in whose gallery it now hangs. It is described by Mr. S. W. Sheldon as follows: —

"In the evening sunshine, and along a picturesquely winding and bordered road, through a rolling region of country, a pair of oxen are drawing a wagon-load of garnered grain, upon which are seated two women, apparently much more weary than the faithful beasts in front of them, or the bright young fellow who leads the procession. By the side of the wagon another woman trudges on, her face wearing an expression of ill-humor and disrelish. She and her sisters evidently have been working harder than either the oxen or the driver. She is barefoot, too, while the man and the animals are shod. Beyond the shadows of the middle distance the hill-slopes lie in the brightest light, which glows also in the distant landscape and the horizon. The principal elements of the scene are emphasized so as to make a picture of them, — and a very pleasant picture it is, sound and harmonious, without showiness and without triviality."

The *Burial of a Mummy*, before mentioned, took a third-class medal in the Paris Salon of 1877 and received from the French critics an amount of praise unusual for an American work. It was also in the American Department of the Paris Exhibition for 1878, and drew from the London Athenæum high commendation. "The scene," says the Athenæum, "represents the Nile, with the dead being transported by water to their place of burial. The centre of the composition is occupied by a barge, on which is fitted a sort of catafalque, whereon rests the mummy-case; at the head and feet are two figures, who may be supposed to be the mother and son of the deceased; an altar, with priests and some musicians, occupies the fore-part of the barge, the stern being filled with a group of lamenting women; the barge is towed across the river by a boat manned by a body of rowers. Another barge with similar freightage is seen in advance. All the details of costume and accessories are thoroughly studied, and the drawing and painting are deserving of high commendation, as will be understood by those who remember Mr. Bridgman's *Nile Boat* in the last year's Academy Exhibition. Especially beautiful is the landscape showing the mountains with the last rays of the setting sun lighting up their tops and the stretch of river beneath reflecting cool and pellucid sky-tints."

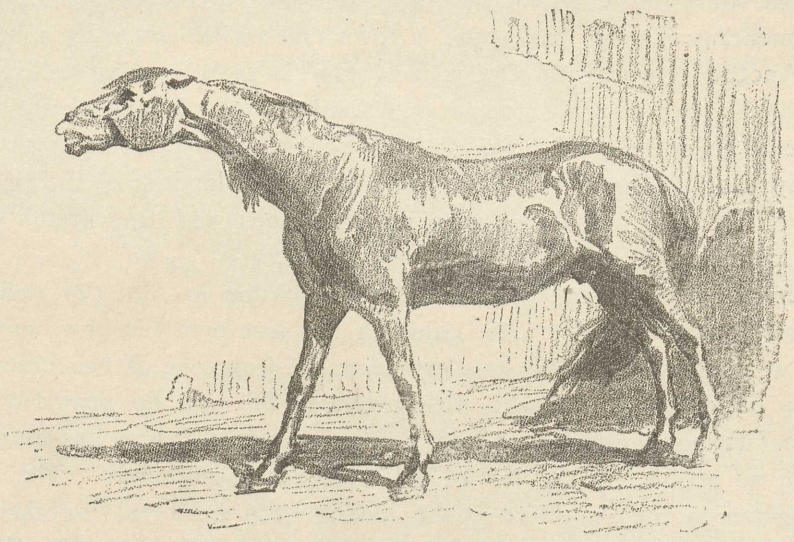
The *Royal Pastime at Nineveh* was contributed to the Salon in 1880 (?), and the Paris correspondent of the "Art Journal" says: "The monarch has just bent his bow, and is in the act of launching his shaft at a superb lion who has been released from one of two clumsy wooden cages dimly visible in the background, and who, with extended tail and lip upcurled in a portentous snarl, is evidently meditating an attack." Close by the king a dead lion lies on the ground. The sky is seen through an opening at the left of the crowded amphitheatre. The last two pictures described are well known to the American public, having been exhibited, together with the *Procession of the Apis Bull*, which was purchased for the Corcoran Gallery by Mr. Corcoran.

In 1881 Mr. Frederic A. Bridgman was elected a member of the National Academy of Design. Among his later works are *La Cigale* (1882), the *Caid's Escort at Rest*, *Family Bath at Cairo*, *My Last Price* (1884), and *A Summer on the Bosphorus* (1885).

It must not be counted an ungracious act if in this short essay I have carefully noted what have seemed to me the weaker points in the work I admire so much. There is a time in a man's career when the public and the critics owe him first of all encouragement, — when it is for his best interest and their own to dwell upon the strong side of his art, and to hopefully overlook the weaker side; but when a man has come to stand, not among learners, but among accomplished painters, it is an offence to him and to themselves to test him by any but the severest standards. In the presence of such a talent as Mr. Bridgman's the worthiest and the most satisfactory course is to note all possible deficiencies, and to declare then, with a clear conscience, that beyond and above, and far more than redeeming them all, is the wide margin of admirable achievement and inspiring promise.

Finally, I am conscious that the drawing of a comparison between one artist and another is almost always an injustice to both, and a blundering way of expressing an opinion about either. I have compared Mr. Bridgman to Gérôme in certain points, therefore, only because I wished to give as clear a notion as possible of one branch of his work, and because Gérôme happens to be so well known in this country that his mere name carries an elaborate definition in its sound. I need hardly say, I hope, that the comparison was only applied to one aspect of Mr. Bridgman's very varied talent, and then only to certain qualities in the pictures mentioned. There are other and much more charming aspects to which Gérôme's work offers no possible parallel. Some of Mr. Bridgman's pictures are, indeed, as antipodal as pictures well could be to those which come to us from his teacher's easel. I might be tempted to say that they are antipodal to any which *could* come from that easel, were it not that the collection just reviewed has made me afraid to declare, on the evidence of exhibited pictures, what any artist may or may not yet hold in reserve behind them.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.



By F. A. Bridgman. — From a Sketch by the Artist



A Maiden of Babylon.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

EDWIN L. WEEKS.

This charming dark-eyed girl feeding her pretty gazelles on the terrace of an Oriental garden is an interesting type of Eastern beauty. See with what tender grace she offers a dainty morsel to the usually timorous creature, which seems to have the utmost confidence in her good-will. We trust that she never will have occasion to say (to quote from Moore's "Fire-Worshippers"):—

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."



FREDERICK W. FREER.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

Viola. Lady, you are the cruelest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
Olivia. O sir! I will not be so hard-hearted.
Twelfth Night.

ALL people are practically one in agreeing that feminine beauty is the highest type of personal loveliness. There is, however, no generally accepted standard of beauty. Voltaire said that if the Devil were asked what is the meaning of the Beautiful he would reply, "A couple of horns, four claws, and a tail." A North American Indian might say, "A broad, flat face, small eyes, high cheek bones, a low forehead, a large, broad chin, and a hook-nose." The Chinese prefer women with broad faces, high cheek bones, very broad noses, and enormous ears; and a native of Cochin China contemned the looks of an English lady because she had "white teeth like a dog, and a rosy color like that of potato flowers."

A recent writer, Mr. Henry T. Finck, in his interesting book on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," holds that there are at least eight positive tests of beauty. "These are," he says, "symmetry, curvature, gradation, smoothness, delicacy, color, lustre, and expression." Of symmetry Ruskin says, "In all perfectly beautiful objects there is found the opposition of one part to another, and a reciprocal balance obtained. In the human face its balance of opposite sides is symmetry, its division upwards proportion." The same writer speaks of curvature thus: "That all forms of acknowledged beauty are composed exclusively of curves will be at once allowed." Professor Bain observes, "Straight lines are rendered artistic only by associations of power, regularity, fitness, etc." And to the fact that even our straight limbs "move more easily and naturally in a curved than in a straight line, which requires laborious adjustment, Bain traces part of our superior pleasure in rounded lines." Winckelmann says, "The forms of a beautiful body are determined by lines the centre of which is constantly changing, and which, if continued, would never describe circles. They are, consequently, more simple, but also more complex than a circle, which, however large or small it may be, always has the same centre, and either includes others or is included in others. This

diversity was sought after by the Greeks in works of all kinds; and their discernment of its beauty led them to introduce the same system even into the form of their utensils and vases, whose easy and elegant outline is drawn after the same rule, — that is, by a line which must be found by means of several circles, — for all these works have an elliptical figure, and herein consists their beauty. The greater unity there is in the junction of the forms, and in the flowing of one out of another, so much the greater is the beauty of the whole." Hogarth's celebrated "line of beauty" will be remembered in this connection. Ruskin says of gradation that "what curvature is to lines, gradation is to



FAIR INES. DRAWN BY FREER.

shades and colors. Compare the gradated colors of the rainbow with the stripes of a target, and the gradual concentration of the youthful blood in the cheek with an abrupt patch of rouge or with the sharply-drawn veining of old age." "Smoothness," Burke says, "is a quality so essential to beauty that I do not recollect anything beautiful that is not smooth." He forgot the moss-rose; but in the main he was right, and there is certainly a peculiar charm in the smooth skin of a beautiful woman. Delicacy and grace are component parts of beauty, and Burke on the whole is correct, though he does not lay sufficient stress upon health when he says: "The beauty of women is considerably owing to their weakness, or delicacy, and is even enhanced by their timidity, a quality of mind analogous to it. I would not here be understood to say that weakness betraying very bad health has any share in beauty; but the ill effect of this is not because it is weakness, but because the



BETTY'S PLAYTHINGS.

DRAWN BY F. W. FREER.

ill state of health which produces such weakness, alters the other conditions of beauty: the parts in such a case collapse; the bright color, the *lumen purpureum juventæ*, is gone; and the fine variation is lost in wrinkles, sudden breaks, and right lines." J. A. Symonds says, "Grace is a striking illustration of the union of the two principles of similarity and variety; for the secret of graceful action is that the symmetry is preserved through all the varieties of position." Milton wrote of Eve, —

"For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

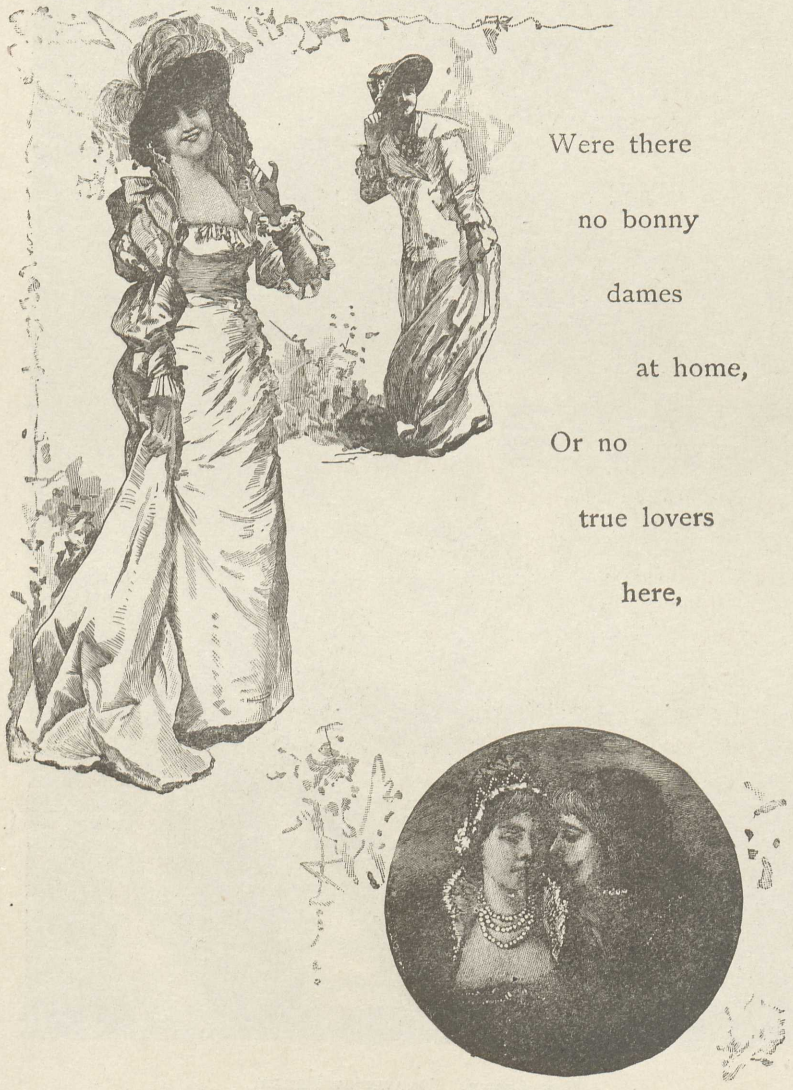


THE LOVER. DRAWN BY FREER.

Color and lustre have a high place among what constitutes beauty, but may be considered as secondary to form. "Color assists beauty," says Winckelmann, "but the essence of beauty consists not in color but in shape." "Color," Ruskin says, "is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent *sign and seal of perfection in them*, being associated with *life* in the human form." Color is an attribute of health, without which beauty is impossible. Expression (variety and individuality) is of the greatest value to beauty; though the Greeks divested their finest statues of expression, and appear to have been largely indifferent to its charms. Mr. Finck believes that "individuality is of such extreme importance in love that a slight blemish is not only pardoned, but actually adored if it increases the individuality." Bacon says, "There is no excellent beauty which has not some strangeness in its proportion." The Persians have an anec-

dote to the effect that one day Timur sent for Hafiz, and asked angrily, "Art thou he who was so bold as to offer my two great cities, Samarcand and Bokhara, for the black mole on thy mistress's cheek?" — alluding to a well-known verse in one of his odes. "Yes, sire," replied Hafiz, "and it is by such acts of generosity that I have brought myself to such a state of destitution that I have now to solicit your bounty." Timur was so pleased with the ready wit displayed in this answer that he dismissed the poet with a handsome present. Shakespeare says, —

"There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks."



FROM FAIR INES. DRAWN BY FREER.

It will not be without interest to read what three poets, one an ancient Greek, the next an Englishman of the Elizabethan age, and the last, one of our own countrymen, have written about portraits of beautiful women. First is, —

THE PORTRAIT

Translated from the Greek of Anacreon by Wm. Hay.

COME, thou best of painters,
Prince of the Rhodian art!
Paint, thou best of painters,
The mistress of my heart, —
Though absent, — from the picture
Which I shall now impart:



FAREWELL. DRAWN BY FREER.

First paint for me her ringlets
Of dark and glossy hue,
And fragrant odors breathing, —
If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead,
That crowns a perfect cheek,
And rises under ringlets
Dark-colored, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows
Nor mingle nor dispart,
But blend them imperceptibly,
And true will be thine art.

From under black eye-fringes
Let sunny flashes play, —
Cythera's swimming glances,
Minerva's azure ray.

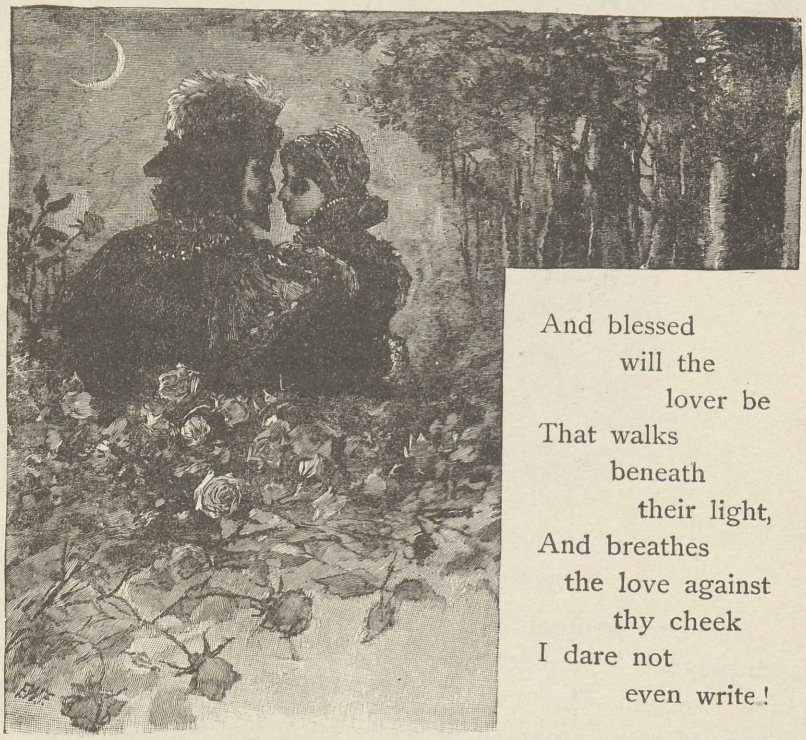
With milk commingle roses
To paint a nose and cheeks,
A lip like bland Persuasion's, —
A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious,
Let all the graces fair,
Round neck of alabaster,
Be ever flitting there.

And now in robes invest her
Of palest purple dyes,
Betraying fair proportions
To our delighted eyes.

Then come these lines by Thomas Dekker, —

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek; and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lovely as her own.
False colors last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom; look, a painted board,
Circumscribes all!



BETROTHED. DRAWN BY FREER.

And blessed
will the
lover be
That walks
beneath
their light,
And breathes
the love against
thy cheek
I dare not
even write!



FROM FAIR INES. DRAWN BY FREER.

and lastly, —

A PICTURE SONG.

BY EDWARD COATES PINKNEY.

How may this little tablet feign
  The features of a face
Which o'er informs with loveliness
  Its proper share of space!
Or human hands, on ivory,
  Enable us to see
The charms that all must wonder at,
  Thou work of gods in thee!

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile
  Familiar stories tells,
And I should know those placid eyes —
  Two shaded crystal wells;
Nor can my soul, the limner's art
  Attesting with a sigh,
Forget the blood that decked thy cheek,
  As rosy clouds the sky.

They could not semble what thou art —
  More excellent than fair,
As soft as sleep or pity is,
  And pure as mountain air!
But here are common earthly hues
  To such an aspect wrought,
That none, save thine, can seem so like
  The beautiful of thought.

But let us see what great Shakespeare says on this subject. Here are the words he puts into the mouth of Bassanio, in the "Merchant of Venice," when he has happily chosen the right casket, and opening it, finds his mistress's picture therein: —

"Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes, —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance."

And here we quote from the final scene in "The Winter's Tale," when the portrait of Hermione is displayed, — "a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer."



BLUCHER THE GREYHOUND AND THE CHICKENS.

DRAWN BY F. W. FREER.

Paulina says: —

"As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say, 't is well.

[*Paulina undraws a curtain and discovers a statue.*]



DERONDA AND HIS MOTHER. DRAWN BY FREER.

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak, — first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leontes. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. — But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Polixenes. O, not by much.
Paulina. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leontes. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!



DERONDA AND MIRAH. DRAWN BY FREER.

I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? — O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!
Perdita. And give me leave;
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paulina. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's
Not dry.

Camillo. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Polixenes. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much of grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.



A Hotel for Dogs. Drawn by Freer.

Paulina. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leontes. Do not draw the curtain.
Paulina. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leontes. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Polixenes. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leontes. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paulina. I 'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leontes. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paulina. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.



NO ROOM FOR ANY MORE DOGS TO-NIGHT. DRAWN BY FREER.

Leontes. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paulina. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leontes. No, not these twenty years.
Perdita. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on."

It will be noted that though Giulio Romano, to whom the play assigns the authorship of the statue, is not known as a sculptor, the figure is spoken of as *painted,* which many sculptures, from the earliest times, have been.

Mr. Freer has acquired much favor with the public as a painter of pictures of beautiful women. Perhaps his most successful work is *A Girl in Black*, which was first shown at the National Academy of Design in 1887, and afterwards sent to the exhibition of the Boston Art Club, by whom it was at once purchased for their permanent collection, and now holds an honored place on the walls of their beautiful house. As with most of Mr. Freer's pictures, his model in this case was his wife. Among his other works are *Choosing a Study*, which is owned by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke of New York, well known as a leading collector of American



MAKING BUTTER. DRAWN BY FREER.

paintings; *Souvenir of Gainsborough*, *Waiting*, *In Ambush*, *Jeannette*, and *Love's Token*. Of the last named, a charming girl, seated on a sofa and gazing at a rose in her hand, he has made a large etching. He has also etched a plate of Miss Jennie Brownscombe's picture, entitled *Halcyon Days*, and a number from his own designs, including *Lady Bug* and *At Polling*. Both of these are "dry points," and the latter is a landscape subject. In the medium of water-color, Mr. Freer has done a great quantity of work, nor has he neglected black-and-white.

He was born in Chicago in 1849, and studied abroad for a number of years, principally at the Royal Bavarian Academy in Munich under Wagner and Diez, but also for some time in Paris. In 1880 he left his native city and came East, finally settling in New York, and sending his first picture to the National Academy in 1881. He was elected one of its Associates

in 1887, and is a member of the Water-Color Society, the Society of American Artists, and the New York Etching Club.

Both as painter and etcher Mr. Freer has made his mark, and may be considered as by no means the least important of that able group of young artists from whom we have reason to expect yet much more and better than they have already accomplished, good as it is. But that is in the keeping of the future; and in the mean time we can enjoy and be grateful for the many lovely faces and types of gracious girlhood which his art has bestowed upon us, saying with the poet, —

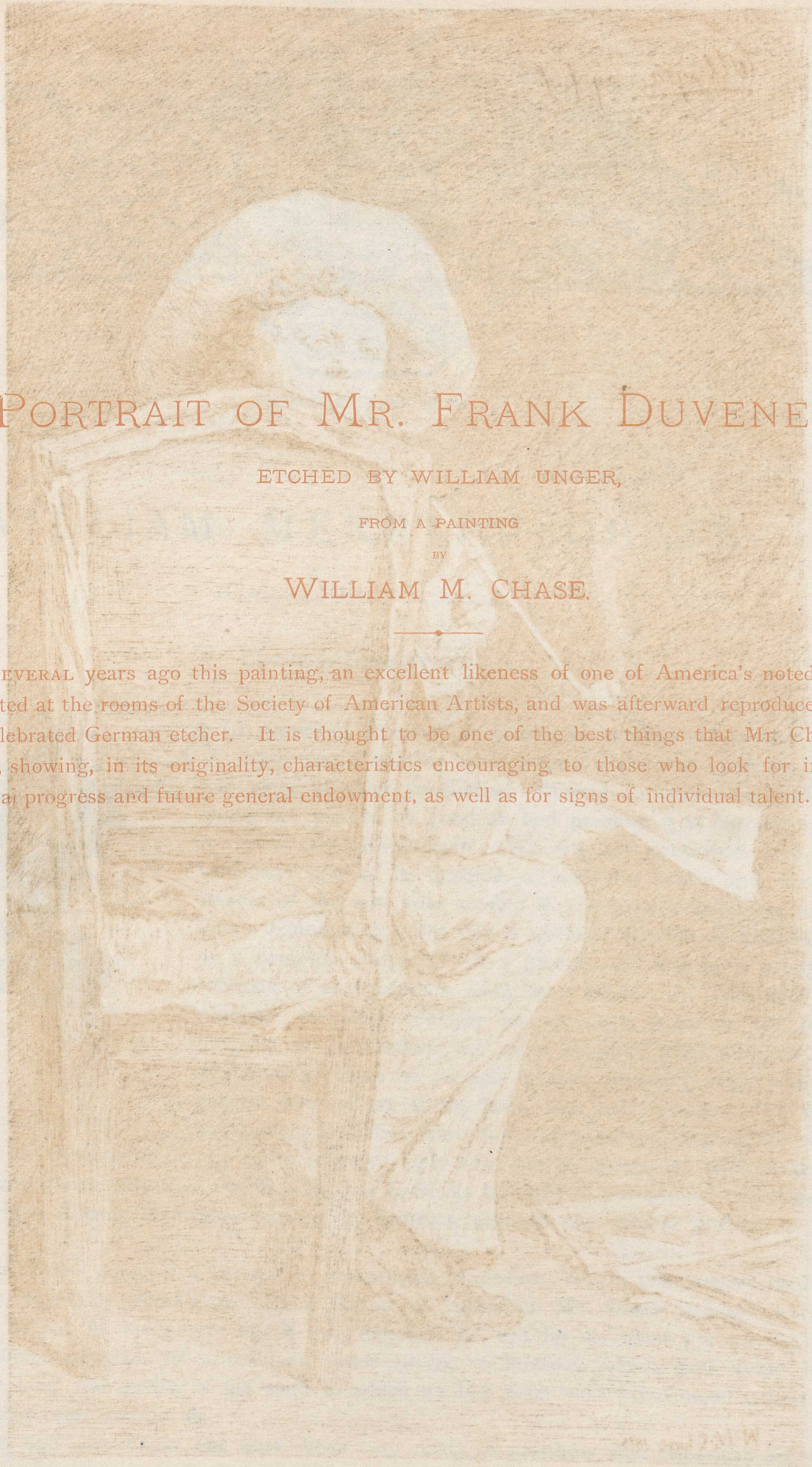
> "From fairest creatures we desire increase,
> That thereby Beauty's rose might never die," —

and trusting that Mr. Freer will long continue to present his fair creations to our eyes. Like their living counterparts, such are always welcome, — for who is there too young, too dull, or too old to be unmoved by the sight of a beautiful face, — and serve as the best substitutes when we meet but few such in real life. We can imagine that, looking at one of these charming heads, some old but not untender bachelor might say to himself, "How much that looks like my lost darling!" (alas! she died twenty years ago, a few weeks before the day that should have seen their wedding); some woman, lonely, faded, and sad, might pause and think, "I must have been something like that when I was young;" some father feels a tear rising as the thought comes to him, "If my little girl had lived, she would have had just such a winsome air."

Mr. Freer has not made the illustration of books a specialty; but his drawings for this purpose have been well worthy of praise, and we are fortunately enabled to show some of them here. For Tom Hood's "Fair Ines" he drew some most pleasing designs, — the head of the lover is particularly good, — and his two illustrations for George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" are admirable studies of character, the figure of the stately Princess Halm-Eberstein as she places both her hands on the shoulders of her son being perhaps the best.




Wm M Chase 1875



PORTRAIT OF MR. FRANK DUVENECK.

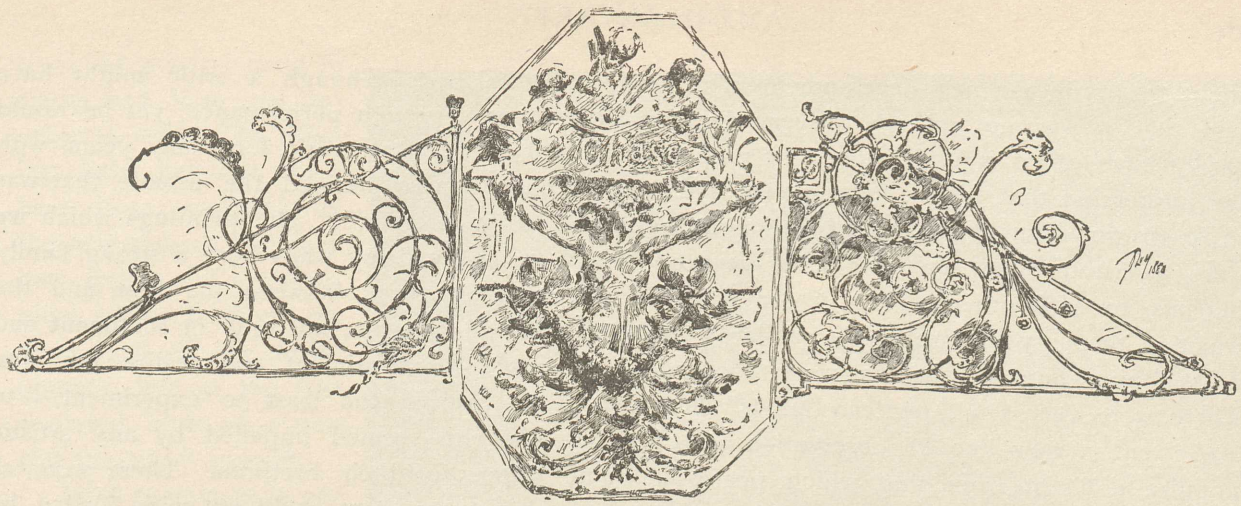
ETCHED BY WILLIAM UNGER,

FROM A PAINTING

BY

WILLIAM M. CHASE.

SEVERAL years ago this painting, an excellent likeness of one of America's noted artists, was exhibited at the rooms of the Society of American Artists, and was afterward reproduced by Unger, the celebrated German etcher. It is thought to be one of the best things that Mr. Chase has produced, showing, in its originality, characteristics encouraging to those who look for indications of national progress and future general endowment, as well as for signs of individual talent.



DESIGNED BY ROBERT BLUM.

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

ALL works of art have, of course, an intrinsic value; but they have also a relative value greatly dependent upon the time and place of their production. Merely to settle the rank of any given picture as good or bad painting it is but necessary to know the canvas itself. We are not concerned with the when and how of its creation, or with the nature and circumstances of the man who created it: its pure technics are alone under examination. But this is not half of what we understand by a complete judgment on a picture, still less by a complete estimate of any painter's work as a whole. To form such an estimate, we must consider his art as a factor in the local progress of civilization; we must examine what were all his surroundings when he created it, and, especially, what was the general state of art at the time; we must consider what men had gone just before him, and what were working by his side. Only thus can we understand his art in its entirety; only thus can we gauge the importance of it to his contemporaries, only thus decide what has been his by right of exceptional endowment, and what by right of mere inheritance shared in common with all the artistic portion of his generation.

When an artist has come in a period of pronounced transition, such a comparative method of criticism is especially demanded. To a period of transition Mr. Chase belongs, having indeed greatly helped to inaugurate it. It will therefore be well for us, when considering his art, to assist direct criticism by a constant under-current of memory, which shall bring into comparison the kind and quality of the work to which we had been most accustomed before he and his associates came among us.

Some years ago one would not have been very ready to prophesy that American art was

about to produce a new development of a strong and vital sort. Though a critic might have said that it was not an art of very deep endowment or very rich performance, yet he would hardly have called it undeveloped or preparative. It had been at work for many years, with the impression that it was fully grown, and had perhaps nearly attained the utmost that was to be drawn from the modes of thought and practice it preferred. The paintings which we were accustomed to see year after year on the National Academy walls bore a strong family likeness to each other. There was a very wide distance, of course, between the best and the worst of them; yet there was a similarity among almost all of them, not only in sentiment and artistic aim, but also in the ways adopted to incarnate the sentiment and realize the aim. There were very few American artists who seemed to care in the least to experiment, — to strike out a new line of observation or of practice, — who seemed impelled by any artistic impulse different from that which possessed some dozens of their brethren. There were, of course, some painters among us against whom such charges as these could not with justice be brought. But their number was not large, and they exerted, with perhaps but a single exception, very little individual influence. Collective influence they could not exercise at all, for they were radically diverse among themselves. They did not seem to be logical outgrowths along any line of development, but rather resembled what a gardener calls "sports," — varieties whose genesis no one understands, whose advent no one has foreseen, and whose recurrence no one can predict.

There were some paintings shown on the walls of the National Academy of Design in 1877, however, which seemed to predict that a new and coherent development in art was beginning. Sent home from Europe by young and hitherto unknown artists, they were as unlike as possible to the average academic thing in pictures; and their authors differed, moreover, from such peculiar talents as I have just noticed by showing an affinity among themselves. There was a certain unity in the conception and treatment of their work, — taking these words in their widest sense, — a similarity of belief as to the sort of excellence to be aimed at, though the mental and manual individuality was strong in each case, and there was consequently much diversity in the methods that had been employed to attain such excellence. I need hardly repeat that the family likeness among the elder painters was a likeness that was apt to run through their entire work, down to the very details of conception and of treatment. On the other hand, the likeness between the "new men," as they quickly came to be called, was merely indicative of a coherent impulse such as has always been necessary to the formation of a sound and vital national art, — of a school of any kind. There was no mistaking the hands of the new men, no possibility of confusing them among themselves, as had been so easy with many of their elders. Yet there was no denying their brotherhood in art. It was this brotherhood, combined with the individuality of each, that prophesied a new future for American painting. There were many to say, of course, that the new style of work was a bit of studio practice only, a plagiarism of Munich masters, a trick of Munich ateliers, a flavor of Bavarian soil that would evaporate after a year or two of home residence and work. Time has not verified, however, such predictions as these. But it is only a few years since the exhibition and the prophecies of which I speak, and it is too short a time, one might object, to justify us in deciding whether the predictions have been verified or not. But when I say that since that time the new men have more than held their own, I do not quote the strongest evidence that their first inspiration is to last, and their style of work to influence our future. This strongest evidence is the fact that their ranks are being daily swollen by new recruits, that in every exhibition we see quite new names signing some of the best work, and that all the *débutants*, variously endowed and of varying temperaments though they be, and coming though they do from a number of different schools, are yet inspired by a certain fraternity of spirit in the way they conceive of their profession and of the place which they aspire to hold in it. And further, into the ranks of the new men have fallen those exceptional talents which before seemed isolated

from the general band of artists and from one another as well. The missing links between them have been supplied by the new-comers, and they now appear, not as straggling offshoots from the main stem of our development, but as the first scattered buds of a new and important growth.

Most prominent in our minds, as we think of the exhibition of 1877 and the men whom it brought to light, are the names of Shirlaw, Duveneck, and Chase. Mr. Shirlaw indubitably ranked highest at the time. His *Sheep-Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands* was the great picture of the year. Second to him we placed, I think, Mr. Duveneck, with his masterly *Turkish Page*. Near this last hung Mr. Chase's contribution, a full-length of a child with a broken jug. It was not so striking a subject as the *Page*, not a work to be noted for admirable composition like the *Sheep-Shearing*. But it had certain qualities which allied it with both of these, — qualities which bore evidence to thorough training in the painter's craft, thorough command over the painter's tool, and thorough artistic instinct applied to conception and to treatment. Within the past few years, however Mr. Shirlaw has not exhibited very much in New York, and it is but natural, therefore, that our public should still look upon the *Sheep-Shearing* as his most important production. Mr. Duveneck, who still lives abroad, has shown us just enough to pique our interest in his strong and peculiar individuality. We wait for his coming home, or for the receipt of more work of first importance, to rank him, it may be, at the head of the younger generation. Meanwhile Mr. Chase has been diligently and progressively at work, has gone beyond the level of the picture which first proved to us his power, and has won for himself a place in the very first rank of his contemporaries, — a reputation of ever-growing breadth as among the strongest and



WILLIAM M. CHASE.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.

most satisfactorily productive of American artists, past or present. It is this which makes the task of entering upon the study of his work so pleasant. We have not to content ourselves with one or two completed pictures and a collection of fragments or mere essays, as is so often the case when we have to deal with an artist who is young. We have not to decipher studies carelessly undertaken and abandoned with hasty dissatisfaction. We have not to seek promise for the future in present failure, or to prophesy achievements from intentions. From Mr. Chase's studio has been turned out a large amount of well-planned, solid work, — work that stands on its own feet, and appeals not at all to indulgence for incomplete design, or immature accomplishment, or fragmentary merit of any kind.

Mr. Chase's first lessons in his art were taken in the studio of a portrait painter in Indianapolis. Thence he went to New York and studied at the Academy schools, working extra hours in the studio of Mr. J. O. Eaton. St. Louis then became his home for a couple of years, his attention being chiefly directed to the painting of still-life subjects. His next move was to Munich, where he spent six years of the most earnest study. In spite of the fact that he had already made an academic course in New York and had had an independent studio for two years or more, he determined to go back to the foundation, abandoned his brushes entirely and started in the antique class, side by side with boys who were just beginning to handle chalk. Thence he passed to the life classes, making the regular course of the school, then studying technics with Wagner, and finally becoming a special pupil of Piloty, whose bare acceptance of a young man as such goes far to prove that he has already pretty well mastered his art. What the teacher thought of his pupil, moreover, was very distinctly shown by his caring to have him paint the portraits of his five children. I wish to insist a little upon these six years of hard work, and especially on the conscientious and thorough spirit that prompted the young artist to begin again at the beginning after several years of study and of independent effort. A slipshod course of work, a dilettante conception of the claims of art upon its professors, a careless dealing with the most difficult things, a conceit with semi-accomplishment, and a consequent failure to estimate themselves or others with correctness, — these things have too long been characteristic of the American mind when it has set itself to study art. Not only for their visible influence upon every stroke of the artist's own work, but for their great importance as an example to all students who shall admire that work, such energy and self-restraint and thoroughness demand that one should approve them with most earnest emphasis.

After a further year of steady work in Venice, Mr. Chase returned to this country in 1878, establishing his studio in New York. Let us now look somewhat in detail at the works which made him known before his advent here, and at those which have widened his reputation since that time. For convenience of criticism and comparison it will perhaps be well to speak first of his portraits only, leaving all pictures of other sorts to be discussed in a second article.

Before Mr. Chase, in company with his brethren in art, attracted universal notice at the exhibition of 1877, he had already sent at least one contribution to the National Academy. It was in 1875, I believe, that he showed a portrait-study called *The Dowager*, a three-quarter length of an old lady in a huge ruff. It was purchased by a New York artist, and as it has recently been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, we can use it as a gauge by which to measure Mr. Chase's subsequent progress. Professing to be no more than a careful "Academy picture," it is in fact a clever and forcibly rendered portrait of an individuality. In spite of the evident travesty of costume, we feel sure we have the real woman before us. In conception and as portraiture it may rank with the best of Mr. Chase's work, but technically it is not so complete as most of those dating from a later period. Since it was painted the artist has worked his way to less hardness of effect, while losing none of the distinctness, so to speak, of his handling. In color it is somewhat harsh and unsympathetic. We may notice in it, by the way, one excellence that is always peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Chase's work. Winckelmann is not the only critic who has said, "It is in the extremities of the human figure that we recognize the



WM. M. CHASE, PINX. FREDERICK JUENGLING, SC.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

hand of the master." For hands of every variety that may come under his brush Mr. Chase shows a special predilection, and in their rendering he is apt to give us the very cleverest working of that brush.



STUDY HEAD.
BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

To the first exhibition of the new Society of American Artists, in 1878, — the academic dove-cots having been so fluttered by the advent of the sturdy brood of young painters in the preceding year that these last had thought it best to provide a home for themselves, — Mr. Chase sent his *Ready for a Ride*, perhaps the best known of all his pictures. To this I shall give a future word; here I must only speak of a couple of portrait studies shown at the same time. *The Apprentice* was the most striking of them. The handling was broad to excess, and the canvas full of life and "go," — aggressively so, if I may use such a word to mark the strong contrast between this bit of intense, if unbeautiful reality, and the vapid discretion, the smooth nothingness, the sickly conventionality, of the portrait studies to which our public had been most accustomed.

The next year's exhibition of the Society was distinguished by that *Portrait of Mr. Duveneck*, of which a reproduction by Unger, the celebrated German etcher, appears in this work. It marks, I think, the highest point of accomplishment he has yet attained; and it would assuredly be hard to find its superior in any atelier where an American has been at work. Its most valuable quality, to those who look for indications of national progress and future general endowment, as well as for signs of individual talent, is its originality. I do not speak now of the conception of the picture; that is a charm to very many in itself, while to others it seems a drawback, — a deliberate eccentricity, or the proof of a not very acute feeling for beauty. I speak of its merits as a painting narrowly so called. Nothing could be more harmonious, more balanced, more thoroughly of a piece throughout. The scale of color is low, but without any hint of blackness or sombreness. There is as much reticence in the use of excessive darks as there is in the employment of pronounced lights. It is wonderful to see how well the values have been given with so restrained a scale, how much richness of effect accompanies so severe a self-denial, and how much "color" there is in a picture which, literally speaking, shows not a single note thereof. There is no hint of affectation in the choice of so low a key, no following of any "old master" in its grays and browns. And these appear, moreover, to have been chosen for their own sakes, and not in an effort after "tone" as the popular eye conceives it, after those effects which time has rendered dear to us, having bestowed them upon the canvas of the great men of other days. Nor is there in the work a flavor of any living artist whose style might be supposed to have influenced a young and ardent painter. It is the work of a master who has struck out a line for himself, but who follows it so easily, so soberly, with so much self-possession, that it is hard for the uninitiated to believe that it has not long before been trodden by some one else. Of the special technical characteristics of this and the other paintings I cannot speak until I have given a word or two



STUDY HEAD.

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

of notice to the most important, and so can use them for the purposes of illustration.

To compare with the *Duveneck*, for the purpose of showing the variety of Mr. Chase's work, we could have nothing better than the *Portrait of a Lady in a Directoire Dress*, of which a wood-cut by Mr. Juengling is before us. It is one of his more recent works, and has lately been exhibited. The low, subdued scale of the *Duveneck* has given place to a scale of exceeding lightness and delicacy, and exceeding difficulty of management as well. The white dress with blue trimmings, the blue shoes, mitts, and hat-linings, are relieved by the pale pink feathers and pink and crimson roses of the hat and by the yellow scarf. The seat is green, the fan pale gray, the cushion, again, a delicate pink, and the background of a creamy color with a tiny flower-pattern so subdued as to bring out most forcibly the kindred colors in the principal masses. The blond complexion and golden hair of the sitter accord well with the general scheme. This enumeration of the colors which have been associated with so much boldness leaves on the reader's mind, I do not doubt, an impression that with such materials success could hardly have been achieved, more especially as the figure is life-size. We are reminded, perhaps, of the modern Spanish-Roman school, and we picture to ourselves a canvas of large size covered with the vivid and metallic-looking tints which an Alvarez or a Jimenez employs for his very small figures. But Mr. Chase's palette, as here displayed, has no affinity with theirs. His blues and yellows and pinks are the paler, softer tints, not the opaquer and more vivid colors so named. An extreme delicacy of tone, an almost evanescent purity of effect, are the results. There is no glitter or glare of brilliant pigments. The most sombre possible key could not be less aggressive. I may illustrate the delicacy of the canvas, perhaps, by saying that a white frame with ornaments in the lowest relief has been designed by the artist as most suitable for it, — best calculated to bring out its coloring with proper effect. The heavy gold that improves most pictures would, indeed, somewhat oppress this dainty beauty. I need hardly add that, taken for all in all, it is a very audacious canvas. But even those who are most startled by it at first sight will allow, I think, that success has justified audacity. A faultless work it is not. One cannot be quite so simply satisfied with it as with the *Duveneck*, for example, but a work of originality and force it most certainly is, and, moreover, a work possessing that indefinable quality called "charm," which by some critics has been found wanting in much of Mr. Chase's work. There are parts of it which are not quite up to the level of other portions, but these last are among the most successful essays of the artist's brush. As such I may mention, in passing, — for in a general notice such as this there is no space to discuss in detail a work of which very much might in detail be said, — the painting of the feet and the hands, and the way in which the wind-blown hair is rendered.

Among other portraits which Mr. Chase has painted within the past few years, most of which

have not been exhibited, — I must stop to notice one which has, on the other hand, been so frequently seen and so universally discussed that it can scarcely need more to-day than the briefest word. I refer to the *General Webb*, a fine and sympathetic rendering of a finely picturesque and interesting subject. For pose and vitality and powerful brush-work it has not its superior — scarcely, in truth, its equal — in our contemporary work. Again I must speak of the hands as specimens of how far *virtuosité* of the brush may be carried.

I must now attempt in a few words to give a rough estimate of Mr. Chase's general qualities as a portrait-painter. He is never conventional, and only occasionally does he fall into the opposite extreme of a singularity that is prized, apparently, for being such. The attitudes on many of his canvases are defiant by their very simplicity. What we never find is the following of any hackneyed method of representation, any time-worn receipt for making a supposedly picturesque result. The most prominent characteristic of his style in portraiture is force. Vividness of conception, strength and rapidity of hand, — these are its most striking qualities. It would therefore not be hard to conclude, even if we had not the actual evidence of his work before us, that the sitters best suited to Mr. Chase's brush are such as possess marked traits of feature or expression, and so lend themselves most readily to strong characterization. A head like General Webb's, a rough, boyish phiz such as is shown in the *Apprentice*, a curiously interesting and individual face like Mr. Duveneck's, a countenance, whether of man or woman, with the strong marks of age upon it, — these are his most congenial themes. I do not forget many charming women's faces he has painted; but however lovely they are in themselves, however adequate and appropriate the painting as such has been to the subject, it must nevertheless be decided that when the artist has had a strong theme he has done his strongest work as portraiture proper.

With regard to the general conception of Mr. Chase's portraits, I may add that they possess one good quality that is very often wanting in the works of contemporary painters. It is too much the custom, I think, to paint the figure in hard relief against a flat and solid tint. This tint serves well, of course, to throw the theme out boldly; and I know that the practice is much in favor just at present, and is sanctioned by some of the strongest men, especially in the French school. But I cannot think it as satisfactory, as artistic a method as one which works more in the interests of harmony, and gives more unity to the canvas as a whole. It is not necessary, of course, to make a deliberate "picture" out of a portrait. But if we think of the greatest masters in the art of portraiture, from the painters of Venice and the Netherlands down to Stuart, the chief in our own country, we shall see that their simple portraits have been painted in an atmosphere of color, so to speak, and not against a blank even tint. The background envelops the figure, as it were, and throws it out with softness, not with emphasis. There is a oneness in such a canvas that is wanting where the dead-wall system has been adopted. The relief may be as satisfactory in the hands of a master, and it will be attained by less palpable means and in a more beautiful way. This, we may be glad to notice, is the method almost invariably followed by Mr. Chase. There was, by the way, a noteworthy chance to compare the two styles of work only recently when the *General Webb* and Mr. Sargent's fine *Carolus Duran* hung close together on the exhibition walls in New York and Boston.

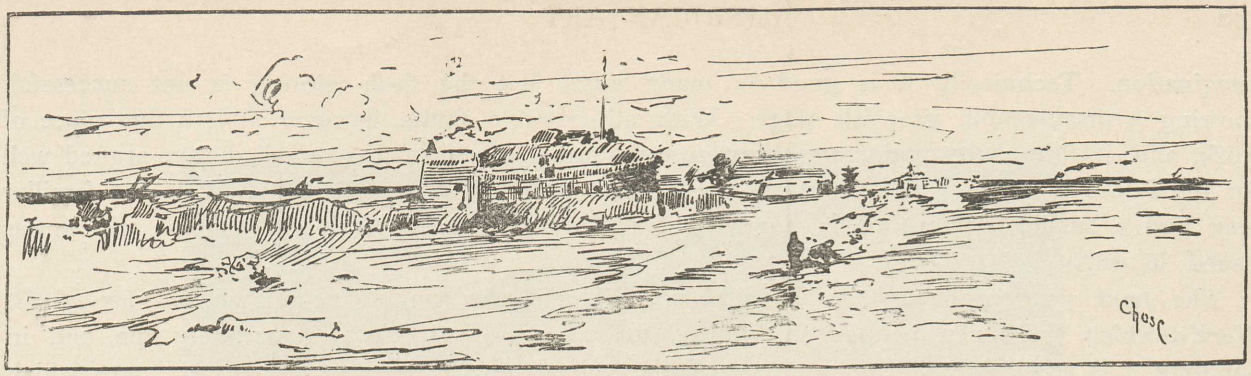
I have but space, in conclusion, to give a word to Mr. Chase's work in pen-and-ink, specimens of which are here for our consideration. The originals from which they have been taken are, if I remember rightly, about two-thirds life-size, and are done on Bristol-board with a broad reed pen. It is not necessary to remark upon the boldness of their handling or to emphasize the rapidity of touch which alone could have made such boldness possible. I would call attention rather to another quality which may more easily be overlooked by the hasty, — the extreme economy of means, and the nice yet daring adaptation of the means to the desired end. The first portrait of this sort that I ever saw from Mr. Chase's hand was a life-size head of Wilhelmj, done in two sittings. The likeness was admirable, giving the peculiarly sweet

expression one remembers as being in such strong contrast to the massive character of the musician's face. The technical handling was a delight, — vigorous and broad in the extreme, not an outline stroke in the whole head, and the pen having worked with extraordinary freedom.

The initial illustration of this paper has been sketched from the knocker on Mr. Chase's studio door, a bit of Renaissance bronze brought by him from Venice. The head-piece represents his door-plate, also a bronze, but this time a clever piece of work done by Mr. Baur, of New York. The ornaments on each side of the plate were composed and added by Mr. Blum.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

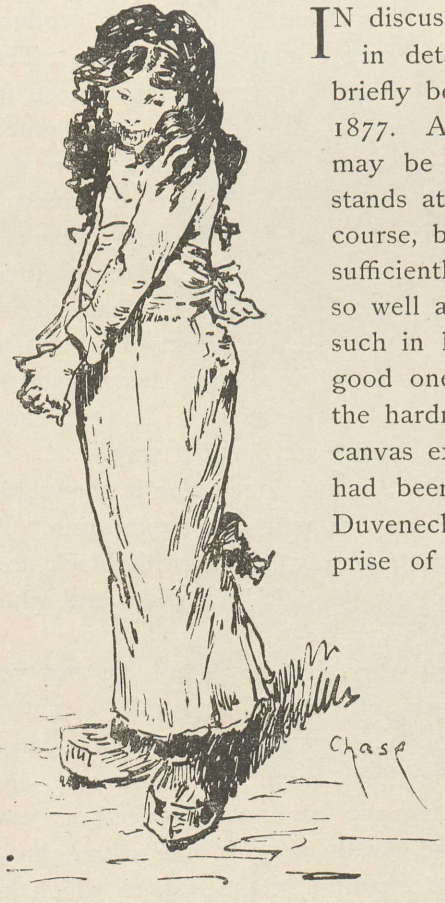




THE LIDO, VENICE. — SKETCH BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.



THE BROKEN JUG.

IN discussing Mr. Chase's work I was able in my first article to speak in detail of the portraits only. His other paintings must now briefly be considered. First in order come the Academy pictures of 1877. A hint as to the composition of the *Girl with a Broken Jug* may be gathered from the little sketch, of the figure only, which stands at the beginning of this paper. The subject is hackneyed, of course, but I think that Mr. Chase's treatment of it will be found sufficiently original. The child stands against a landscape background so well and appropriately painted that one regrets not oftener finding such in his compositions. Technically speaking, the canvas is a very good one. The color is rich and agreeable, and there is no trace of the hardness of effect one had noticed in the *Dowager*. The other canvas exhibited at this time was a large *Boy Feeding a Cockatoo*. It had been done in Munich, and from the model posed for it Mr. Duveneck painted at the same time his *Turkish Page*. To the surprise of the artists both pictures came together by chance in this exhibition. Mr. Chase's was received at a very late moment, and was in consequence so badly hung — over a door — that it did not attract all the attention it deserved. It is full of color, and very clever in characterization.

The first exhibition of the Society of American Artists, in 1878, showed us, in addition to the portrait studies of which I have already spoken, the popular *Ready for a Ride*, by far the most interesting picture of the year. Purchased at once by a dealer, — a strange thing, by the way, to happen to the work of a new American painter, — it soon became the property of the Union League Club, and did more than anything else to introduce the young artist to his public when he shortly after followed the picture to this country. It is a fascinating canvas, very sympathetically imagined, and full of an indefinable pathos. More than any other of Mr. Chase's pictures, it charms the feelings and excites the

imagination. Technically it is good in many ways, but the flesh-coloring is not successful, showing a disagreeable greenish tinge. With all possible faults, however, it is a fine piece of work, and its simplicity and straightforwardness, united to so much manual ability, argued well for the future of the new aspirant to honor. Those to whose memory the picture is not familiar may find a small wood-cut of it, engraved for *Scribner's Monthly*, in the volume which was issued in 1879.

The next year produced the *Duveneck* portrait, and saw hanging near it an *Interior of St. Mark's*, which had been painted in Venice. In color this picture is remarkably fine, and in handling it is admirable. The textures — of the veined marble, and of the metal lamps which the old sacristan is cleaning, and of all the different accessories — are rendered with a power that is as various as impartial in its manifestations. Without being at all minute, as the word is commonly understood, the treatment is detailed to a greater degree than in any of the works to which I have already referred. Yet no atom of unity or breadth has been sacrificed in the process. This same year saw on the walls of the Academy the *Court Jester*, a figure rather less than half life-size, if I remember. A very strong and impressive piece of work, it may not be found a very attractive one, being open to criticism in the matter of color. Reds predominate and are a little overpowering without being rich in quality. The characterization of the head is very powerful, and one always feels impelled to speak of hands that Mr. Chase has touched. A well executed engraving of this picture is before us, showing the composition reversed.

Turning to the domain of still-life, I may mention among Mr. Chase's important productions a large canvas in which the chief object is a cockatoo feeding out of a brass dish. The picture is familiar to the public, having been several times exhibited. It was reproduced in Appleton's *Art Journal* for May, 1880. It is a pity, however, that one cannot learn much more from this wood-cut than the mere composition of the picture. It does not show the handling very clearly, and the handling is its most noteworthy excellence. As a composition I do not think it very successful. It wants spontaneity, looks too much like a deliberately planned study of studio properties. Though most still-life subjects are of necessity thus planned, they need not betray the fact so clearly. Some of Mr. Chase's other essays in the same line, though less brilliant and less striking, perhaps, have more than this one the effect of a chance association of beautiful objects which had involuntarily pleased the eye, and been painted because they had so pleased. But in handling the canvas is magnificent. Textures and effects are rendered with admirable accuracy, but in the boldest and least detailed way.

A finely finished *Interior of the Artist's Studio* should also be mentioned, for it shows his still-life painting at its best, and is a beautiful piece of coloring as well as of execution. A larger view of another portion of the studio is now on the easel, merely laid in with black and white. The accompanying reproduction will show my readers how good it is in plan, and what a satisfactory thing we may expect from its completion in color.

In landscape Mr. Chase has also done good and individual work, but his talent has not yet been so strongly displayed along this line as to make a detailed criticism of its results a matter of necessity. I do not think he has ever worked very much in water-colors, although a large picture called *The Turkish Carpet Bazar* was done in this medium some few years ago, and is here sketched for us by the artist's hand. As an etcher, also, he has not produced a great deal of work, but we may surely expect clever things with the needle from a man whose hand is so free and true. His etching of the *Court Jester* is a good example of the skill to which he has thus far attained.

Before attempting to give some slight summary of Mr. Chase's general artistic character, I must speak very briefly of those pictures which are too important to be left unnoticed, but which are only known to me from reproductions. Among such are the five portraits of Piloty's children, which, from the photographs, we may certainly venture to rank among his strongest



THE COURT JESTER.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE



THE TURKISH CARPET BAZAR.

FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

and most attractive works. They are remarkable for the beauty of the models no less than for the truthful way in which we feel that these models have been reproduced by portraiture of the ablest kind. Many other pictures were painted by Mr. Chase in Munich and in Venice, notable among them being a *Venetian Fishmarket*, which is now owned in St. Louis. It was reproduced very skilfully in a large wood-cut which well preserved the handling and the spirit of the artist. The elements of the picture are far removed from those which are usually called either beautiful or picturesque, but are so treated as to be very true to nature and very effective as art; and the boy is a superbly vivid bit of portraiture. I may, moreover, refer my readers to some capital wood-cuts after single figures by Mr. Chase, which have been published in Appleton's *Art Journal* from time to time.

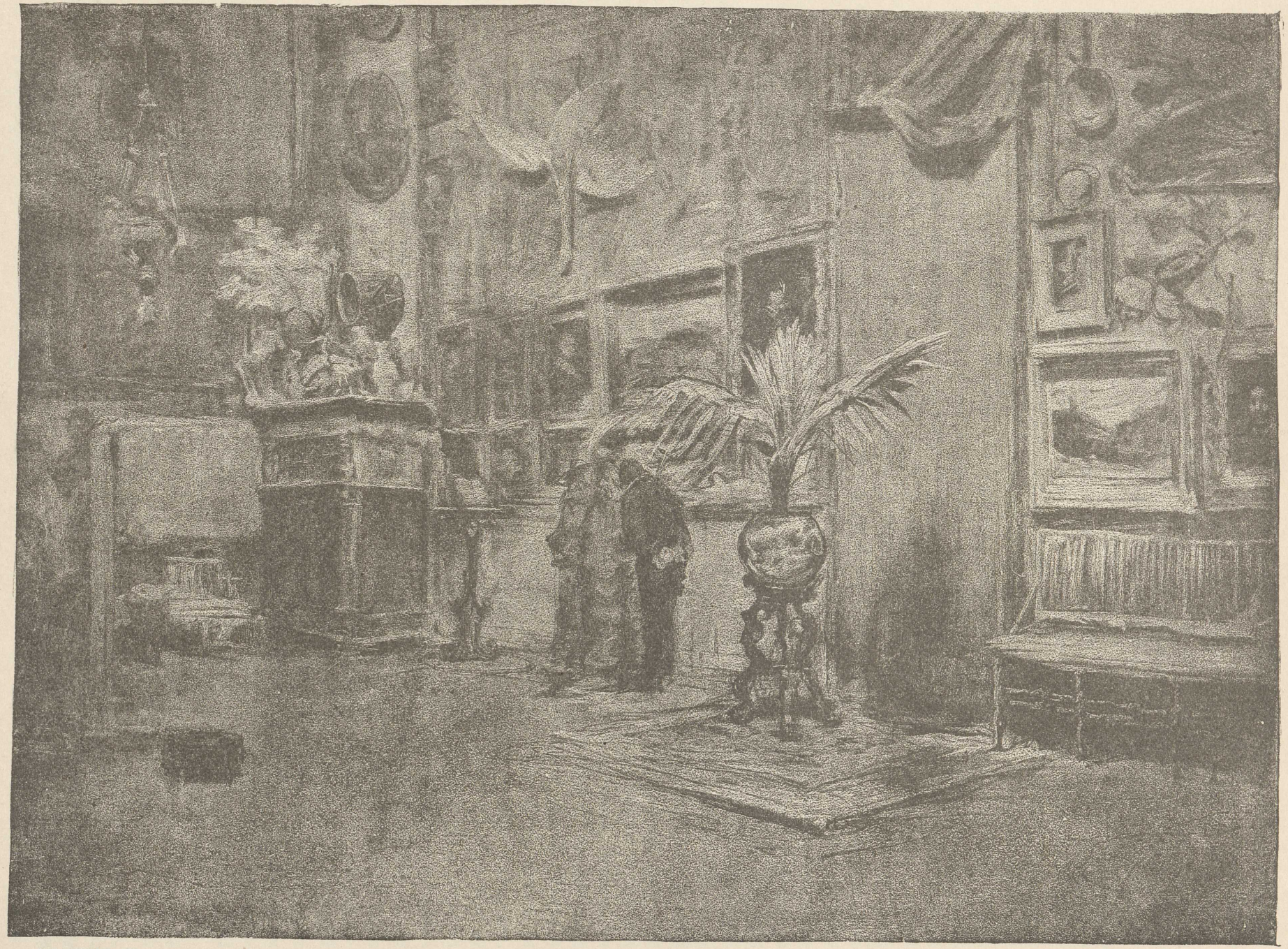
In considering an artist's work as a whole, the most usual and perhaps the most interesting plan is to give at the outset some general sketch of his aims and methods, and then to illustrate it by reference to his more important paintings. If I have here followed an opposite plan, it has been, I think, for a very sufficient reason. Mr. Chase is a young man, and astonishingly versatile. His labor has not yet crystallized into a very definite scheme, or developed along any one predominating line. I have begun by giving a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of his work, because variety in subject and in treatment is his most marked characteristic, and because that variety could best be exhibited by such a catalogue. Now, however, that his chief pictures have been noted and their diversity explained, I may use them to impress upon my readers what to me appear the main characteristics of his art when regarded as a whole.

I need hardly repeat that there is no monotony to be found, from whatever side we look at it, — from the side of sentiment, or handling, or color, or composition. Some of his pictures are very clever, but not very individual. Others, again, are remarkable for just this virtue, but

do not agree among themselves in the kind and quality of their individuality. The *Directoire* portrait is not more diverse in color than in sentiment from the *Duveneck*, and we have only to contrast such a canvas as the *Broken Jug* with the *Apprentice* or the *Fishmarket* to see their wide divergence. In *technique* the variety is just as great, the different touches of which Mr. Chase is master being usually adapted to the theme in hand with much sense of fitness. He has painted some pictures where the flesh, for example, is as delicately touched, as skilfully elaborated, as it is in the work of painters who never show us anything less deliberate. And, on the other hand, there are passages — whole canvases, indeed — where his brush has worked with a rapidity, a *brio*, a breadth of sweep, that might mark him a favorite pupil of Franz Hals. Such is the brilliant brushwork of the *Fishmarket*, for example, and of the *General Webb*, and of the *Cockatoo*, and of many study heads. There is not a touch that might have been omitted, or a touch put on slowly that might have been set with rapidity, or a slender stroke repeated where one broad dash would have done as well. Yet there is no lapse into impressionism, no blocking out or slurring over. Everything is visible and definite, and actually *painted;* and only the amateur of fiery handling will realize, perhaps, how masterly are the means by which the end has been attained. In the *Duveneck* the methods are a little more restrained, but not less admirable. It is possible that there may be faults to be found with the handling of this canvas, but for myself I do not know what they are.

In color there is the same criticism to be made. I have already spoken of the way in which Mr. Chase passed from the subdued scale of the *Duveneck* to the richness, for example, of the *Studio Interior* and the *St. Mark's;* and, again, the remarkable departure he made from all his own precedents when he planned the *Directoire* portrait. In many scales he has done well, but to my mind it is the scale of the *Duveneck*, no less than the handling and the originality of the whole work, that makes it the most admirable of his productions. His flesh-color is rarely anything but good, and sometimes it is very lovely, yet I do not think that he has yet attained the utmost in this direction. There is no work of his that seems to me quite as fine for absolute beauty of solid, blooming flesh as one, for example, by his friend Duveneck, which hangs in Mr. Chase's studio.

Such versatility as this makes a man's work very difficult to characterize in any general summary. But it is, of course, none the less admirable on that account, even in the eyes of a writer whose verbal efforts it eludes. When we consider the way in which most of our painters have been accustomed to running in ruts, and not very wide or deep ones either, — polishing one little facet of a gift that might have been made a many-sided talent, dwarfing into one ever-recurring mood a nature that might have known more than one, belittling themselves and their art by forever painting the same thing in the same way, — we shall agree that such versatility as Mr. Chase exhibits must be a good thing in itself, and serviceable to the younger men who look to him and his associates for instruction and example. We have no wish then to cavil because Mr. Chase experiments along many lines, loves many things, has many aims, and seeks for expression in many keys. Yet if versatility tends to the diffusion of power, prevents concentration on any one thing, and exhibits the superficial elements of an artist's nature with as much insistence as it exhibits the moods that are more vital and more peculiar to himself, there is danger in its very force, a siren power of destruction in the charm it exerts upon him. At first sight, we may think that there is some danger of this with Mr. Chase. There is so little sameness in his work that we are for a moment unable to form a distinct idea of his individuality, further than that he is a very strong painter, and a hater of shams and sentimentalities, a painter with a dignified conception of his art and sufficient self-respect never to descend to trivial things. Whatever qualities may be lacking in some of his canvases, we shall not find one, I think, that lacks sincerity, and in many the sincerity becomes an obvious enthusiasm. When we take a narrower survey of Mr. Chase's works, however, we find a more personal accent than this in some of them. To define just what it is, — and so define the



WM. M. CHASE, DEL.

CHAS. METTAIS, FAC-SIM.

VIEW IN THE STUDIO OF WM. M. CHASE.

(PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR A LARGE PAINTING.)

channel into which he will most probably turn his strongest work and his sincerest efforts in the years to come, — we must consider the sentiment of his pictures apart from their technical execution. This is especially necessary, for it is just the strength and flexibility of this execution that make his varying canvases appear so nearly alike in value. His methods adapt themselves so well to different needs and to the expression of different sentiments, that it is rather hard at first to look below their surface, and say which need has been the greatest, which sentiment the most individual, and so the most valuable to our art. *Technique*, I need hardly say, has an absolute intrinsic value of its own, whatever may be the theme to which it is applied, a value which outranks all others perhaps, or, at all events, without which all others are of little service. But, nevertheless, some things are better worth saying with an admirable brush than others. Those which are particularly valuable to us to-day, in the infancy of an art which we trust will grow into a strong and fresh development, are things that have not been said before, and that are of actual personal interest to us all. We must look to the works in which Mr. Chase may have said such things as these, if we would prophesy regarding the highest possible achievements of his future. One such work is the portrait of General Webb. Almost more than any other picture the artist has painted, it strikes us as being unlike the work of other men. And the individuality is not only strong and fresh, it is of the most promising kind. There is no question, I repeat, that when art is most vital it concerns itself most intimately with the essence of the world about it: — with its essence, though not always with its externals; for we know how the Florentines, for example, placed their contemporaries on canvas in an ideal world of action and of costume as well. But it is somewhat worse than trite to say that it *was* those contemporaries whom they painted as truly as the Venetians and the Dutchmen painted theirs when they put the figures and the clothes and the landscapes of Venice or of Holland quite literally into conceptions of the most alien character. This portrait of General Webb is particularly promising, then, because, while very artistic, as has not usually been the work of our specially "American" portrait-painters, it is also very true to contemporary and local life. There is no alteration of costume, — it is the same dress that is utterly hideous in so many Academy portraits every year, — but how it here refutes the cry that it is and must be impracticable, and that because of it we cannot possibly have artistic portraiture! There is no attempt, such as might easily have been made with the patriarchal head of the model, to portray any sentiment not native to that model, and intensely characteristic of time and place. I do not know whether the canvas bears an accurate resemblance to the sitter or not; but at all events its nationality is as clearly visible as could possibly be that sitter's own were he before us. The nervous, restless, new-world spirit is vividly suggested even through the reposeful attitude. The repose itself is instinct with activity, is momentary and brimful of life. Such qualities as these — originality of mood, divergence from the portrait manners of other days, vivid reproduction of the essence of our time — are the most valuable possible in contemporary portraiture. Yet for these very qualities this picture has more than once been censured by those who think that good things can be done in but one way, and that the world must long ago have discovered that way. The same reality, the same sympathy with and clear interpretation of *to-day*, are visible in other works by Mr. Chase, in the *Fishmarket* for example, in the *Duveneck*, — though here a little obscured by the slight alteration of dress, — and in some of his simplest portraits, such as the one of Mr. Muhrman. Many hasty studies, too, show the same power, as we find in a series of pencil sketches made from the lace-workers of Venice, one of which is here reproduced on a smaller scale. There is no search for a so-called picturesque subject, merely an artistic little glimpse of a prosaic and quite pitiable figure. All these sketches are bits of real life, touched with something of the genuineness and sympathy that Millet was the first to introduce into modern art. It is this side of Mr. Chase's talent which to me seems most interesting and most susceptible of high development. When a man can realize to-day for us, vividly, truthfully, yet artistically, can paint the things nearest to us,



best understood by all our world, he will fall below his own possibilities if he deals with things less immediate, less real, less instinct with vital contemporary interest.

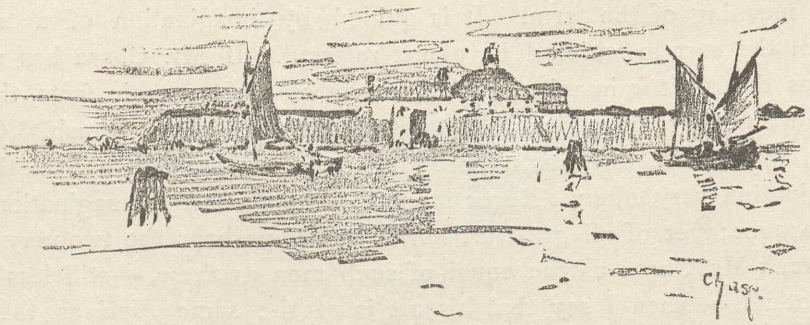
There is but one more word to say with reference to the chances of this artist's future. I am not among those who disparage simple portraiture in the least degree, or exalt high art, so called, as superior to it in the nature of things. But if the power that goes to realize a strong and clever portrait is backed by dramatic instinct and a mastery of composition, it can put the world about us on canvas in a wider and more impressive way. No one who remembers the boy in the *Fishmarket* picture, or many of Mr. Chase's study heads, will deny that he has the dramatic gift in so far as the vivid characterization of the human countenance is concerned. Is this power to be supplemented by the power of dramatic composition, and applied to the rendering of important scenes of contemporary life? If so, we may hope to see the beginning in this country of a stronger art than any to which it can as yet lay claim. Be it understood, however, that by "important scenes" I mean such as have great artistic, not necessarily great historical importance.

I do not think that Mr. Chase will ever prove that he possesses imagination of the idealizing sort that can sometimes vitalize the most alien materials and make them valuable, though they be not at all characteristic of the period. Artistic as are his works, one cannot call them in the least degree poetic. We do not ask from him, for example, the exquisite little dreams that Mr. La Farge can put on canvas, or expect him to stir the imagination as it was sometimes stirred by Mr. Fuller. He is not a dreamer of dreams, or a seer of visions, or a romancer, or an idealist of any sort. He is, before everything, a *painter* pure and simple, and a true child of to-day. His art shows neither the poise and superb quiescence of the classic Italian schools, nor the emotional intensity of more recent "romantic" painters. It concerns itself with the things that lie about it, and it paints them as they are; but it is not prosaic, it is not "realistic" in the cant meaning of the term. It is guided by imagination of a true and valuable sort, though not of the sort to which I have just referred. If Mr. Chase has not the idealizing imagination, he has the *artistic* imagination which can so treat prosaic facts that they become, without any loss of actuality, fit subjects for treatment by the ablest brush. Of this sort was the imagination of the Dutch portraitists, excepting only Rembrandt; and of this sort was even Rembrandt's imagination very often. Never more than this was the imagination of Franz Hals, rarely that of Velasquez; yet of all great artists they were perhaps the two very greatest *painters*. I do not wish to rank Mr. Chase as the equal of such men as these, — still less to insinuate that he imitates them at all, — when I say that his art is of the same *kind* as theirs, his aims and aspirations and propensities similar to their own. He has already done work to prove that his technical ability will be equal to any demands he may hereafter make upon it. There is a chance, of course, that he may never make any of a grander sort than hitherto. But I think there is also a chance that he may do things to prove his powers of dramatic conception and of composition equal to his powers of eye and hand.

I may say, in conclusion, that as a teacher Mr. Chase stands in close relations to the art students of New York, and that his labors in this way are highly praised. In spite of the influence which must be exerted by such strong work as his, I do not think his pupils are very likely to fall into any confirmed habits of imitation; for he shows a desire to develop whatever originality they may possess, — to make each one see for himself and paint as he has seen. Of course, those who have no very individual way of feeling or of seeing will inevitably follow in the wake of whatever master they may have chosen. The admiration of fine *technique* as such, the love of rapid handling and bold effects which characterize Mr. Chase and his associates, must have a good influence, I think, upon the cold, and timid, and over-careful methods which have been for so long identified with American art. Yet just here there may lie a possible danger for the aspirants who admire and strive to imitate these men. Beginners are only too ready to forget that boldness and entire freedom come not at the outset, but

at the very end of training. There must first be careful sureness; only when the eye has learned exactly what is to be done in every case may the hand be trusted to do the work with rapidity and dash. Incorrect rapidity, boldness which misses the mark, and breadth which slurs but does not indicate, are among the worst possible sins in art. Out of them is less likely to come any good thing than out of over-elaboration and a hard insistence upon details. To prove my point, I may add that Mr. Chase himself, before he entered upon his course of foreign training, painted his still-life pictures, we are told, in a way characterized by the most careful execution and by much attention to detail. We may surely believe that at no period of his life did he produce slovenly or aimless work, — studies undertaken with a hesitating hand, or carried out in a careless spirit. Nor can there have been a time when he underestimated the difficulties of his art, or overestimated the power of an untrained hand to grapple with them. The earnestness and humility with which he studied for so many years were the only possible preparation for the now confident enthusiasm of his brush.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.





CROSSING THE SIERRA NEVADA.

BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

PHOTOGRAVURE FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

J. ROLLIN TILTON.

In this scene is depicted a most interesting view of one of the most romantic cities in Europe. In the foreground are the fishing-boats with their highly decorated sails, so often shown in Venetian paintings. Behind them looms up the majestic dome of the church of *Santa Maria della Salute* on the Grand Canal, which is shown on the right of the picture, just beyond the entrance to the Dogana, or Custom House, which supports the great ball on which is poised the figure of Fortune. This is the focal point of the commerce of a city which was once the commercial centre of the world.



DESIGNED BY CHARLES M. CARTER.

EDWARD VIRGINIUS VALENTINE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.



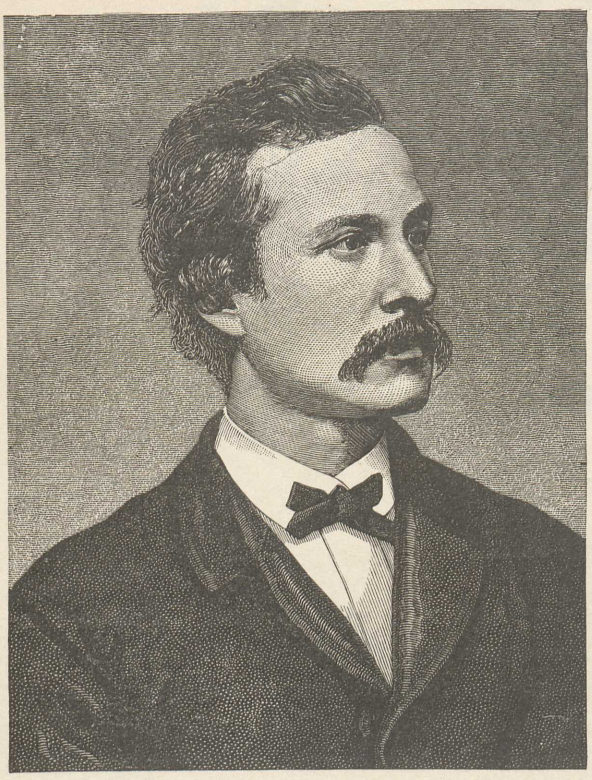
DESIGNED BY CHARLES M. CARTER.

EMERSON, in his aphoristic way, says that "the English people are incapable of an inutility." He argues that the idea of Beauty with them is a luxury; and, as a consequence, that the fine arts among them fall to the ground. With much ingenuity, he attributes this to race temperament and climatic influence. In the mosaic of our cosmopolitan American civilization, where race and climate are of the most varied character, it might be supposed that a very different state of things would exist. We are, as a people, almost so pre-eminently practical as to be "incapable of an inutility"; and yet along with this we have combined a *sentiment* which is wanting to the Englishman. Youth and struggle and poverty have held in abeyance the art spirit heretofore; but how rapid has been the advance in its direction, now that wealth has relaxed the mere necessity for bread-winning, and offers the leisure without which no arts can be fostered!

As a matter of course, or rather as a matter of history, Southern lands have been in large measure the chosen homes of beauty, luxury, and leisure; and hence it follows legitimately that they should be the homes of all the higher arts. Compare Northern Europe with Southern through the Middle Ages on to the Cinque-Cento period, and how vast the difference! To be sure, the Renaissance gave Germany an Albrecht Dürer; but for one artist north of the Po, hundreds might be counted south of it. Where were England's old masters, when Spain, Venice, Tuscany, were reckoning theirs by scores?

If, then, art existed in our own country at all, we might naturally look for it in the Southern portion, where much, in time past, conduced to foster it, — wealth for the more distinctively marked and limited upper classes, refinement, generally diffused education for such, and only too abundant leisure. But if we do look for it in the South, we fail to find it. The entire art spirit, with but few exceptions, has been confined to the North. Our poets, painters, sculptors, as a general thing, have been born above the charmed "line."

We allow the fact, without inquiring after the solution, farther than to say that we believe physical indolence has had very much to do with it. Now that times have changed, and such necessity for individual effort has arisen as did not exist three decades ago, we may hope for better things, of which we already see the well-defined promise. From the carcass of the slain lion may be drawn the honeycomb of those beautiful arts that shall sweeten all our future.



EDWARD VIRGINIUS VALENTINE. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

We are awakening, it is certain, to the importance of cherishing those in our midst who have won for themselves such reputations as reflect credit upon their mother-land. Among the first of Southern sculptors — nay, it is not invidious to say the very first of these — is the Virginian Valentine. Galt, of Norfolk, was cut off in the days of his early promise. Ezekiel, of Richmond, is building up his fame in Rome. But Valentine has already achieved, abroad and at home, a name which will not die. Circumstances have combined to trammel and hinder him in his onward career. The fortunes of war have affected his success. We all remember how grand old Michelangelo's noble creations were interfered with when armies beleaguered his beloved Florence; and, reasoning from the greater to the less, we can well understand how our modern sculptor has fared in his war-smitten city and State.

EDWARD VIRGINIUS VALENTINE was born in the city of Richmond, Virginia, November 12th, 1838. As is usual with those whose art faculty is an instinct, his talent for sculpture developed itself in his earliest boyhood, and he was fortunate in possessing surroundings that tended to foster his natural bent. He was not thwarted in any way; but his art proclivities were nevertheless not suffered to interfere with that solid foundation of education which should underlie all art. Thorwaldsen assumed the chisel before he could write and spell his own language, or any other, correctly; and he remained an uncultured man to the end of his career save in his one department. But, keeping in view his chosen course, young Valentine combined with other studies a course of Lectures on Anatomy, which he attended at the Medical College of Richmond when he was scarce more than a boy. He had the advantage of cultivated friendships and artistic counsel from the beginning, for in his boyhood the capital of the State still kept much of the prestige of the old *régime.* Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, whose fine taste was moved by some of his earlier work, gave him encouraging words and foretold his future eminence. John R. Thompson, at that time a leading *litterateur* of the South, held out a helping hand. Governor Wise sat to him for a portrait bust, which was so perfect as to awaken high hopes for the future artist; so that he was not called to go through that oft-repeated struggle to which so many bright spirits are doomed, before a clear pathway is opened for their endeavor. The youth was not subjected to the discouragements which have embarrassed the finished master; for then the wide world was before him, and ambition and hope buoyed him and beckoned him on. Now, ready for high achievement, but sharing the evil fortunes which have robbed his native city and State of their ability to fill his hands with commissions, he waits in his studio, surrounded by his beautiful creations, for orders to put them into marble, — orders which, through the stress of circumstance, have but stintedly come. At times we are disposed to think that he has made a great mistake in not changing his studio to one of our large Northern cities, where the art spirit, art taste, and the ability to purchase works of art exist as they cannot anywhere now in the impoverished South. Asking for bread, as our people do, how can Valentine offer them *a stone!* But his strong love for his ancestral soil holds him in Richmond, and hence he has not attained that national renown to which his remarkable merits entitle him.

His earliest masters were Hubard, whose fine reproductions in bronze of Houdon's statue of Washington are well known, and Oswald Heinrich, who had come from the centre of Saxon art, Dresden, where his father was private secretary to the picture-loving king. But the ambitious youth panted for such stimulus as could only be found beyond the seas, and consequently, in 1859, when he was just twenty years of age, he went abroad for study. His first point was Paris, where he became a pupil of Couture and learned to draw from the nude. Couture had been a student of Paul de la Roche, and was then in the height of his popularity. After remaining for some time under his instruction, he set out again for the goal of his desires, Italy, the shrine of all the arts. He lingered in intoxicated delight amid the galleries of Milan, Verona, Florence, Rome, going even as far south as Naples. He studied Michelangelo and John of Bologna, and the splendid antiques of the Vatican, and multitudes of the old masters and the modern ones, until his whole nature was saturated, as it were, and he became restless to put to account the stores he was laying up. He returned to Florence and placed himself under the instruction of Bonauti, the friend of Canova and the pupil of Thorwaldsen.

The year after this we find the young artist at Dresden, with the view of becoming the pupil of Rietschel, the famous sculptor there. But he found that the grave had just closed over him: so he hastened on to Berlin, made a special art centre by the presence of such men as Rauch and Cornelius, and Kiss and Schadow and Wolff, all of whom with one exception are now among the dead. Valentine had seen Kiss's great work in bronze, *The Amazon attacked by a Tiger*, and it had left such an impression as made him desirous of receiving instruction from him. On application to Kiss, however, he was refused, the old sculptor saying that he took no pupils. The young American was not easily daunted, and he pleaded so effectively that Kiss relaxed so far as to bid him return to him for his answer three weeks later. At the appointed hour, Valentine duly presented himself, and the result of the conference was that Kiss installed him in his *atelier*, and in a short time, through his diligence, skill, and gentleness, he so won upon the old artist that he thenceforth treated him almost with the kindness of a father: he was childless, and into his heart and home the young student was taken as none had been taken before. In the early days with Kiss the civil war in America broke out, and the ability to hold communication with his home was soon cut off. The impulse so strong upon him to go back to Virginia was thwarted in various ways, and in the stoppage of pecuniary supplies, Kiss pressed upon his pupil purse, home, all he should need. When the old sculptor died, several years after, while Valentine was still with him, he it was who was among the last to be near him, just before his sudden death, and he it was who alone could comfort the desolate widow. Madame Kiss entreated that the beloved pupil should remain as a son with her, pressed upon him the use, without charge, of the old master's *atelier*, and finally presented him with many valuable works of art, — among other things, all the implements with which Kiss had wrought at his beloved sculptures.

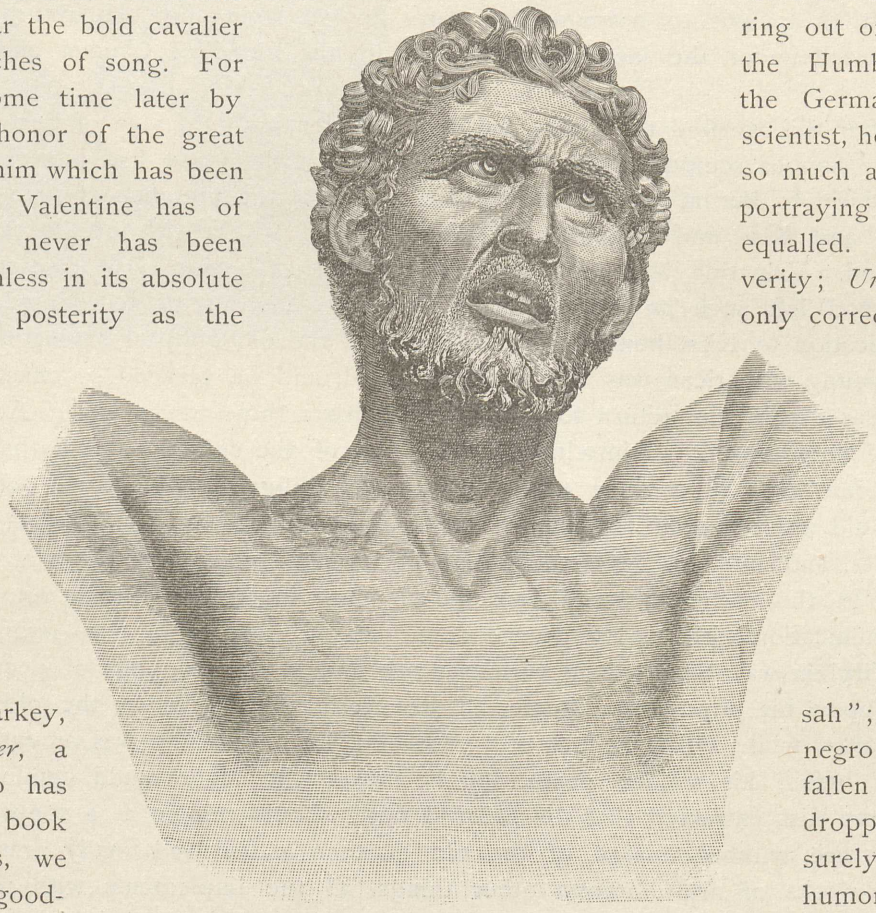
After the close of the war, when return became possible again, the young student could not resist the hungry longing for home, and, turning his back on such offers as would have broken down the resistant patriotism of many a less ardent nature, he came back to Virginia at the close of 1865. When he landed in New York he was offered such advantages as were most tempting to an ambitious young artist; but he rather chose to cast in his lot with his own people, and so set up his studio in Richmond.

It was a hopeless prospect which presented itself when Valentine opened his rooms in his native city. The depression of every kind was terrible. A certain paralysis rested on all hearts and hands. It seemed a mere mockery to offer to execute busts and statues for people who lacked almost the necessaries of life. But he was brave, and his courage did not fail him. He had brought home with him an exquisite statuette of General Lee, which at once commanded admiration. Some London journals had spoken of it in exalted terms, for it had been carried

to England and exhibited there. It was a very complete representation of the Confederate commander, and attracted great and wide attention to the sculptor's work.

Mr. Valentine had also won for himself high praise in Berlin, by a bust, modelled from life, of Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff, now Professor of Law in the University of Munich: he will be remembered as having been the defender of Count Arnim in the famous trial in Berlin.

But though commissions could not be expected, under the circumstances, Mr. Valentine did not wait in idleness. He modelled various ideal heads, — among others *The Samaritan Woman*, with its striking face and remarkable down-dropt eyes. *The Penitent Thief*, a wonderful presentment of agonizing pain and awful entreaty, belongs to this period. Lee's bust was modelled, a very superior piece of bust portraiture, and many a well-known Virginian's followed, — Maury's, Stuart's, Albert Sidney Johnston's, Joseph E. Johnston's, and still others. General J. E. B. Stuart he modelled in so life-like a manner that one almost expects to hear the bold cavalier ring out one of his characteristic snatches of song. For the Humboldt Festival, inaugurated some time later by the German citizens of Richmond in honor of the great scientist, he made the colossal bust of him which has been so much admired.

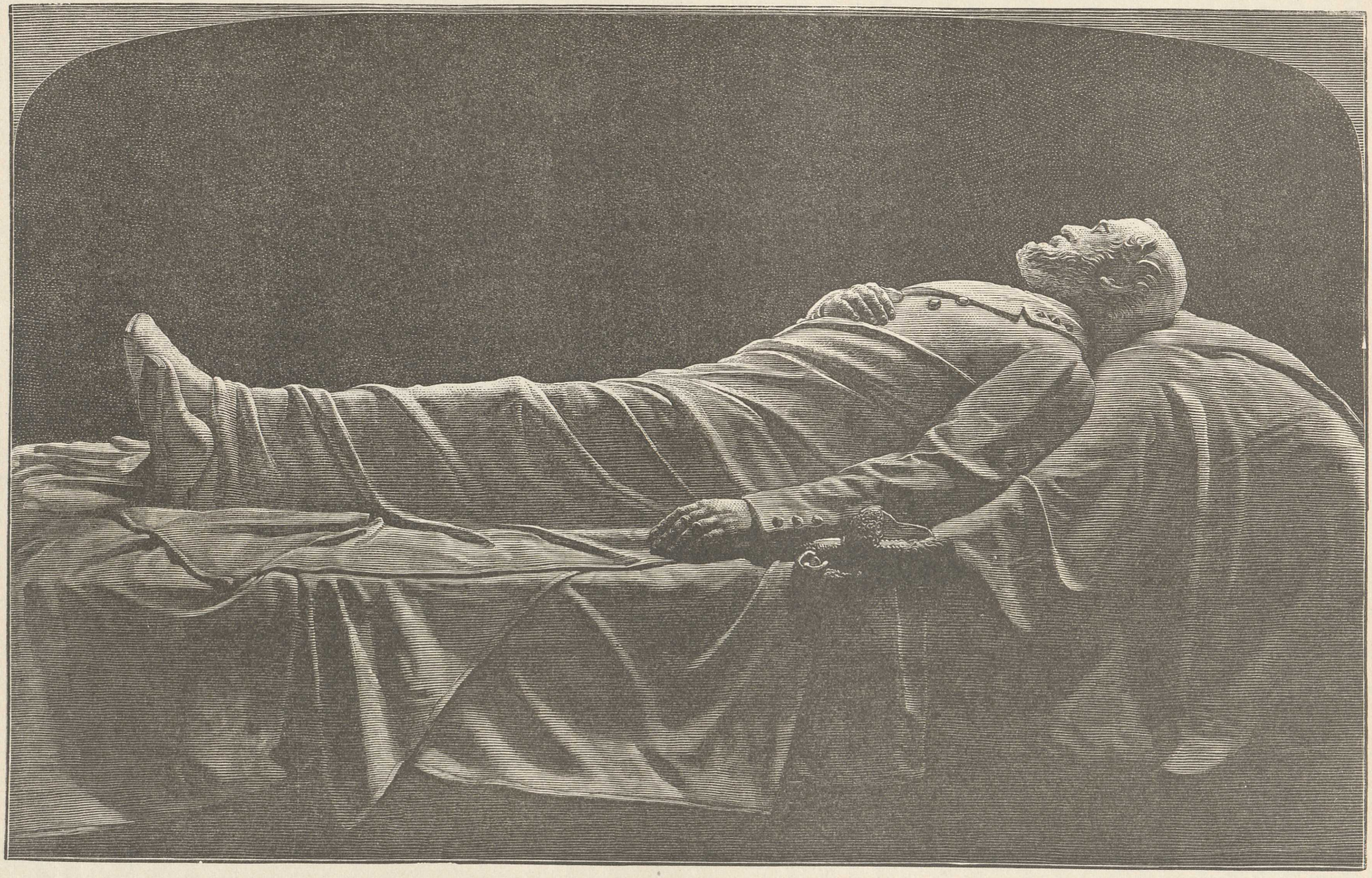


The Penitent Thief. — By Edward V. Valentine.

The power Valentine has of portraying the varied type of the negro never has been equalled. *The Nation's Ward* is matchless in its absolute verity; *Uncle Henry* will go down to posterity as the only correct type of "de ole Virginny darkey," *Knowledge is Power*, a negro boy clothed in tatters, who has fallen asleep with his dog-eared book dropping from his limp hand, is, we surely think, the best piece of good-humored satire that was ever modelled.

After patient waiting, a handsome commission did come to our artist. The trustees of the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, ordered a statue of General Lee, offering for it $15,000, and leaving all details to the sculptor. A recumbent figure was chosen, suggested, perhaps, by the exquisite one at Charlottenburg over the tomb of the Queen of Prussia, by Rauch, or the less celebrated one of the Duchess of Nassau at Wiesbaden, by Hoffgarten. But there is no resemblance whatever beyond the mere fact that it is recumbent. As well might it be said that Rauch took his idea from a sleeping knight stretched upon a tomb in some mediæval cathedral. It is in this exquisite piece of statuary that we have the first real gauge of our sculptor's range of power. It is cut from one block of flawless marble, and now occupies a place in the Lee Mausoleum, at Washington and Lee University.

Mr. S. Teakle Wallis, of Baltimore, in an address at the Baltimore Academy of Music, thus speaks of this great work: "The statue, which is of marble, and of rather more than life-size,



RECUMBENT FIGURE OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY EDWARD V. VALENTINE.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY W. J. LINTON.

received the last touches of the chisel but a few days since, and was exhibited to the public in Richmond, where it created the profoundest sensation. . . . . The hero is lying in his uniform, as if in sleep, upon his narrow soldier's bed. One hand is on his bosom, and touches, unconsciously and gently, 'the drapery of his couch.' The other is lying by his side, where it has fallen, and rests upon his sword. The portraiture is perfect, no less as to form than feature. The whole expression is that of tranquil and absolute repose, — the repose of physical power, unshaken though dormant, — of manly grace most graceful when at rest, — of noble faculties alive and sovereign though still."

An English gentleman, a traveller who saw it while it was yet in the studio, writes of it: "We confess to feelings of profound astonishment as we first gazed at Valentine's sculpture. We felt proud that Virginia had such a son. We had seen the works of great modern masters in Europe, but never had we seen one of greater power, conception, and execution than this Lee monument." A writer in a German paper says: "The General lies upon a sarcophagus, the upper part of the body slightly raised, in a gentle slumber. . . . . Mr. Valentine has especially succeeded in preserving the warm and living impression of the living body: it is not the countenance of death. It is Lee as he was, — as the people of the South knew him: the work has nothing of the cold, disconsolate look of



THE NATION'S WARD. — BY EDWARD V. VALENTINE.

death about it; the artist has animated it with the warm breath of peace." A critic in *The Richmond Enquirer*, commenting upon a saying of Thorwaldsen's, that he did not fear his own conception, says the truth, and purity, and strength of Mr. Valentine's modelling is such that he verifies the remark of the great Dane, — "*he* did not 'fear his own conception.' His ambition was exalted, and he searched for his ideal in a field of art where the dividing line between success and failure is so exact as to render the ground treacherous, and the undertaking dangerous. Between the extremes of the mediæval and modern sarcophagi there is a wide difference; but the art movement involved in the present undertaking was not strictly to be found in the intermediate ground. The contact was between an antique principle reflected through the solid

grandeur of the German intellect in sculpture, and an immense deal of the artist's own originality. Had he failed to find it, his failure would have been complete. That he has not failed, but has achieved a triumph, we believe will be the opinion of the best art judgment in the country."

As a work of pure ideal art and that into which he has put most of his own conception, Mr. Valentine himself sets the highest value on his *Andromache and Astyanax*, and if he is enabled to carry out his idea in marble it will be accepted as his masterpiece. The moment represented is that after which the sorrowful and anxious wife is bidden by her husband to take her place among the women and ply the loom, while he, as a man should, seeks the field of glory and strife. The child leans upon his mother, toying with an ornament that is suspended from her neck, and his young, sunny child-face, innocent of all care or trouble, together with the tense, elastic figure, is brought into exquisite contrast with the utter relaxation of Andromache's pose, the neglected distaff across the lap, the drooping head, the limp, supine arm, the expression of apprehension and grief. It tells this lovely Homeric story as it never has been told before in plastic art. The accessories are all strict studies from the antique: it is sternly classic throughout. How nobly this fine conception, in marble, (it is as yet only in clay,) would adorn the sculpture room of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington!

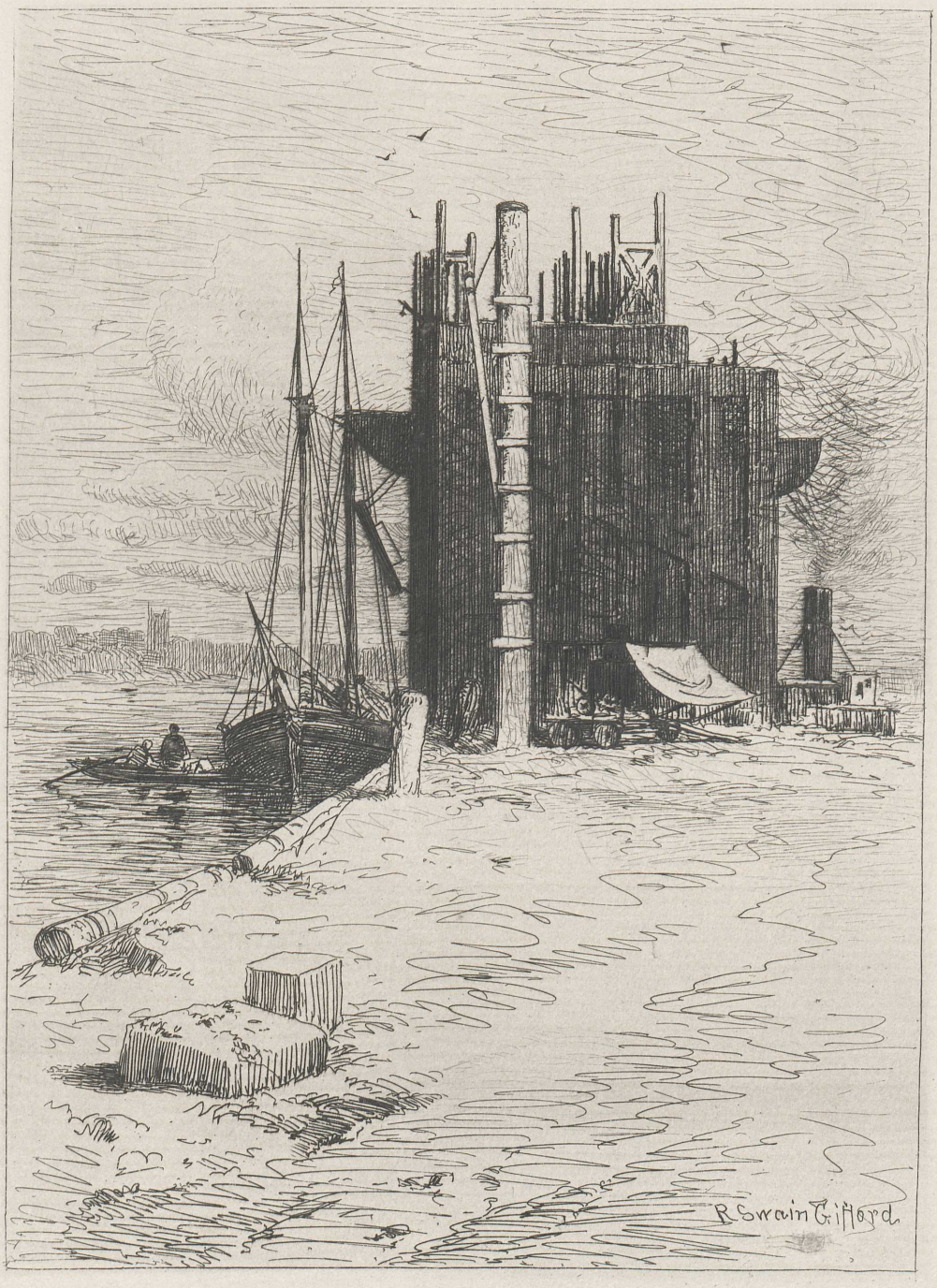
Mr. Valentine had a pleasant studio on Leigh Street, one of the quietest, shadiest portions of the shady city of Richmond. It was fitted with that bric-à-brac so dear to the artist's soul, — old tapestries, articles of *vertu*, statuettes by Fiamingo, figures found in Pompeii, curios from Egypt, his master Kiss's works, copies from the old galleries of Florence and Rome, and such like matters, — not to speak of the sculptor's own varied creations, which, of course, gave it its special attraction and value.

In one of the numbers of *The Southern Review*, an article entitled "Art in the South," thus speaks of Mr. Valentine: "Valentine of Virginia is one of the foremost of American sculptors, ... and were his studio in Rome, or London, or Boston, or New York, is it too much to say that his hands would be filled with commissions? Is it beyond the truth to aver that his pathetic and exquisite *Andromache and Astyanax* would have been gracing, *in marble*, some princely saloon, instead of having to wait in the moulder's clay for an order? Is it putting it too strongly to declare that *replicas* of his inimitable *Knowledge is Power* (a sleeping negro-boy with his dropping book), or his marvellous production, the saucy, good-for-naught *Nation's Ward*, would be in every large gallery of representative art? The hand that modelled the recumbent figure of Lee, and gave us the portrait busts of Maury, Stuart, and others, would not be suffered, surely, to let its skill lie dormant for lack of commissions. If England with her supercilious opinion so often expressed, that 'Art is as yet crude in America,' can afford to praise this masterpiece of the Richmond sculptor, having no better or truer idea of it than mere photographs can give, — if Roman critics have words of commendation for Ezekiel's *Christ*, and his *Religious Liberty*, — where is our pride in the genius of our sons, that we do not do vastly more than simply re-echo this applause?"

Mr. Valentine is, it must be remembered, only in the prime of his life and many great workers, whether the chisel, the brush, or the pen has been the implement used, have accomplished their noblest achievements after that time. Consequently we may expect with confidence yet rarer models from his hand.

We have not spoken of the artist's personal appearance, and of this only a word must suffice. He is tall, though somewhat under six feet, slight in his physique, with fine, regular features, and a spiritualized expression of face, which would mark him out at a glance as a man whose life was passed rather in an ideal state of existence, than amid the denizens of this hard, money-loving, money-getting, work-a-day world.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.


R. Swain Gifford

Coal-Pockets at New Bedford, Mass.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

R. Swain Gifford.

In the choice of his subjects Mr. Gifford is thoroughly American, very few of his plates representing foreign scenes.

In the quality of "frankness," to use a term first naturalized in English by Mr. Hamerton, we believe, Mr. Gifford is not excelled by any other American etcher. He has learned to a high degree the art of saying much with little, and therefore makes every line tell.

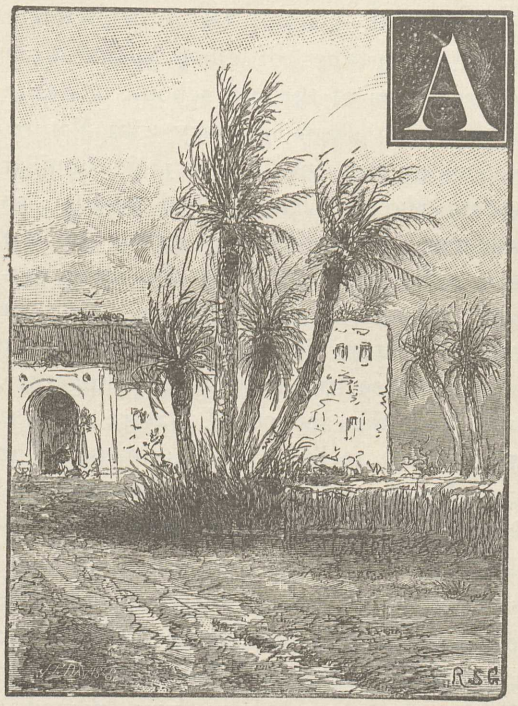
This etching is one of the numerous ones that Mr. Gifford has produced while living at his summer residence, in Nonquitt, six miles from New Bedford.



EVENING. — DRAWN ON THE WOOD BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. — ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N. A.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

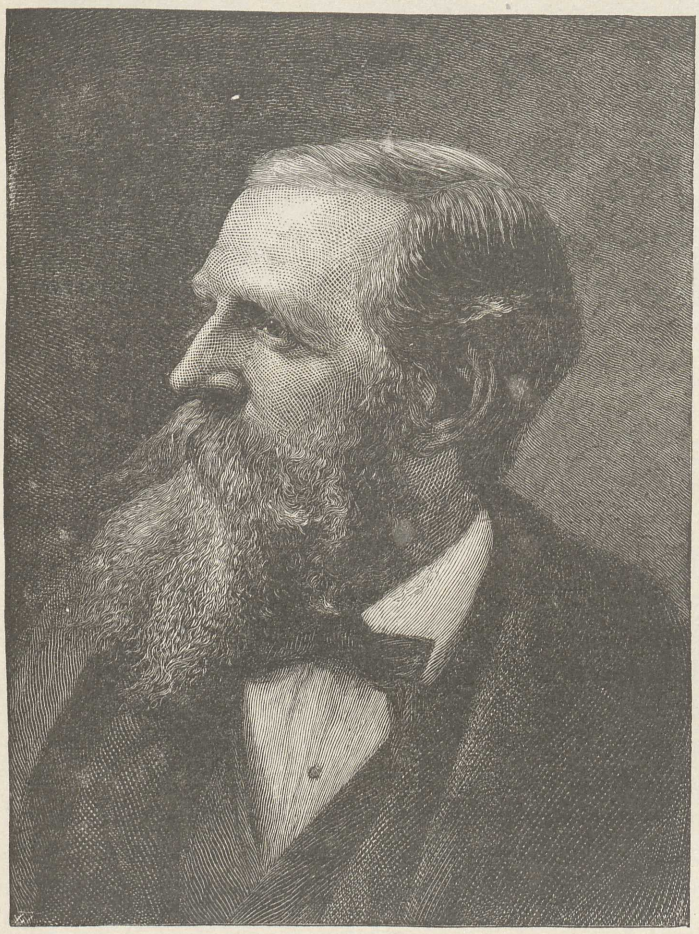


A WINDY DAY AT BISKRA.

DRAWN ON THE WOOD BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

ENGRAVED BY JOHN P. DAVIS.

A MARKED characteristic of much of the best landscape art of our day is its simplicity and modesty, — its self-restraint, so to speak, which prevents the painter from dealing arbitrarily with Nature, leads him to submit to her rather than to endeavor to bend her to his will, and makes him loath to grapple with her loftiest themes and sublimest effects. Curiously enough, when landscape art first made its appearance, it sought with evident delight the most complicated subjects that Nature offers. The backgrounds of the old artists present far-reaching prospects over mountain and valley, vast plains with rivers coursing through them, and beyond them all the immensity of the sea. These ambitious landscape settings were common alike to Italian, Flemish, and German artists. Again, when landscape finally emancipated itself from the figure, or, at least, suppressed the figure to the position of *staffage*, it was this mighty aspect of Nature which mainly attracted the attention of the generally recognized masters in this department. The French and Italian artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries — the Poussins, the Claudes, the Salvators, the Vernets, the Lantaras — can hardly get along without a theatrical apparatus of grand trees, mighty even if impossible rocks, and all the other stage-properties of the so-called classical or heroic landscape. Even the sky often partakes of the "heroic" character: great masses of cloud are marshalled against one another, and are disposed throughout the heavens according to the rules of symmetrical composition. Nor is Nature alone held to be sufficient. Vast edifices — either in the splendor of their first beauty, or as ruins, invested with the poetry of decay — are introduced to add emphasis to the "classical" character of the landscape itself. All this was thought to be necessary to an "artistic conception of Nature, which," to borrow the words of a late German writer, "does not allow itself to be swayed by accidental appearances, but subjects Nature herself to a well-considered course of discipline."



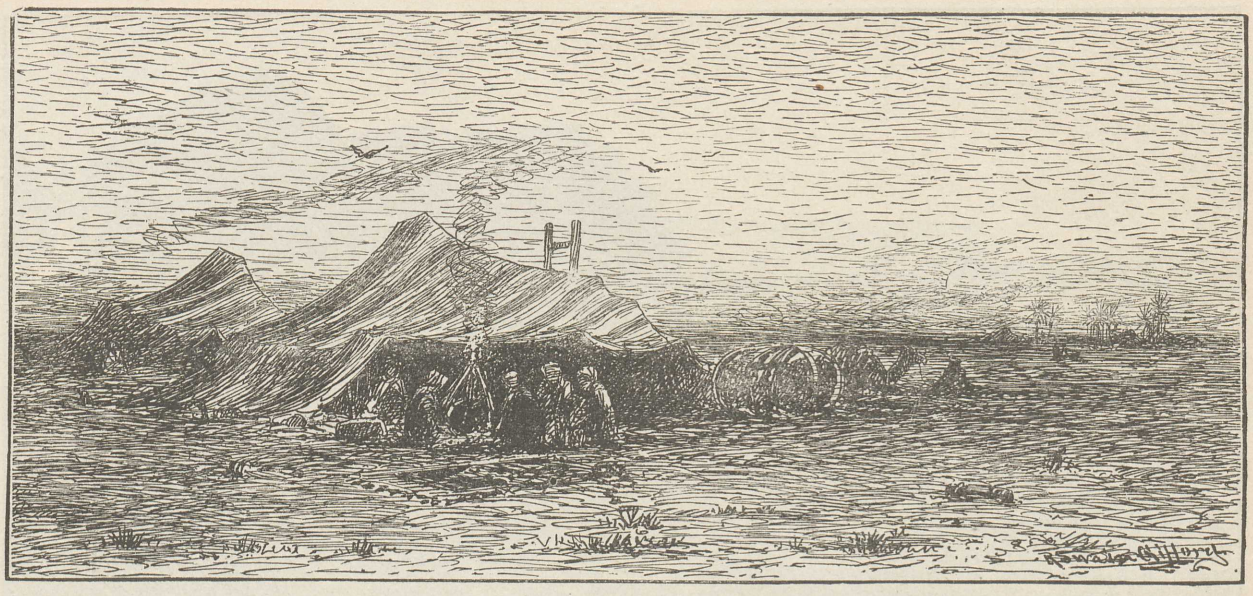
ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

I cite these particulars, not, at present, for the purpose of basing upon them an opinion as to the merits or demerits of this school of landscape painting, but simply to enforce the contrast which exists between it and the most prominent phase of modern art, as developed from the germs first planted by some of the Flemish artists of the late sixteenth, but more especially by the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century.

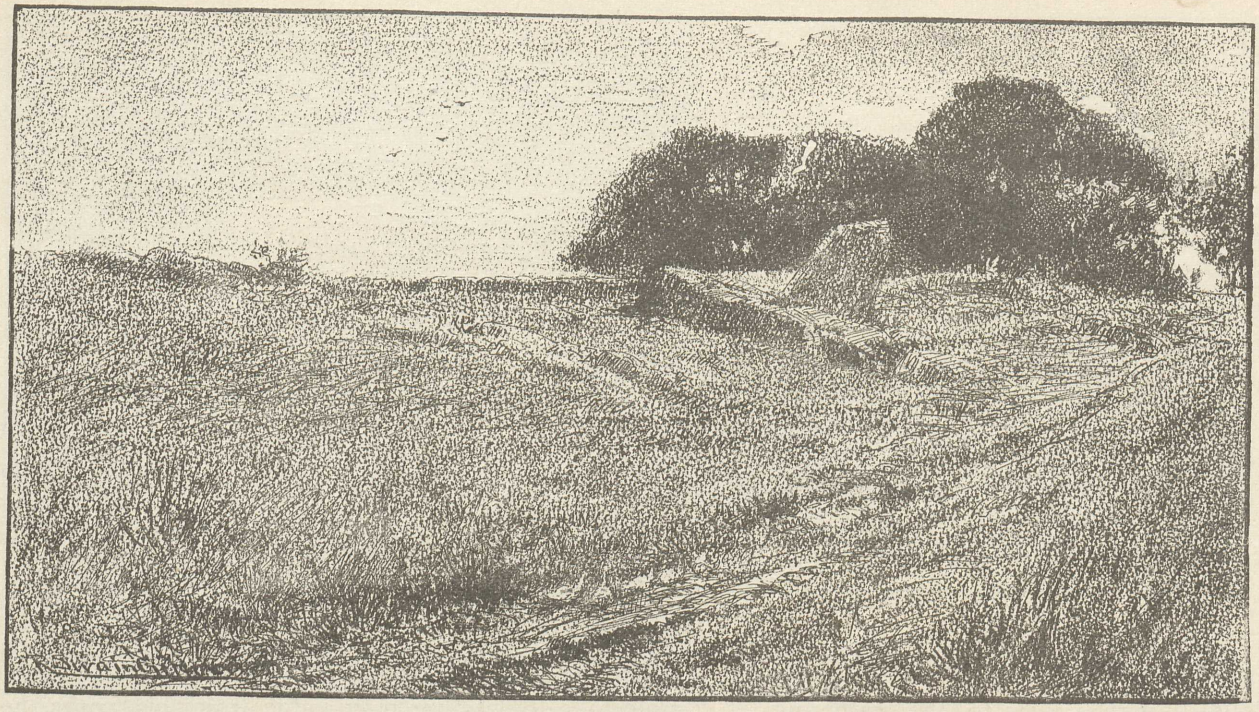
Of this phase Mr. Gifford is one of the most prominent representatives, or it may perhaps be said without injustice to any of his talented brethren, *the* most prominent representative in the United States. The uniform tendency noticeable in his career is towards simplicity. His artistic life has been marked by a deliberately carried on process of emancipation from the traditions of the old school; a desire to get into closer intimacy with Nature, by seeking her out in her most familiar aspects and her least formal moods; an endeavor to pierce the secrets of her soul, rather than to study the mere outward lineaments of her form. But the soul of Nature is light and air. Take away the light, and the rocks and the trees and the waters cease to exist for us altogether. Take away the air, with its varying conditions of moisture, and the aspect of Nature remains always the same, — immutable and lifeless, a dead mass, without feeling and sentiment. The recognition of this fact has led our landscape painters to make atmospheric effects the principal aim of their studies, sometimes to the utter neglect of form, and to its almost entire suppression in their pictures.

Mr. Gifford's first master, the Dutch marine painter Albert Van Beest, with whom he came in contact in his native city of New Bedford, may hardly have helped him on in the direction of his genius. From the few of Van Beest's paintings which I have seen I should judge that, instead of a "realistic" painter, as his friends called him, he should have been named a "matter-of-fact" painter, in spite of a certain out-door feeling which he knew how to impart to his works, and which is apparent even in a small India-ink sketch by him which hangs within sight as I pen these lines. Those who remember the early works of the young New Bedford artist will agree with him in saying that they were "dry," and no painting can be dry which truly renders the mysteries of light and atmosphere. After some years of studio life spent in Boston and New York, Mr. Gifford made the journeys which are the aspiration of most young American painters. In 1869 he travelled to the coast of California, Oregon, and Washington Territory, and made many studies on the Columbia River, from which some of the most important pictures of this period of his life were painted. In 1870 he went to England, France, Spain, Italy, Morocco, and Egypt; and, four years later, in company with his newly wedded bride, herself an accomplished artist, he started on a second similar trip. No doubt these journeys were undertaken by the artist — apart from the desire to extend his technical knowl-



EVENING IN THE SAHARA.
FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

edge — with a view to the gathering of "subjects." But, if we may judge from his works, he had by this time made the discovery before alluded to, that the charm of landscape painting lies above all things in the sentiment imparted to the scene by the conditions of the atmosphere, and it was to these, therefore, that he prominently turned his attention, even in the presence of the grandiose subjects which offered themselves to his observation. Thus the grand pile of the *Mosque of Mohammed Ali*, the minarets and domes of which, with their intricate details, would to many have been the main features of attraction, served him principally as an opportunity for the display of the effect of a misty atmosphere in the gray light of early morning. It is not merely the building for its own sake which forms the theme of the picture, — not its shape as defined by lines and planes: the forms are accepted, not only as interesting in themselves, but, first of all, because in their various ways of reflecting the light they present a highly picturesque spectacle. It is the delicate rendering of the various values, and the sustained consistency of the tone throughout, which gives its charm to the huge heap of masonry, as it lies on the rocky plateau of the citadel of Cairo, and to the plain which is seen dimly stretching away at the foot of the rock. The same remarks apply in a certain degree to another important work which grew out of the experience gathered by the artist in his journeys in foreign lands. *Gibraltar, View from the Spanish Shore*, recently added to the art collection of Wellesley College, is not simply a prospect or view of the historic fortress; it is a poem sung in praise of the wonders of light and air, the scene of which is accidentally laid at Gibraltar. The *Evening in the Sahara* (see the illustration) also exhibits this tendency to give prominence to the atmospheric elements of the scene. To many artists the sketches collected during these trips would have sufficed for the occupation of the rest of their lives. They would have revelled in their recollections of Venice and Naples, Tangier and the Nile, and their purses would have been a convincing indicator of the wisdom of their course. The penalty which they would probably have had to pay would have been the arrest of their development, and an increasing artificiality in their art which can be made tolerable only by minds of the highest order of poetical power. Mr. Gifford, however, did not succumb to such temptations. With the splendors of the East still fresh before his eyes, and with none of the ostentatious contempt for foreign scenes sometimes professed by over-ardent admirers of everything American, he yet went back to the haunts of his youth, and deliberately devoted his ripest efforts to the representation of the simple coast scenery of his native Massachusetts. It is in his productions of this class — the oil paintings,



THE GOOSE PASTURE.

FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

water-colors, and etchings of what may at the present writing be called his last period — that Mr. Gifford has especially shown himself as a successful interpreter of certain phenomena of light and air.

The illustrations which accompany this article have all been selected by Mr. Gifford himself, and are very characteristic of the latest phase of his art. With his etchings the artistic world is already familiar, one of them, *The Path to the Shore*, having met with a most favorable reception, as has his plate, *Coal-Pockets at New Bedford*, which is another instance of his ability to do much with little. Many people, no doubt, pass daily by similar scenes, without finding in them anything to inspire or even attract them. They see the subject only, — the rough beams and boarding of the coal-pocket, the grime and dirt of both it and the coal-laden vessel, — and there they stop. The artist sees the possibility of color, brought to a focus, as it were, in the hull of the vessel, the play of light and shade around the essentially ugly objects, and, concentrating his and our attention upon these points, he lifts the commonplace into the ideal, and teaches us to see beauty where our unguided eyes would have failed to discover it. The text illustrations and the wood-cut of *Dartmouth Moors*, from one of the most important of Mr. Gifford's later pictures, serve still better to make clear the difference between the old art and the new, which I endeavored to point out in the beginning. Nothing could be simpler than *The Goose Pasture*, nothing more disregardful of the rules of academic composition than the *Aged Companions*, with its two dead tree-trunks cutting in uncompromising angularity across the horizontal lines in the distance. Note also the absence of all attempt to help the perspective and give luminosity to the sky and distance by forced masses of dark objects in the foreground, and, finally, the preponderance of stratified clouds, which repeat in the sky the almost straight lines of the territory.

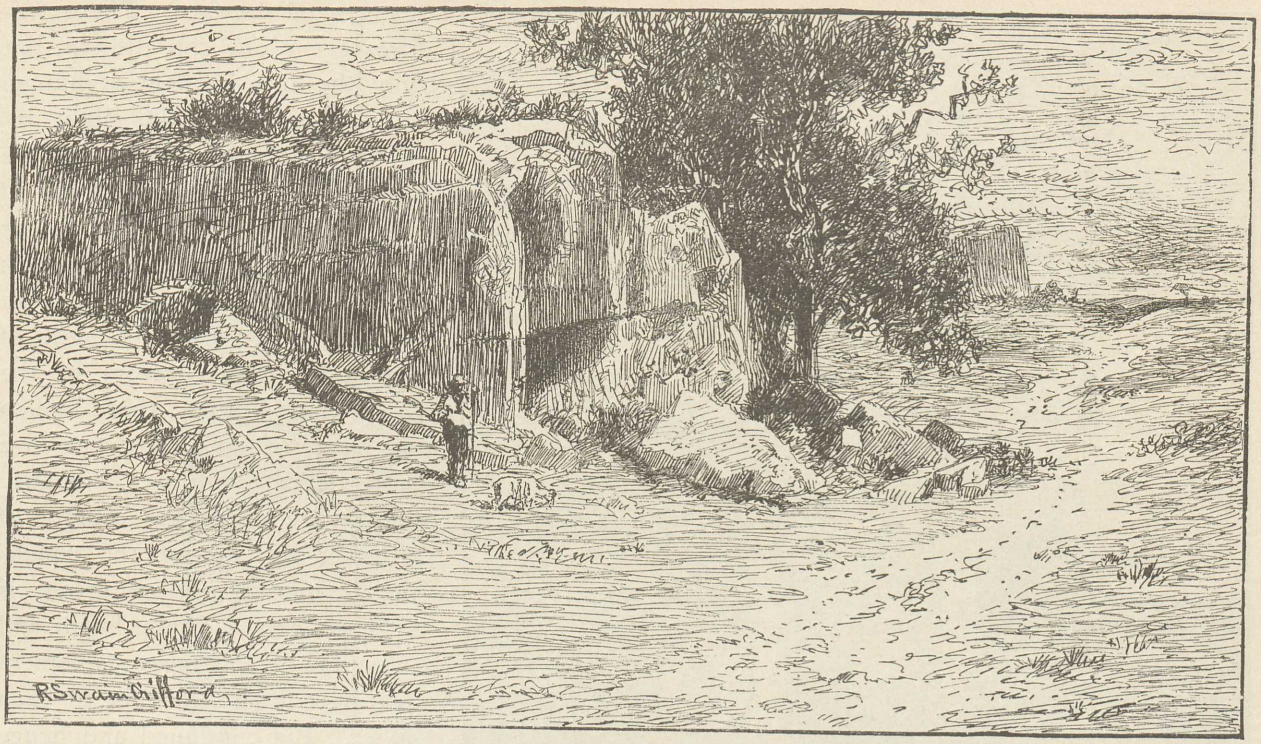
Mr. Gifford shares in these works the predilection of so many of our modern landscape painters for veiled skies, which allow only a diffused light to pass through them, and thus impart to the scenery an effect of restfulness often closely bordering upon, and frequently tantamount to the sadness which is born of resigned despair. His range in them is limited. A feeling of idyllic contentment, which never rises to a manifestation of genuine joy, as expressed



R. SWAIN GIFFORD, PINX. JOHN P. DAVIS, SCULP.

DARTMOUTH MOORS, MASS.

(DRAWN ON THE BLOCK BY THE ARTIST.)

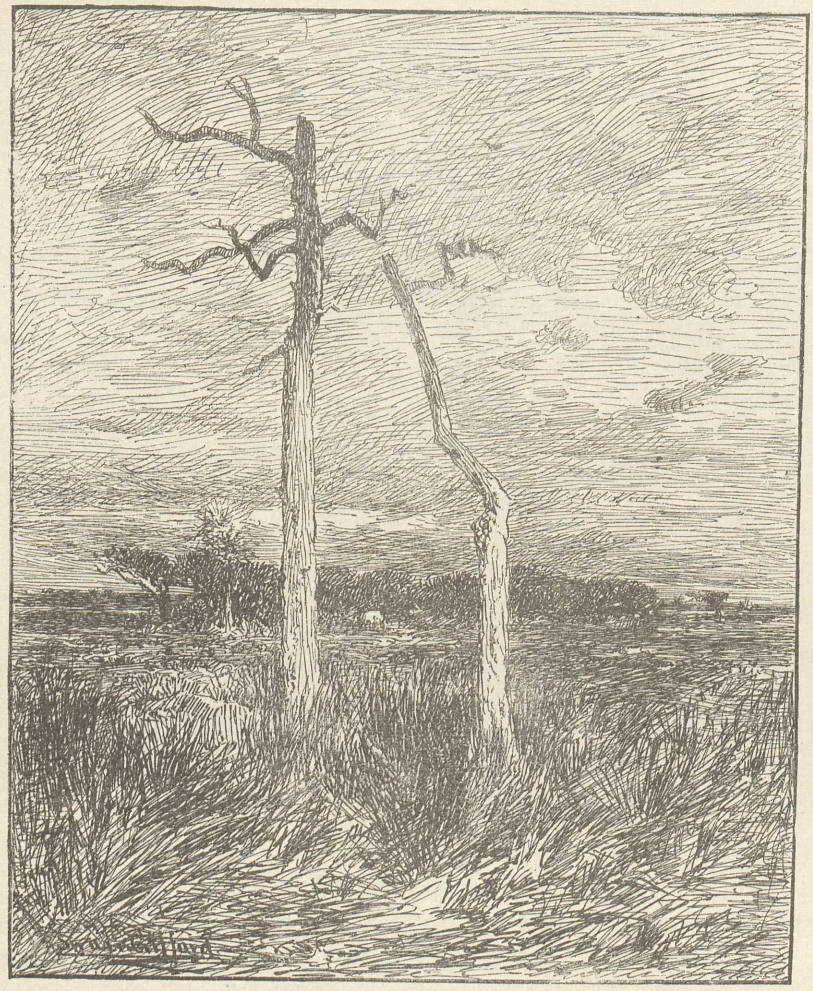


A Pastoral.

From a Pen-and-Ink Drawing by R. Swain Gifford.

by brightness and sunshine, marks the upper point of the scale; and the dramatic element is approached in the sombre darkness of pictures like the *Evening*, reproduced in the wood-cut at the head of this article. Mr. Gifford has been censured for thus circumscribing the exercise of his talent, and one feels inclined to join in the wish that he might more frequently strike a livelier chord. But there is no denying that he has been most successful in those of his paintings which are quiet in color and subdued in tone; and his efforts in that direction, aside from their own intrinsic merits, have an extraneous value as silent but effective protests against the affectation of the same qualities in less skilful hands. It is but too true that in such hands tone often degenerates into lack of light, sobriety of color into blackness, and breadth into formlessness. Mr. Gifford's pictures are always rich in color, well defined in form, and brilliant even if subdued in light; and it is the combination of all these qualities to an extraordinary degree which gives its prominence to the *Dartmouth Moors*, of which I have previously spoken

It would be an interesting task to inquire into the causes which led mankind at large to almost abandon the grand spectacular representations characteristic of its early efforts in landscape, and such an inquiry would be of especial value here, as these causes are no doubt identical with those which can prevail upon an individual artist like Mr. Gifford to content himself with the study of what are generally called the most simple subjects, after he has ranged from the sierras of the West to the deserts of the East in search of subjects for his pencil. There is hardly room in these pages to make such an inquiry exhaustive, and yet I cannot refrain from hinting at what seem to me to be the probable causes. They are increasing subtlety of observation, a better appreciation of our own powers, and, resulting from these, the modesty which I spoke of in the beginning. To those who seek the paradise of perfection in the remote past, and to whom our present race is but the degenerate offspring of wiser, better, and happier progenitors, these sentiments may be offensive, and many even who do not share such despairing views will perhaps be inclined to smile at the imputation of modesty to our loud-mouthed generation. But it is evident that the older artists were captivated by the more obvious elements of landscape beauty, such as the mountains, which may be likened to the more prominent



AGED COMPANIONS.

FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

features of the face. These features every one can discern, but only the close student of human nature can detect the slight indications which reveal the life within. It seems almost as if the more robust nerves of our ancestors required stronger effects to set them in motion — the splendors of the direct light of the sun, or the terrors of the storm-cloud — than those which are required to excite our own more delicate natures. Similarly the savage needs the clangor of arms or the din of the conch-shell, while a modern crowd is satisfied with a brass band, and to people of still more refinement a stringed quartette is better than either. But continued and hence more correct observation has enabled us to see — and I say this with all due reverence for and with sincere admiration of those on whose shoulders we stand — that the powers of the old masters were not equal to the task they had undertaken; that many of their most admired effects were false and unnatural; that there may be as much beauty in a bare hill-side, with a few stunted trees, and a cloud of mist creeping up its acclivity, as in a vast tract of country studded with thousands of objects; and, what is still more to the point, that this hill-side may possibly be rendered more approximatively with the means at our command than the vast tract of country. To give up the struggle under these circumstances, to confine ourselves to the lesser themes, if you will call them so, may be esteemed lack of courage, or wisdom and modesty. It seems to me to be the latter, and I would apply here a sentence from Goethe: —

"In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister."

Nevertheless, I would not insist that all artists are to practise this "self-restraint which characterizes the master." On the contrary, if progress lies in the direction of more complicated themes, in which the subject plays a larger part, it is well that the struggle for the removal of our limitations should never be abandoned. Possibly Sir Robert Collier in his paper on the subject is correct when he maintains that the Raphael or the Michelangelo of landscape painting is yet to come; but I must enter a protest against the same writer's assertion, that the main object of those artists who, like Mr. Gifford, prefer the simpler aspects of Nature to her grand exhibitions of state, is to avoid the difficulties of their chosen field. Those who hold such opinions forget that this apparent simplicity involves a subtlety which is altogether beyond the reach of average capacity.

S. R. KOEHLER.



THE PALMS OF BISKRA.

FROM A PAINTING BY ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD.

R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

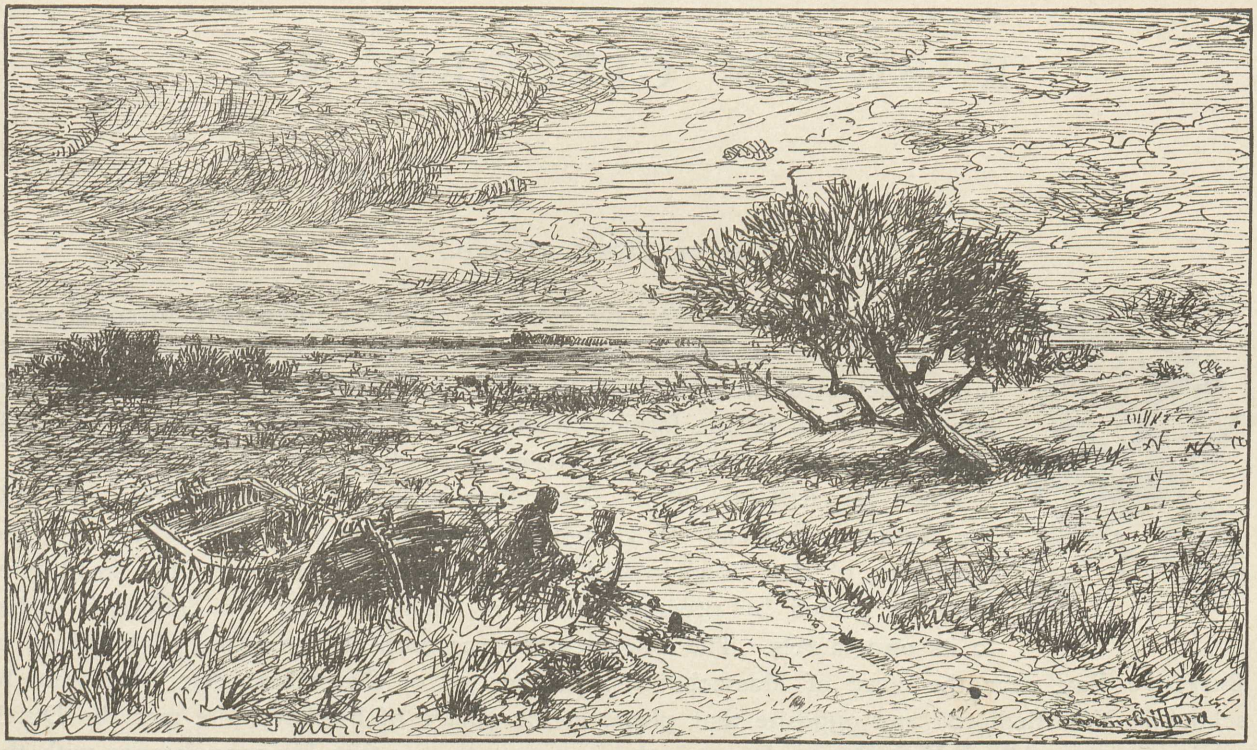
IN the preceding chapter we have confined ourselves principally to speaking of Mr. Gifford as a landscape painter; we now present in full an article on this justly celebrated artist by Mr. Sheldon which, while it is in some particulars a repetition of the former chapter, treats more particularly of his work away from home, — work which is simply alluded to in Mr. Koehler's article.

When Mr. ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD was elected an Academician in 1878, the National Academy of Design distinguished itself. Some years ago the conferring of that honor would have given him distinction. The institution, however, gained by procrastination; in finally electing Mr. Gifford it added to its own laurels. The new member was born on the island of Naushon, in Buzzard's Bay, near the coast of Massachusetts, on the 23d of December, 1840. He went to school in New Bedford; and opposite that place, in the village of Fairhaven, he met the Dutch marine painter, Albert Van Beest. It would be incorrect to say that his acquaintance with the Dutch painter made Mr. Gifford an artist, because Mr. Gifford was an artist potentially the day on which he first opened his eyes; but the influence of Van Beest on the schoolboy of New Bedford was a felicitous factor in the equation of his life. Van Beest saw promise in Gifford's drawings, took a fancy to the maker of them, instructed him in the rudiments of art, and used him as an assistant. The pupil was soon graduated in his master's studio. In 1864 he opened a studio of his own in Boston, and, two years later, in New York. To the Academy Exhibition in 1867 he sent three marine paintings, — *Scene at Long Branch, Cliff-Scene, Grand Menan*, and *Vineyard Sound Light-ship*, — and on their merits was elected an associate member of the institution. This event terminated the first period of his career.

The second period began when, in 1869, he spent the summer and autumn in California and Oregon. He was extending his operations into the domain of landscape. In 1870 he visited England, France, Italy, Spain, Morocco, and Egypt, and went over much of the ground that Mr. Samuel Colman had previously traversed, directing especial attention to the Moorish houses of Tangier, to the aspects of the region adjoining the Great Desert, and to the scenery of the Nile. In 1873 and 1874 he exhibited in New York some of the trophies of his tour, and in the latter year, — after his marriage to Miss Eliot, of Massachusetts (whose pencil has since given pleasure to admirers of the beautiful in art), — made a second trip to Europe and Africa. This time he went to France and Algeria, and pitched his tent

in the Desert of Sahara itself. *An Egyptian Caravan* was sent by him to the Academy Exhibition of 1876. He received a medal at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

His third period dates from the organization, in 1877, of the Society of American Artists, of which he is a leading member, and to the first exhibition of which in the following year he contributed his *Cedars of New England*, owned by Mr. George E. Clark. This picture was his representative in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and the critic of the London *Athenæum* said of it: "It is an excellent motive, showing feeling for effect; more serious study and attempt at realization would have resulted in a valuable picture," — a criticism entirely characteristic of an Englishman, who would define art itself to be "an attempt at realization."



THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

M. Charles Blanc, the French critic, says that England has never had any really great artists, and insinuates, if he does not assert, that she does not know what art is; the London *Spectator* a few months ago feared that, "under the press of Manchester patronage and Academic criticism," the "higher imaginative art" had "almost breathed its last breath" in the land of Landseer and Holman Hunt; and Mr. Mark Pattison, the accomplished Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, affirms that, during the last twenty years, English taste has retrograded rather than advanced. These eminent authorities may or may not be trustworthy; certainly there is nothing in the London *Athenæum's* criticism of Mr. Gifford's picture to throw suspicion upon the truth of their testimony. Neither the *Cedars of New England* nor any other of Mr. Gifford's riper works is or was intended to be "an attempt at realization." Mr. Gifford does not make such an attempt. He knows that it would be in the first place useless, because Art never can compete with Nature, but always fails when trying to do so; and in the second place foolish, because Art has a sphere of her own, in which she is greater than Nature. Madame Tussaud's wax-figures are very earnest and laborious "attempts at realization," but probably no adult human being who can read and write ever supposed that they are works of art.



ON THE NILE.

FROM A PAINTING BY ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford puts himself in his pictures. His landscapes are something more than mere scenes in Nature. They are Nature, to be sure, but Nature as he views her, and Nature with a revelation of his own feelings toward her. The impress of the man is left upon the work, and the work is the measure of the man. He has something fresh to tell us about what we already know a good deal, and, in addition, he explains to us how this something has gone straight to his heart, and has stirred his emotions. In the last analysis the worth of an artist's performance depends upon the worth of the artist himself; his character as well as his genius is displayed and defined in his works. An ordinary landscape, seen through his eyes, becomes full of mystery and of meaning; "the meanest flower that blows" can, when he has placed it on the canvas, "give thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." Mr. Gifford will paint a barren moor under a leaden sky so that it shall almost palpitate



A Brittany Farm.

By R. Swain Gifford. — From the Artist's own Sketch.

with emotion. His vigorous, healthy, and educated mind is worth listening to when talking about the contact of itself with Nature. For perfection of *technique* — that first requirement of modern art — he has the profoundest respect; he is an indefatigable student, and he appreciates the finest efforts of the latest masters. The fustian and sensationalism of the Düsseldorf school are an offence in his eyes; his tastes are refined, and his music is soft and low, like the wind of the Western sea.

When the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors was organized, Mr. Gifford became one of its most conspicuous members. His contributions to the annual exhibitions of the society are always among the striking things on the walls. In 1867 he sent his *Deserted Whaler*, an old Nantucket vessel stranded on the sandy beach of a barren island after hard service in the northern latitudes. Over her empty decks, and strained, worn timbers, the sea-gulls are flying. The title of the picture is a summary of the story, and there is not a line or tint on the canvas that does not help the telling. We feel the subject at once; the sentiment of the scene is deep and vital. This work is now in the private gallery of Mr. James M. Burt, of Brooklyn. In general, it may be said of Mr. Gifford's pictures in water-colors that they have the two excellences of being serious and of being sketchy. They are effects worth striving for, and they are not wrought up to too high a pitch — not "finished" to mere prettiness and inaneness; and, since the tendency of modern water-color art is neither toward robustness of conception nor toward simplicity and rapidity of execution, the presence

of these qualities is the more noticeable and pleasurable. It is something in these days to see a strong motive at the bottom of a work in water-colors.

Mr. Robert Gordon owns Mr. Gifford's *Halt in the Desert;* Mr. Henry E. Lawrence, his *Fountain near Cairo;* Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, his *Scene at Boulak, Egypt;* and Miss Hitchcock his *Lazy Day in Cairo.* We here present two other Oriental subjects, *The Palms of Biskra, Sahara Desert,* and *On the Nile.* In 1873 the artist sent to the National Academy Exhibition in New York his *Entrance to a Moorish House in Tangier,* his *View of the Golden Horn,* and his *Scene in the Great Square of the Rumeyleh, Cairo, Egypt.* In 1874 he contributed his *Desert-Scene,* his *Halting for Water* and his *Evening on the Nile.* His range of landscapes is unusually wide. He has painted the heights of the Sierras, the plains of Brittany and of New England, as well as these Eastern scenes.



St. Agnes' Maid.

FROM A DRAWING

BY

EDMUND H. GARRETT,

Illustrating a Scene in the "Eve of St. Agnes," by John Keats.

"Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast;
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint;
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint."



THE SHEPHERD. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

EDMUND HENRY GARRETT.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE progenitors of Edmund Henry Garrett were French, his grandfather coming from Bordeaux. The family name was Grenier, which the members who emigrated to America changed to its English equivalent, Garret, and either at that time or later affixed another "t" to it. Our artist was born at Albany, N. Y. in 1853, but was brought to Boston when very young, and educated at the Roxbury High School. He then learned wood engraving and followed that profession for eight years. In America, he did not pursue a course of study at any school or under any special master, but gathered many useful hints and much solid help from a large acquaintance with Boston artists, and he speaks with grateful warmth of the valuable assistance of the lamented John B. Johnston. Garrett has, however, spent about three years abroad, in study and travel, and while in Paris, he became a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens, of Lefebvre, and of Boulanger.

His first important commission as an illustrator was on the subscription edition of Longfellow, and since then his work has become both familiar and welcome. Its high quality is well shown in the drawings made for Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," several of them being here given. The one showing the entry of —

"The argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,"

is a characteristic example of his facile and brilliant drawings with the pen, while those depicting the "secret sisterhood," —

"When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously,"

the lovely Madeline —

"As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon,"

and the flight of the lovers, are noteworthy specimens of his skilful brush-work. Mr. Garrett evidently treated his subject *con amore*, and no wonder, when we think what a poet for painters John Keats is. What splendid colors his marvellous hand has laid on in the verses which are illustrated in the drawing of the kneeling heroine —



THE GUESTS ARRIVING. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

"A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast;
. . . . . .
Rosebloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for Heaven. — Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint."



WEAVING ST. AGNES' WOOL. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

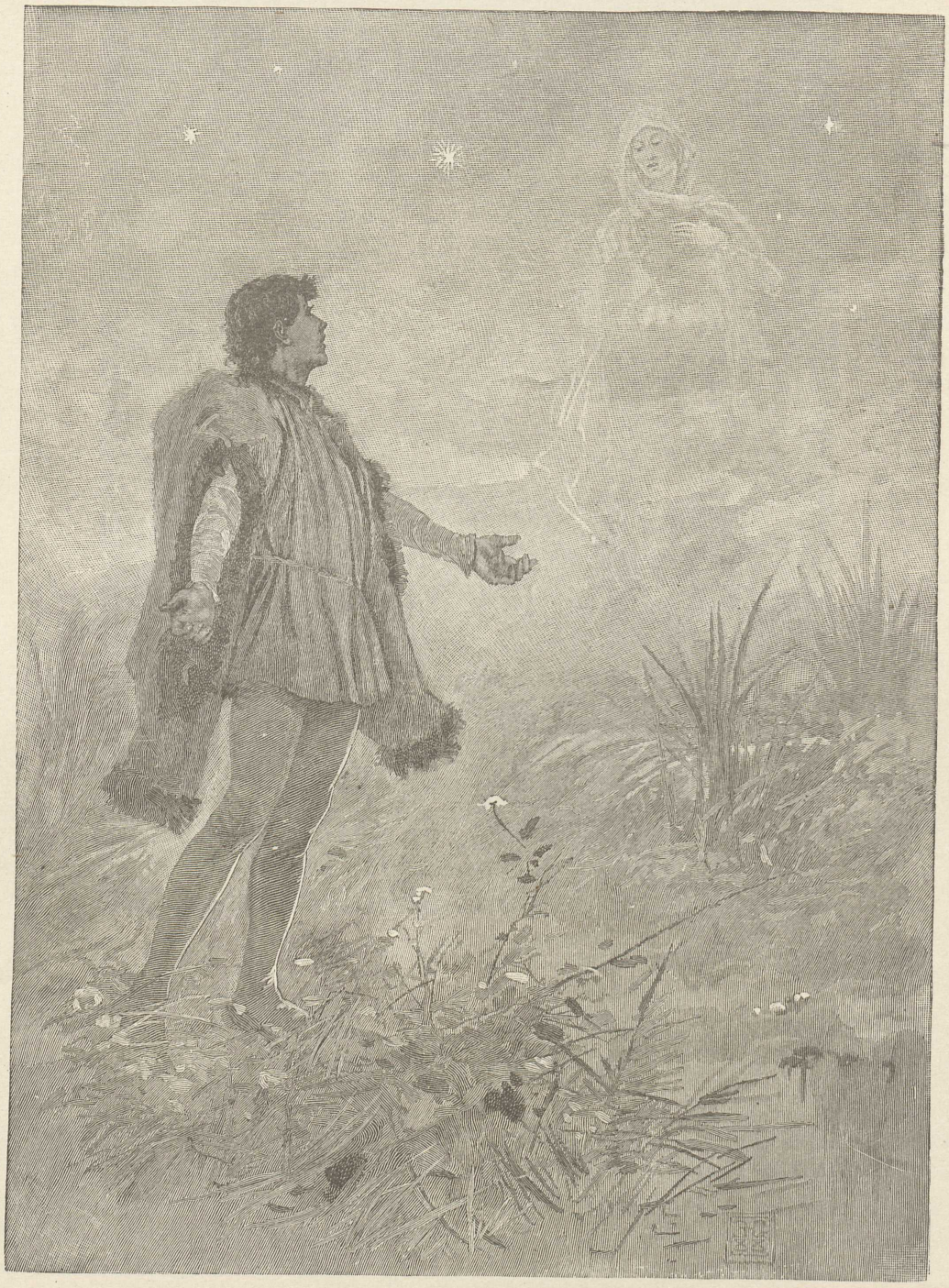
Garrett has executed many designs for Tennyson's poems, his most important work being, perhaps, the drawings made for "Enoch Arden." Few of the younger generation have seen, and probably most of the older ones have forgotten, an illustrated edition of this masterpiece of pathos, which was brought out by the good old house of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, in Boston, about twenty-five years ago. In those days the various "processes" which are now so largely used in reproducing the artist's work were almost unknown, the brave bindings and giant pages now seen were still mostly things of the future, and a copy of this modestly dressed little edition of "Enoch Arden" would to-day surely be overlooked amid the myriad handsome volumes on the bookseller's counters. But for all that it contained some superb



MADELINE PRAYING. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

drawings by John La Farge, Elihu Vedder, W. J. Hennessy, and F. O. C. Darley — drawings which made it seem quite superfluous for any later artist to essay the illustration of the story of that "strong heroic soul," which had also been well done by the English painter, Arthur Hughes. Yet Mr. Garrett's designs make a distinct addition to the work of the older men, and what stronger word could be said for them? His conception of Enoch after his return, is a fine one, — a grave, bearded face, strong, sad, patient, — and shows that the artist has fully felt the power of the poem. To Tennyson's "Song of the Owl," Garrett contributed a delightful drawing of the "merry milkmaid" on her high "pattens;" and to the "Ballad of Oriana" several striking pictures, one showing the hapless lady lying prone upon the battlements with the fatal arrow in her breast, and another, the vision of his slain mistress appearing to the wretched lover —

"O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?



THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

DRAWN BY GARRETT.



THE LOVER'S FLIGHT. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

"I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana."

For "The Day Dream," he produced numerous designs, and made others for "The Princess." Scott's "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," and his lines on Christmas in the olden time have been partly or wholly illustrated by Garrett, and on the last-named verses especially he bestowed the results of careful research for the correct costumes, manners, and surroundings of the time. It is one of his most successful works.

Towards the embellishment of a holiday edition of T. Buchanan Read's poem, entitled "The Closing Scene," he contributed a number of charming landscapes, nor should those be forgotten which in "Enoch Arden" depict the village with its —

"red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cup-like hollow of the down."

the "lonely Hall," Philip's "tall mill that whistled on the waste," the old tavern, the sea, the ships, and the island with —

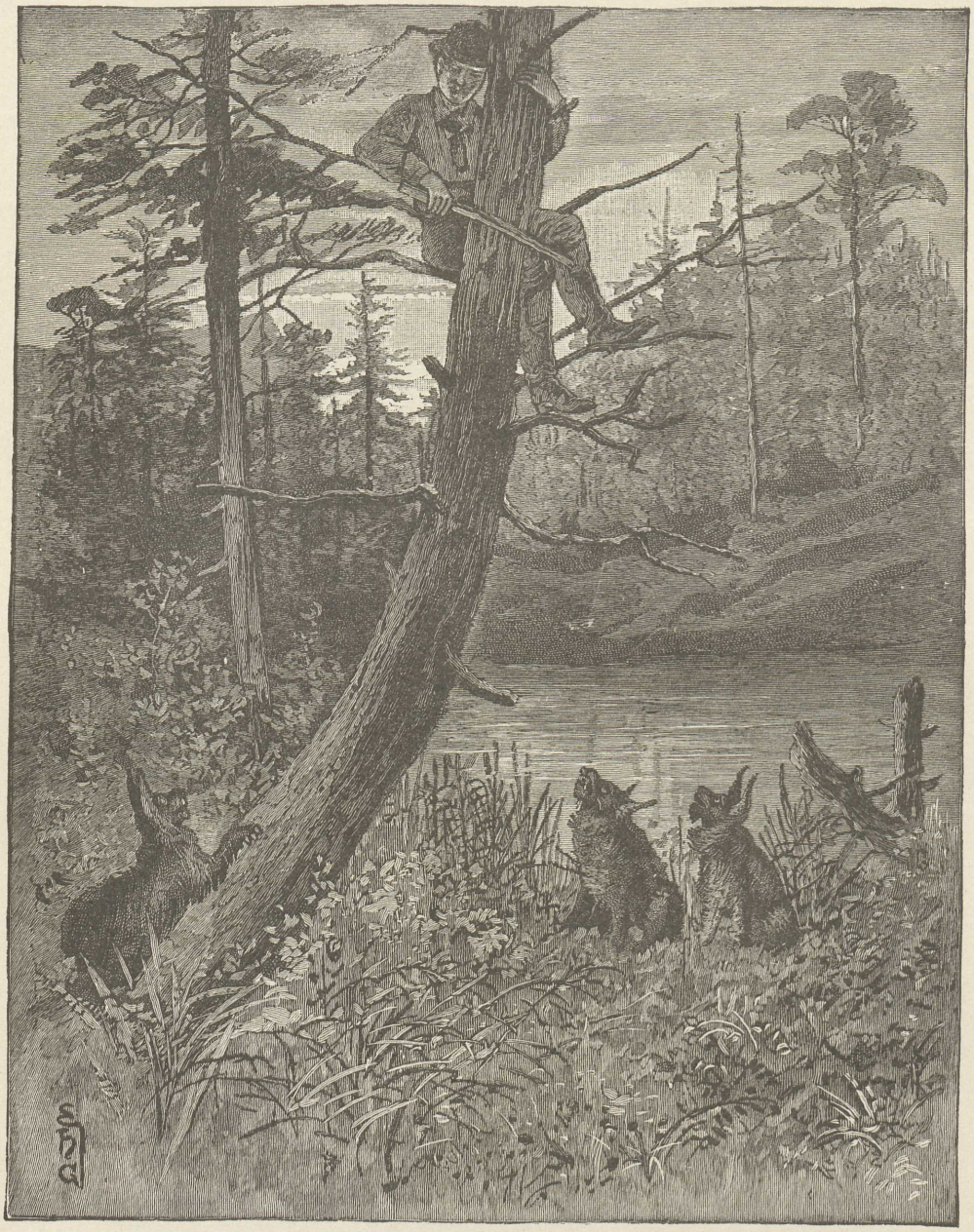
> "The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
> And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
> The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
> . . . . . .
> The league-long roller thundering on the reef."



THE MILKMAID. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

This phase of his talent is shown also in some drawings pertaining to Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen's "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." Few artists are as successful as Garrett in drawing both figures and landscapes, and because of this faculty he is able to give a roundness and completeness to his work which we often vainly look for in the drawings of other men. The dainty little designs, which he so happily devises for vignettes and tail-pieces, are also admirable, and must be awarded their share of commendation.

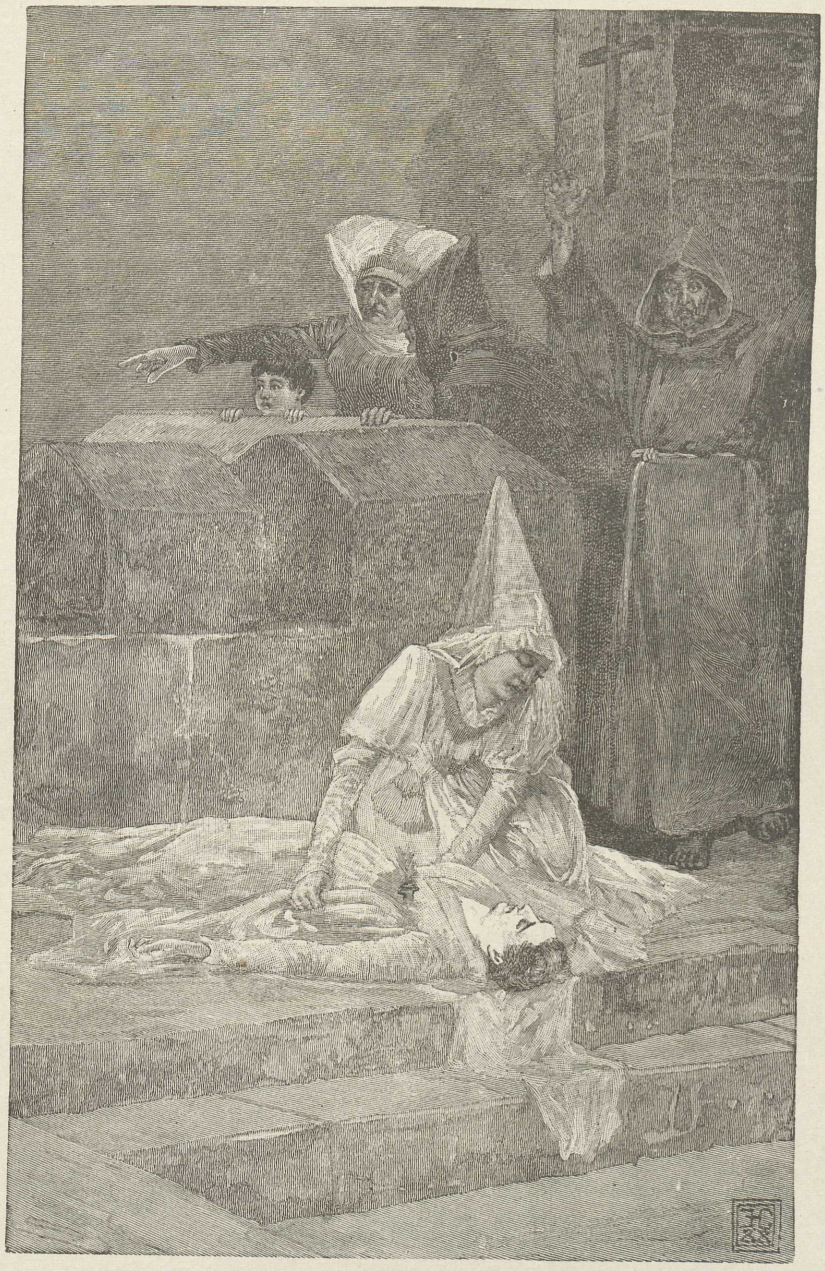
His latest work comprises a series of excellent designs for "Monte Cristo," — who that has read it or seen it played will not re-echo Thackeray's apostrophe when speaking of this novel in one of his "Roundabout Papers," "O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre,



TREED BY LYNXES.

DRAWN BY GARRETT.

I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours," — and several for Dr. John Brown's "Rab and his Friends," "the most perfect prose narrative since Lamb's 'Rosamond Gray.'" The "Rab" drawings are among the best, if not the best things Garrett ever did, and the finest is the one of Ailie standing before the doctor. With a wonderful sympathetic closeness this American artist has embodied the gentle Doctor's description of the

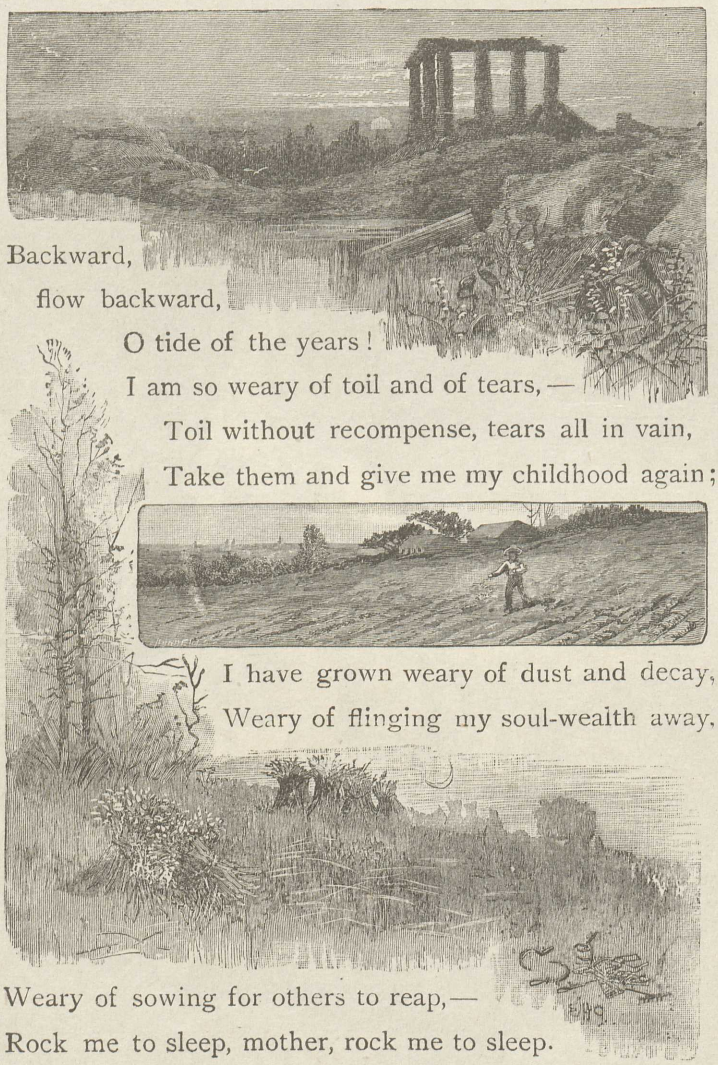


THE BALLAD OF ORIANA. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

brave old Scotch woman. "I never saw a more unforgetable face — pale, serious, *lonely* (it is not easy giving this look by one word; it was expressive of her being so much of her life alone), delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair, setting off her dark-gray eyes — eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it: her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are."

Garrett, it seems to me, is never better in his art than when portraying the faces of the old, such as that of the Abbé Faria, giving his last instructions to Dantès from his death-bed in the dungeon of the Château d'If; that of the awaking King in the "Day Dream:" —

"And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,
'By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap.'
The barons swore, with many words,
'T was but an after-dinner's nap;"



From "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." Drawn by Garrett.

those of the "aged gossip" Angela, and the Beadsman, in the "Eve of St. Agnes;" and that of Miriam Lane, the "good and garrulous" widow in "Enoch Arden," watching by the pillow from which looks up to Heaven the worn gray head of the castaway, going home at last.

For magazines and juvenile literature, Mr. Garrett has furnished an endless number of pictures, and some examples from among them are *Treed by Lynxes*, *Snap-dragon*, *Out in the Storm*, and *Goldenrod*, which are printed with this sketch.

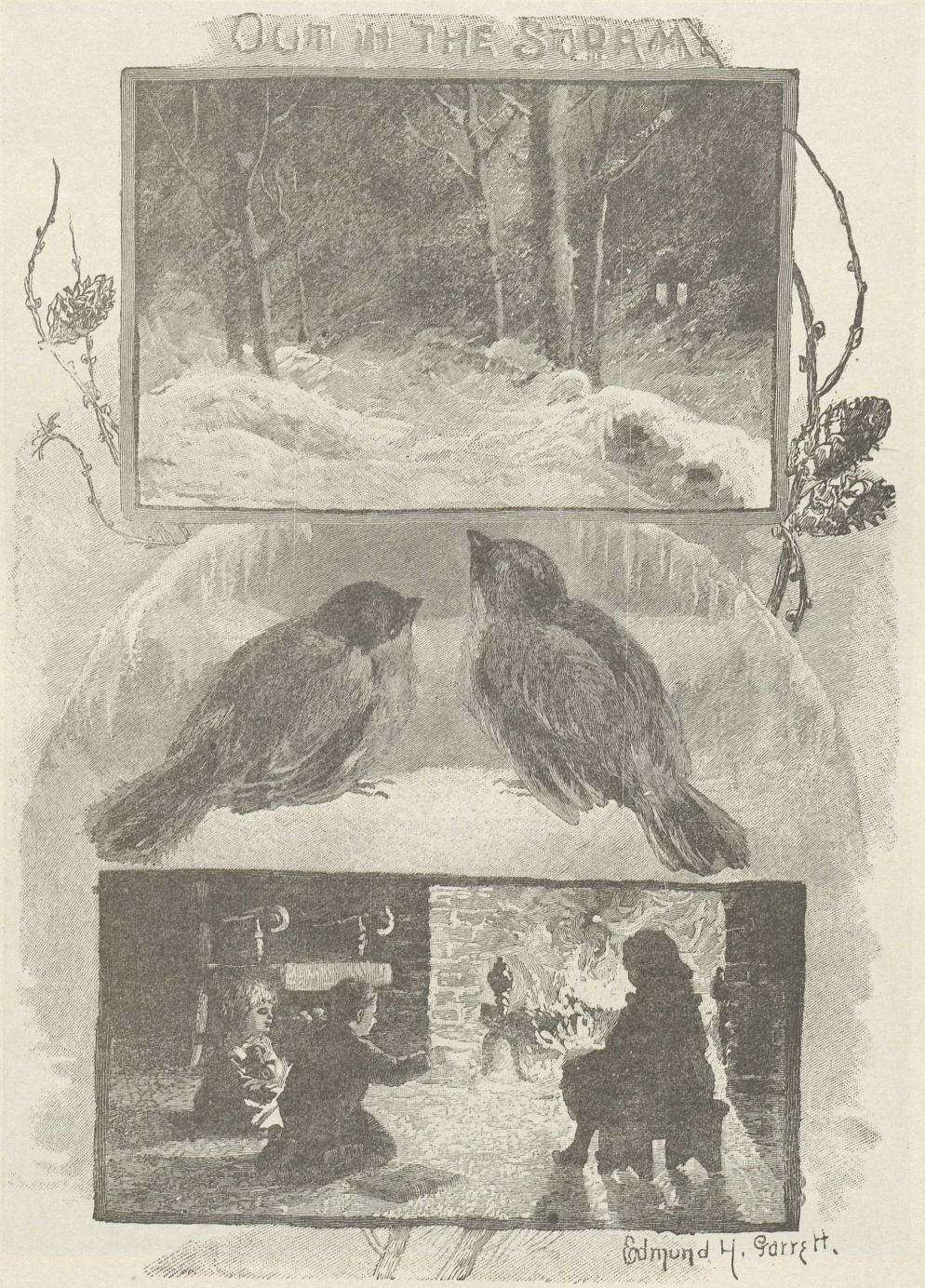
"Tell me, sunny Golden-rod,
Growing everywhere,
Did fairies come from fairyland
And make the dress you wear?



GOLDEN-ROD. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

"Or are you clothed in sunshine, caught
From summer's brightest day?
To give again in happy smiles
To all who pass your way?"

"Shrill shriek the winter winds,
And through the hemlocks sigh;
Swift, in a wild and merry dance,
The snow flakes whirl across the sky.



OUT IN THE STORM. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

"Hasten the choicest crumbs
Pour on the window-sill,
Welcome, lone wanderers in the gale;
Come, snow-birds all, and take your fill."

Snapdragon has been handed down to us from time immemorial. There is little doubt that in this spot we retain a trace of the fiery ordeal of the Middle Ages, and also of the Druidical fire-worship of a still remoter epoch.

THE SONG OF SNAPDRAGON.

HERE he comes with his flaming bowl,
Don't he mean to take his toll,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
Take care you don't take too much
Be not greedy in your touch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!



SNAPDRAGON. DRAWN BY GARRETT.

With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
For he snaps at all that comes
Snatching at his feast of plums,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

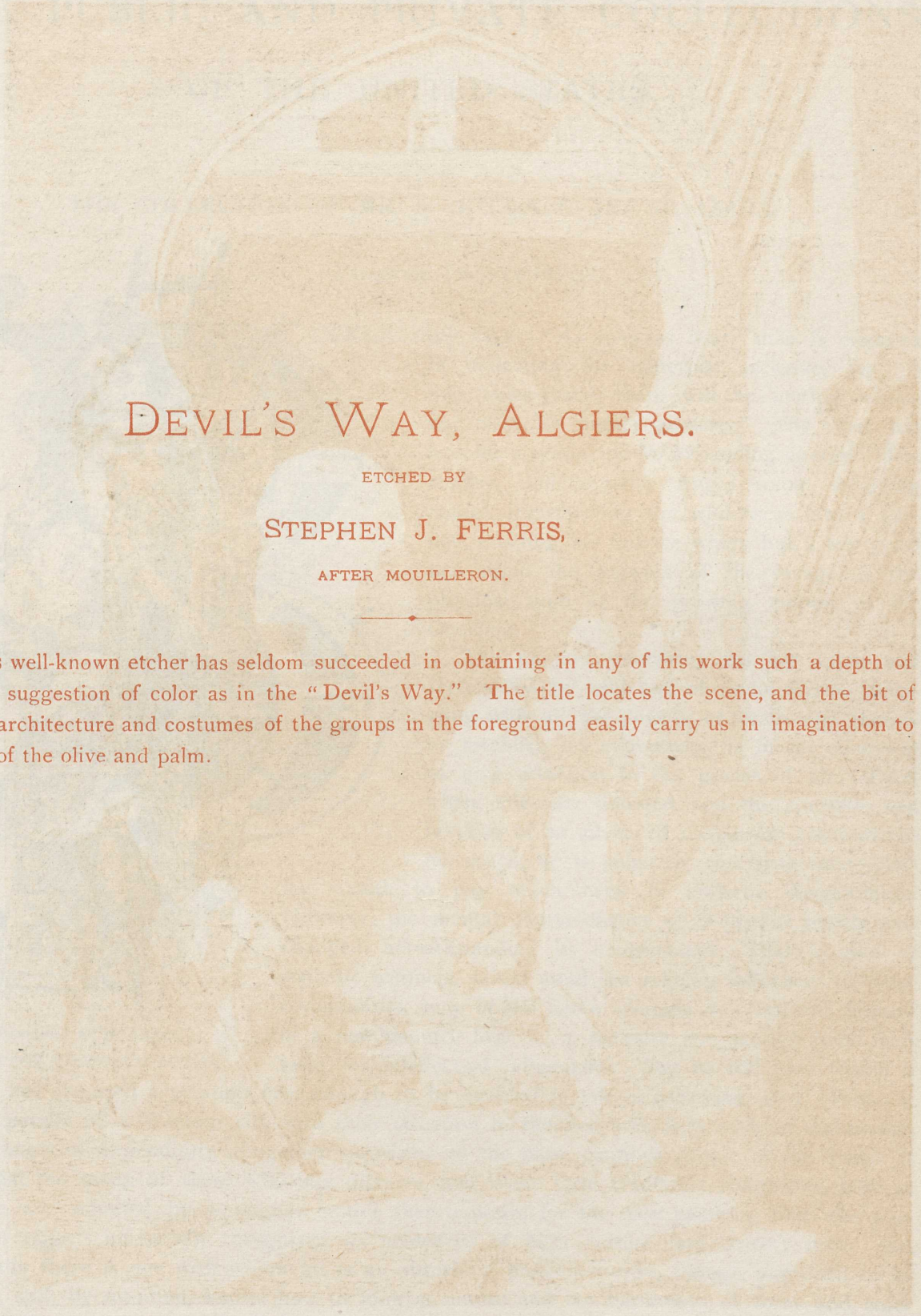
But old Christmas makes him come
Though he looks so fee! fo! fum!
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
Don't 'ee fear him, be but bold —
Out he goes, his flames are cold
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

During Garrett's two sojourns in Europe, he visited France, Italy, Spain, Holland, and England. Some of his water-colors were shown at the Salon of 1888, and in London he exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and at other galleries. Two special exhibitions of his water colors have been held in Boston, the drawings in which were marked by great diversity of subject. They comprised figures — both subjects and single studies — interiors, marines, and landscapes. A fishing-boat, with its ochre-colored sail flitting above the rough waves of the English Channel, made a vigorous contrast for some wainscoted room, in which ladies and cavaliers in brightly colored garments gleamed against the sombre richness of old tapestry and carved furniture; while here could be seen a sketch of nurse-maids and their infant charges, in the full sunlight of Boston's Public Gardens; there an aged Warwickshire manor-house, a Spanish street, a view of the Pont Neuf, or a scene at twilight on the Piscataqua. They showed that, though for the greater part of his life the artist had worked in black and white only, his coloring was exceedingly good.

Mr. Garrett has made some etchings, mostly landscapes, and not of large size. They include a few scenes in Holland, Venice, and elsewhere on the Continent, but the greater number are etched from subjects within easy distance of Boston. His best plate, so far — and it is an excellent one — is a view of the famous Auld Brig o' Balgownie in Scotland, near which Byron lived in childhood, and which he speaks of in "Don Juan." Although Garrett began to work at etching as long ago as 1879, and it was in 1881 that a complimentary notice of his etched work by so competent an authority as Mr. S. R. Koehler, appeared in the lamented "Art Review," accompanied by Mr. Garrett's plate entitled *Near Mattakeesett*, his illustrative work has occupied him so fully that he has been able to do comparatively little in this direction. It is to be hoped, however, that this will not always be the case, and that we shall see some fresh productions from his needle, as well as more of his pen, pencil, and brush.







DEVIL'S WAY, ALGIERS.

ETCHED BY

STEPHEN J. FERRIS,

AFTER MOUILLERON.

THIS well-known etcher has seldom succeeded in obtaining in any of his work such a depth of tone and suggestion of color as in the "Devil's Way." The title locates the scene, and the bit of Moorish architecture and costumes of the groups in the foreground easily carry us in imagination to the land of the olive and palm.

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. S. A. COALE, JR., ST. LOUIS.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.



DESIGNED BY H. CHASE.

FIGURE FROM A PAINTING BY ALVAREZ.

BUCKLE truly says: "As long as every man is engaged in collecting the materials necessary for his own subsistence, there will be neither leisure nor taste for higher pursuits." The West has become a synonyme for expanding energy. The restless, indefatigable Anglo-Saxon, subduing nature, transforming the wilderness into a garden, erecting his furnace where but a few years ago stood the wigwam of the savage, is the physical type of the growing empire of the Occident.

The pioneer, inhabiting his log cabin and surrounded by wild and obstinate forces, struggling with all his powers of brain and muscle to establish his supremacy, is in no condition to give attention to the graces of life. Even when cities are founded, and the comforts and luxuries of an advanced civilization come within his reach, he is generally too busy accumulating wealth to pay much heed to æsthetic development. However, the mental characteristics of a people remain unchanged, notwithstanding its environment. Thus, a man of æsthetic instincts, raised amid the refining influences of older communities, may in the fierce struggle to establish himself in a new country lose in a measure the mental habit and taste for intellectual refinements. But he will soon regain it when he has acquired a position firm enough to be enabled to take a breathing spell. When at last the people of a Western city turn their attention to the fine arts, it is with an enthusiasm and lavishness of expenditure altogether surprising to the more cautious people of the East. It is true that too many of those who buy pictures, and even form creditable collections, here as elsewhere, are actuated by no higher motive than a desire for the *éclat* resulting from the possession of objects universally recognized as evidences of high culture and correct taste. But occasionally there is one with whom art is an absorbing passion, — who, though untrained in its *technique*, still, by intuition, knows how to look at nature and see harmonies of form and color which to those not possessed of the artistic sense do not exist. Such a one, who, in addition to natural art-sympathy has enriched his knowledge by extensive travel and research, is the gentleman owning the pictures which form the subject of this paper.

For many years Mr. S. A. Coale, Jr. was the most extensive, and I might almost say the only, art patron in St. Louis, and was looked upon as an eccentric sort of a person with a hobby. He was known to have paid large sums for certain pictures, the cost of which was regarded as altogether disproportionate to their real value; and the knowing ones would shake their heads ominously, and exclaim that such a waste of money on mere pictures was something to be deprecated. But it was finally discovered that good art had a standard value, like government bonds, and, besides, pictures of this class were decidedly decorative. Then the contagion spread, until now there are three well-filled private galleries in the city, besides a large number of valuable pictures in the possession of those who do not aspire to extensive collections.

On entering Mr. Coale's gallery the visitor is confronted with a large canvas by Kaemmerer. A party of ladies and gentlemen are playing croquet, and enjoying unconsciously one of those perfect days of early summer, when the sky is of the deepest blue, the foliage fresh and tender, and the very atmosphere breeds a delicious sensuousness which makes mere existence an ecstasy. In the near foreground stands in graceful pose, leaning upon her mallet, such a woman as only Kaemmerer can paint, — her willowy form clad in silk of delicate lavender tint, the texture and quality of the fabric so rendered that art is lost in reality. The other figures are finely grouped, and, with a bit of pardonable vanity, the artist has introduced his own person. The picture is full of sunlight, and so pervaded with a feeling of out-of-doors that one can fancy himself looking at a charming scene through an open window, the warm breath of summer gently stirring the foliage.

And what a landscape by Daubigny! A broad stretch of river, probably the Seine near Paris, — tree-forms in the distance, — a sky with fleecy clouds floating in the blue ether. No straining for unusual effects: it is simple, restful, wonderful. It is a lesson for painters of landscape who imagine that art consists in the portrayal of some exceptional phase in nature.

A sweet girl face looks out with witless eyes, and in diseased imagination sees the dead Polonius, —

> " White his shroud as the mountain snow," —

and softly sings, —

> " And will he not come again ?
> No, no, he is dead."

It is Ophelia with her chaplet of flowers and straw, emblems of reason lost. This mournful theme by Jacquet is like a minor chord in music, or the shadow of a cloud sweeping the sunlight away.

The next scene is laid in Venice, — not the Grand Canal, the Doge's Palace, Bridge of Sighs, and other familiar clap-trap, but a fish-market redolent with its own peculiar odor. From a large canvas a youth looks out, who might have stepped down from a picture by Franz Hals, his face aglow with pleasure at the results of a successful cruise in the Adriatic. On the slippery floor he is casting a splendid catch, — skates, eels, shrimps, lobsters, and other toothsome varieties for the piscivorous Venetians. There is a broadness, a mastery of *technique*, a knowledge, manifested in this work, which is something new in American art. One familiar with the recent wonderful change in the current of art growth in this country, and the source of its inspiration, would not hesitate to attribute this picture to W. M. Chase without looking for the signature. This artist paints in a manner bordering on defiance of conventional methods. He has the most wholesome detestation of mere prettiness in art, and, like all reformers, is intensely radical. Nearly everything from his easel is a fierce protest against the namby-pambyism into which too many of the older school of American artists have fallen. Pictures like this, unpoetical though they may be in subject, will be found in the galleries of coming centuries, when the brocaded and jewelry-bedizened beauties of the Pre-Raphaelites shall have long since passed out of memory.

We are next attracted by a grand work by Toudouze, *La Plage d'Yport*. It has the brilliant



W. M. CHASE, PINX. G. KRUELL, SCULP.

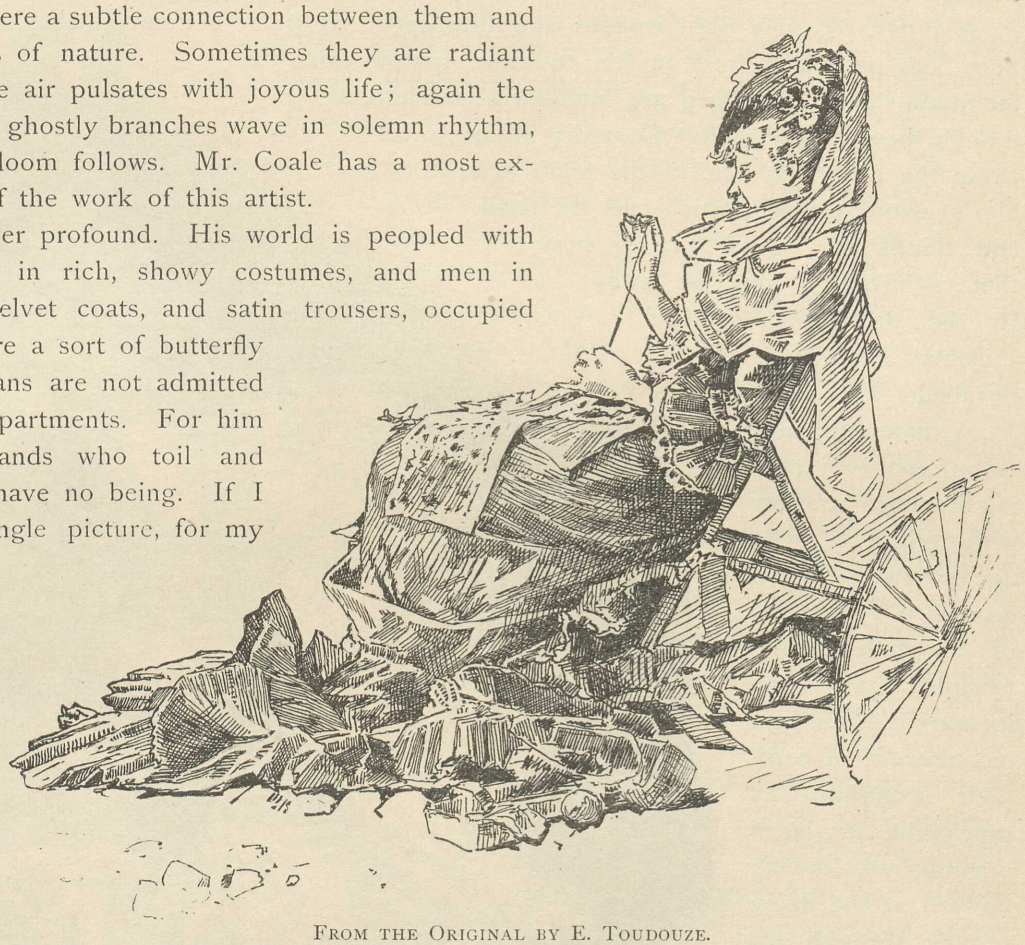
A FISHMARKET IN VENICE.

The Original in the Possession of Mr. J. A. Coale, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

coloring and thorough observance of the law of values characteristic of the Spanish Roman school. It is a soft and sunless afternoon, and in exquisite *abandon* are grouped on the beach a score of lovely women. The central figure might be divine Hebe, clothed in modern raiment fashioned by Worth, her deft fingers busy with some needle-work as delicate as the web woven by prudent Penelope for the hero Laertes. The white haze which overspreads the sky is slightly opaque, but the picture as a whole sparkles with genius.

As the mysterious in nature inspires feelings of awe, so the mystic, shadowy landscapes of the great poet-painter cause one to pause reverently before a work by Corot. Some savages believe that trees, rivers, lakes, mountains, and all inanimate forms, have souls. One can almost imagine Corot to be the exponent of incorporealism. His pictures are subject to various moods, as though there were a subtle connection between them and the hidden forces of nature. Sometimes they are radiant with light, and the air pulsates with joyous life; again the clouds are leaden, ghostly branches wave in solemn rhythm, the light fades, gloom follows. Mr. Coale has a most excellent example of the work of this artist.

Alvarez is never profound. His world is peopled with high-born women in rich, showy costumes, and men in powdered wigs, velvet coats, and satin trousers, occupied as though life were a sort of butterfly existence. Plebeians are not admitted to his gorgeous apartments. For him the vulgar thousands who toil and delve and suffer have no being. If I were buying a single picture, for my own enjoyment, I should choose an artist with more of human sympathy; but in any collection of the works of contemporary painters Alvarez must have a place. The one in this gallery represents an incident in the life of Rousseau, as related in his *Confessions*. Two bewitching women are standing upon ladders gathering oranges, which they toss to him below. Everything in the picture is bright but the figure of Rousseau, which is as black in costume as a raven, perhaps to symbolize his wayward career.



From the Original by E. Toudouze.
Drawn by H. Chase.

From this we turn to a landscape by Inness, strong and almost savage in its gloom. In the foreground a giant oak tosses its branches in defiance at the sky, filled with black and threatening clouds. A storm is coming. The powers of earth and air are soon to measure their forces. This is an inspiration by a man who thinks.

A brown field faded and sere, stony and unfruitful, no foliage but withered leaves scarcely to be seen through the gloaming, — no light but the last gray gleam of a November day. Jervis McEntee is the poet of the picture, entitled *Melancholy Days*, which will be passed by the superficial, but treasured by the thoughtful.

A notable picture this *Sarah Bernhardt* by Clairin. Were she not possessed of the soul of

an artist, we should have had a representation of Bernhardt, not as she is, abnormally thin, "a bag of bones," but of rounded contour, such as the *modiste* would have made her. It is the triumph of artistic truth over womanly vanity. Not a line of her angular body is softened, scarcely a curve is to be found in the folds of her closely fitting robe. The charm of French art to-day is its intrinsic realism. By this I mean its rigid adherence to nature. It may be superficial in sentiment, lacking soul and heart, but what it undertakes that it does thoroughly. Had an Englishman attempted what Clairin has done in this instance, he would have succeeded only in making a repulsive skeleton, whereas the Frenchman has given us a figure full of supple grace. Reclining upon a crimson sofa, with head resting upon her hand, she looks dreamily through and beyond you.[1]

A bitter, freezing blast sweeps the highlands. A poor, benumbed shepherd, with his small flock, has paused to rest in his toilsome journey up the mountain side. The sheep are huddled about him, as though beseeching shelter from the pitiless cold. From the upturned cape of the man's coat a film of snow is blown, which cuts the flesh and blinds the sight. Let us hope that a haven is not far away. In the delineation of such subjects Schenck is unequalled.



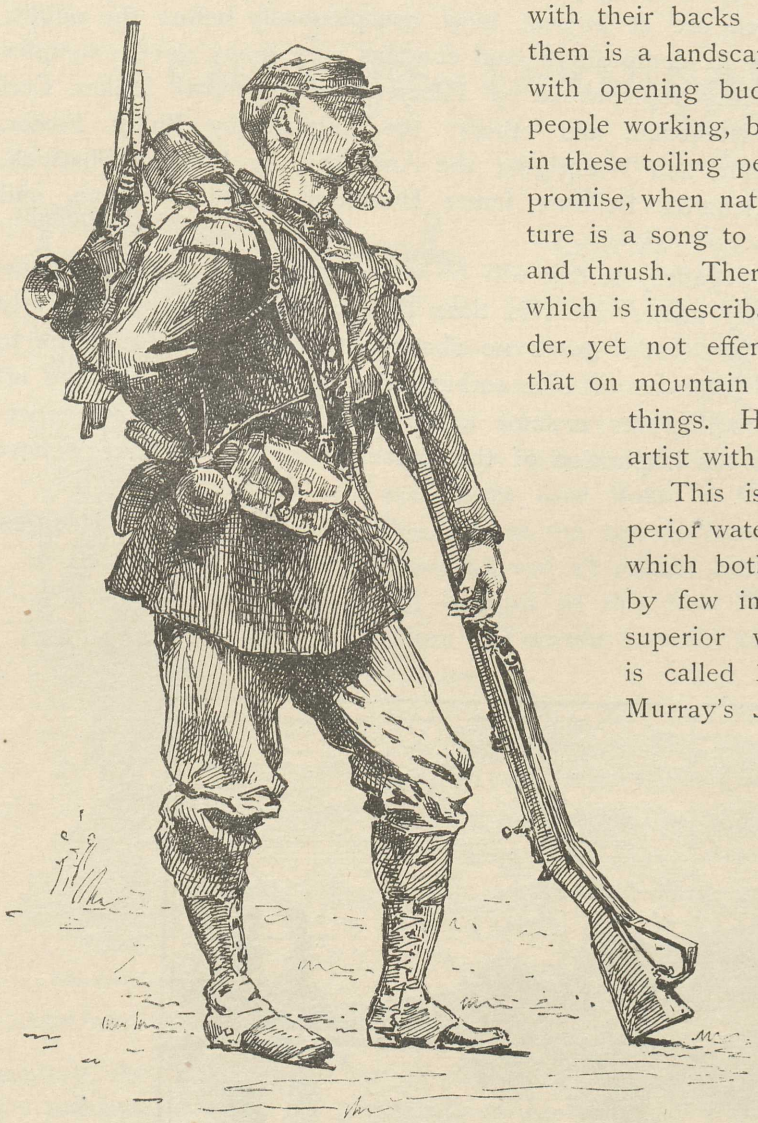
FROM THE ORIGINAL BY GEORGE CLAIRIN.
DRAWN BY H. CHASE.

A diamond pool, embowered with trailing branches bent low with weight of foliage and sweet-odored flowers, is the retreat of a golden-haired nymph. Lying upon its margin in the joyous *abandon* of complete seclusion, she plucks the dew-laden opening buds, looking upward at the flecks of sky through the delicate tracery of leaves. Her form, a harmony of rounded lines and graceful curves, is softly reflected in the mirror-like depths. It is a dream of those far-off days when the forest was peopled with fauns and dryads. Perchance if some fabled denizen of the wood were to encroach upon her privacy, the nymph would take the form of a mild-eyed doe and with speed of the wind vanish from sight. In this fair creation by Hagborg we see the nude so beautiful in form and pure in motive, that even the most prurient prude will be compelled to admire and praise.

[1] There is an etching from this picture, by L. Monziés, published in *L'Art*, 1876, Vol. III. p. 120. The etcher has, however, idealized the picture somewhat, and has made slight changes in the drawing. Mr. Chase's sketch, here given, is a closer rendering as far as it goes.

Unless one has known by actual experience the realities of the skirmish, the charge, the desperate defence, he cannot fully appreciate the terrible truthfulness of De Neuville's military pictures. He is the painter of action, of that supreme moment when men look exultantly upon death and have no thought but of victory. This infantryman, bronzed and weather-beaten, resting upon his gun, is something more than a mere soldier. He is a Frenchman, a national type, not the invincible warrior as he marched toward the Rhine, but the veteran who has learned the bitterness of defeat.

Ranged along the bank of the Seine are a number of women washing clothes. It is a commonplace sort of a subject; — simply eight or nine peasant-women in a row on their knees, with their backs toward you. But around and beyond them is a landscape filled with mellow light, and fragrant with opening buds. Across the stream are fields with people working, but there is no suggestion of weariness in these toiling peasants. It is the season of hope and promise, when nature thrills with renewed life. The picture is a song to labor, set to the music of the robin and thrush. There is a charm about the works of Rico which is indescribable. He is simple, yet effective; tender, yet not effeminate. His atmosphere is as clear as that on mountain heights. He recognizes the relation of things. He is not a mere topographer, but an artist with a soul.



From the Original by A. de Neuville.
Drawn by H. Chase.

This is but one of a large collection of superior water-colors in the possession of Mr. Coale, which both in numbers and quality is surpassed by few in the country. His Vibert is a very superior work, containing eleven figures. It is called *The Theological Discussion*. Elizabeth Murray's *Spanish Betrothal* is in her best manner, and does ample justice to her reputation. Birket Foster is represented by two charming pastoral scenes, peopled with blooming English children. There are also a number of exquisite drawings; among them two by Gustave Doré, — one, *The Transfiguration*, executed especially for the Blodgett collection, and the other a commission direct from Mr. Coale, a scene from Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea;* the original of the popular engraving of Ittenbach's *Holy Family*, a crayon drawing of wonderful delicacy and finish; and two pencil drawings by Klimsch as fine in texture as the most elaborate steel-plate engraving. In addition to these are scores of the greatest names of the French and Spanish Roman schools.

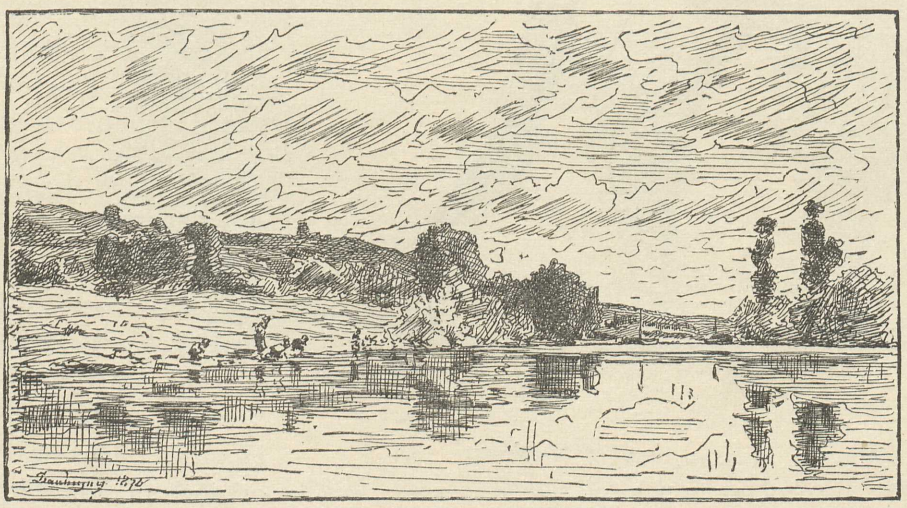
Among the latest additions to Mr. Coale's gallery I must not omit to mention a very strong and characteristic work by Gabriel Max, entitled the *Christian Martyr*. It is the head of a condemned girl, out of whose face has died all hope of human aid, but which is illumined by a radiant vision of the martyr's crown. Mr. Coale has also received a fine example by Constant. It is *Messalina*, the supreme type of the most corrupt period in the history of the race. She

is descending a broad staircase, her form the perfection of sensual grace, and in her person combining the beauty and ferocity of the leopard with such detestable qualities as only the human family is capable of developing. Of other good purchases there is furthermore to be noted Merson's *Flight into Egypt*, with the novel motive of the Virgin asleep between the fore paws of the Sphinx. This picture symbolizes the dawn of a new era. The philosophical pantheism of Egypt is to give place to the new system to be promulgated by the wonderful child reposing in its mother's arms, in the shadow of that mysterious figure, representing the dominant idea of the age, — intellect and force.

I have described merely a few of the leading pictures in Mr. Coale's possession, and these selected mainly from the schools which are at present most conspicuously before the public. But the collection is much broader in its composition, and contains very many good examples also of other schools, the German being represented by Piloty, Kaulbach, Carl Müller, Carl Becker, Meyer von Bremen, Voltz, Ittenbach, and others; the English, by Birket Foster, T. S. Cooper, Elizabeth Murray, Playfair, and Wainright; the American, by Durand, Shattuck, Whitteredge, William Hart, W. T. Richards, Bellows, James Hamilton, Samuel Colman, and Casilear.

A description of the works in this gallery to-day will be in a year from now very incomplete, as additions are being constantly made. At this time the collection consists of nearly one hundred and fifty pictures, and Mr. Coale shows no abatement in his insatiable desire to add to the number. The wonderful influence of one enthusiastic, earnest man upon the art development of a community, I hope to illustrate at some future time by means of other collections brought together largely through the inspiration of the possessor of the pictures I have attempted to describe.

W. R. HODGES.



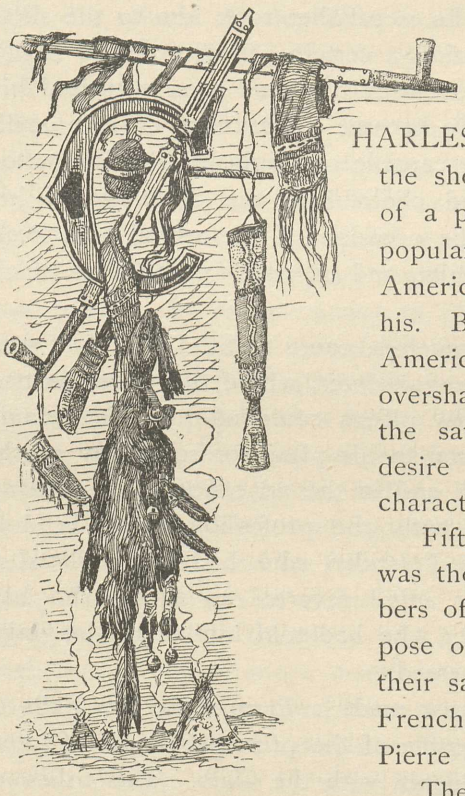
FROM THE ORIGINAL BY DAUBIGNY.

DRAWN BY H. CHASE.



DRAWN BY W. S. EAMES.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. F. WIMAR.

CHARLES FERDINAND WIMAR.



DESIGNED BY H. CHASE.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. F. WIMAR.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

CHARLES FERDINAND WIMAR—or Carl Wimar, according to the shorter form which he himself preferred to use—is the name of a painter whose biography will not be found in any of the popular works relating to artists; yet the productions of few American painters possess so great an ethnological interest as his. Born near Bonn, in Germany, Feb. 20th, 1829, he came to America at the age of fifteen. The artistic element in his nature overshadowed all others, and when he was brought in contact with the savages of the New World, he became absorbed with the desire to devote himself to the delineation of Indian life and character.

Fifty years ago St. Louis was a frontier town, and, as it was the head-quarters of the American Fur Company, large numbers of Indians made annual pilgrimages to the place for the purpose of exchanging furs for such commodities as were needed in their savage life. Their dealings were almost exclusively with the French, who settled upon the spot, selected as a trading-post by Pierre Laclede Liguest, in 1704.

There was no antagonism between the French and Indians. I say the French, for although Americans by birth and an ancestry extending back through succeeding generations for more than a century, they still retained the language, traditions, and customs of the original settlers. It was no uncommon thing for a Frenchman to have an Indian wife, and in some cases he would conform to the usages of both civilized and savage races by having a white wife in St. Louis and a dusky one among the tribes of the Far West.

In 1844 Wimar's step-father and mother settled in St. Louis, and located on the outskirts of the town, near the favorite camping-ground of the Indians. The shy German lad soon became a favorite with them. One warrior of noble presence took an especial fancy to the boy. He went with him into the woods, and taught him the use of Indian weapons. The Indian was pleased with the enthusiasm of the youth and his unaffected delight in whatever he saw, while to the young German all was new and strange. The growing, bustling Western city, with its population of restless frontiersmen, the mild and equable climate and months of almost uninterrupted sunshine, the sense of freedom experienced in the virgin forests and on the far-reaching

flower-bedecked prairies, was, to one fresh from the drowsy, commonplace life characteristic of a German village, the consummation of happiness. A strange companionship was this between the stoical savage and the timid boy from the Old World. The Indian was always welcome at Wimar's home, where he would go without ceremony, open the door softly, and glide noiselessly into the family room, and startle them into a knowledge of his presence by the salutation, "How?" Of what inestimable value to the future artist was this intimate association with the Indians at the age when his mind was so susceptible to lasting impressions! His association with the savages was not the result of idle curiosity merely, but was devoted to close and intelligent study of their half-nude forms and picturesque costumes. From early childhood he manifested a natural aptitude for drawing, and at school oftener employed his slate and pencil in caricaturing the master than in doing the assigned tasks in mathematics; so that when he came to America he had already acquired considerable facility in the use of the pencil.

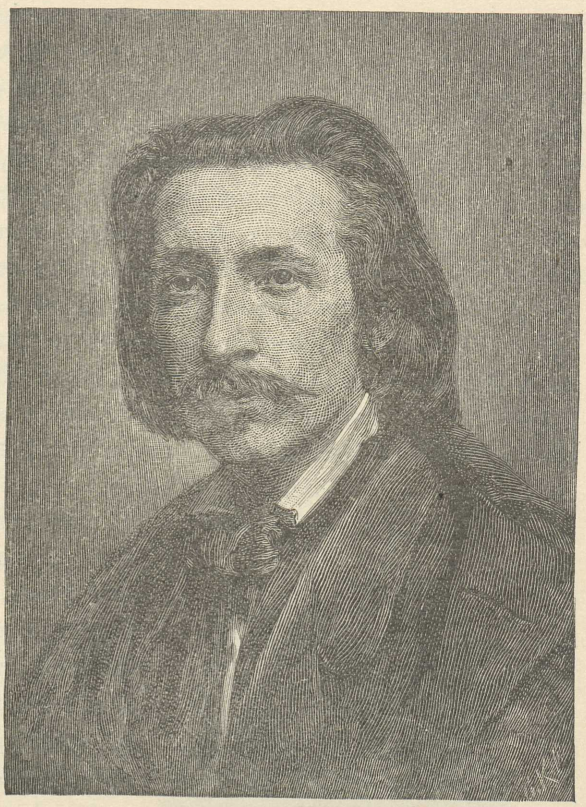
But his parents were poor, and it was necessary that he should become a producer as well as a consumer. It was decided that he should learn a trade, and when consulted as to his preference he at once expressed a desire to become a painter. His step-father took him to the shop of a house and steamboat painter, but the boy had in his mind a certain ornamental and fresco designer as approaching more nearly his ideal. He was taken upon trial, and soon surprised his master with the development of a talent undreamed of. He became a workman of rare skill, not fettered by conventional forms, but with an imagination capable of originating designs altogether surprising to his fellows. He was always prompt and cheerful in the discharge of his duties, at all times industrious and reliable, excepting on the occasion of the arrival of a fresh band of Indians, when the old passion would come over him, and in utter forgetfulness of all else he would seek companionship with the red men.

While Wimar was yet a boy, a Polander, exiled and homeless, came to St. Louis, foot-sore and weary. Chance brought him to the home of the young painter, where the poor German family cheerfully offered him such hospitality as their scanty means could afford. He became greatly attached to young Wimar, and listened with approval to his plans for some day reaching a point where he would be able to return to fatherland, and in the art schools of Germany receive such instruction as was required to follow intelligently the profession which he had chosen from childhood. Some years afterward, when the Polander, who had accumulated a modest sum of money, was stricken with fatal illness, his mind reverted to those who had befriended him in his hour of need, and to the boy painter who had told him of his longings, and he dictated a will leaving to the latter all that he possessed.

In 1849, before this money was bequeathed to him, Wimar made a journey to the Falls of St. Anthony with his employer, to make studies for a panorama of the principal points of interest on the Mississippi River from that point to its confluence with the Ohio. The tribes of Indians met by them near the Falls of St. Anthony afforded him fine opportunities for study. Soon after his return the way was unexpectedly opened for him, as just related, to realize what had heretofore been scarcely a cherished hope, and he joyfully set out for Düsseldorf. He remained abroad five years, applying himself with the enthusiasm of one for whom art was not merely a profession, a means of livelihood, but a sacred shrine, at which he worshipped with the profound devotion of a neophyte. He became a pupil of Leutze, with whom he remained during the time of his stay at Düsseldorf.

While there several of his most important works were executed. Among these was *The Captive Charger*, now the property of Mr. S. M. Dodd of St. Louis. This I regard as the best of all his works. It is a powerful composition, illustrative of the war of extermination between the races, without the revolting details which by their presence would not add to the force with which the story is told, but cause one to shudder at the unnecessary portrayal of human ferocity. A small party of Indians have killed an army officer, who had doubtless ventured too far from camp, and are hurrying away with his horse and accoutrements. The eye of the finely

modelled charger shows by its angry glare that he realizes the fate of his master and the character of those into whose hands he has fallen. The cowardly savages know the dire vengeance which will swiftly follow the discovery of their crime, and, as they make their way through the prairie grass, they look eagerly around for signs of the dreaded enemy. A gorgeous sunset fills the western sky with gold dust, and tints the clouds with crimson. The swarthy forms of the savages are edged with sun-rays reflected from sky and cloud. The glory of the heavens diverts the attention in a measure from the hideous story of hate, the conflict between savagery and civilization, begun with the advent of the white man upon the Atlantic coast, and which will end only when the last red man is wounded unto death by the exterminator of his race. *The Buffalo Hunt* was painted about the same time, and, while it is perhaps more complete as a composition and more spirited in action, it is somewhat strained in the manifest effort to accomplish something which was just beyond the artist's power to reach. In 1859 the Prince of Wales visited St. Louis. He was accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, who saw this picture and ordered a *replica* of it, which was in due time finished and forwarded to him.



C. F. WIMAR.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

On Wimar's return to America he found that wonderful changes had been wrought in his absence. The visits of the Indians had almost ceased, as they had been forced upon reservations in the Far West, and agencies established to care for them. His small capital had been nearly exhausted, and he felt the chilling influence of an atmosphere entirely devoid of art sympathy. Still he was as enthusiastic and as completely absorbed in his favorite theme as ever. The American Fur Company had a chain of forts on the Upper Missouri River, and during each season one or more steamboats were sent to the mountains, as it was called, to convey government stores to the Indian reservations, and bring in return furs obtained from trappers and Indians. On these steamers Wimar was enabled to penetrate to the heart of the hostile Indian country, where he spent three seasons in the arduous and dangerous task of studying the savages. He provided himself with a photographic apparatus, and in addition to the great number of studies made in oil, crayon, and pencil he secured a quantity of photographic memoranda which were invaluable to him.

The difficulties experienced by him are best described in his own language. "During the month of May," he writes to a friend, "I commenced my tour to the Indian country, accompanied by the United States Indian Agent, Col. Vaughn, but was informed when we arrived at Sioux City, that I had chosen rather a dangerous companion, as considerable hostility existed between that officer of the government and many of the most warlike tribes. Taking this matter well into consideration, and after consulting with my travelling companion, Capt. Blandowsky, it was considered as better policy to join ourselves to the American Fur Company, who were in better odor among the nations. This accordingly we did, but were not as much benefited by the change as we anticipated, for the agent still pressed himself upon us.

"The Indians whom we first encountered were the Janktomes, who were encamped, about three hundred strong, on the Missouri River. The spectacle presented by them was very impos-

ing, and as we neared them they came to the shore and paraded before us, dressed in the most gaudy style, but were seized with the utmost panic when our steam organ (Calliope) began its music, and only after its melodies had died away in the distance did they appear to become quiet. You may rest assured that I lost no time in arranging my photographic apparatus, and was enabled, in the short time allowed me, to take several groups. Their chiefs then came aboard and formed a council to treat with the agent. The debate, however, was quite protracted and stormy, and ended in the refusal of the tribe to accept the usual presents proffered them by the government. We were rejoiced to depart without serious misfortune, for we feared much trouble; the agent also participating in our surmises to such a degree, and being aware of the fact that the Indians higher up the river were still more savage and uncompromising than those we had just visited, thought it advisable at Fort Randell to take on board a company of soldiers for our protection. At this point, which is about one hundred and thirty miles above St. Louis, the Ponkas and Brulees came aboard and accepted their presents quietly, on account of the presence of the soldiers (long-knives). . . . . The next station of any import was Fort Pierre, where we found several hundred warriors of the Sioux, with their women and children; we were, however, unable to land at this point, on account of the low stage of water, and we therefore ascended one mile further up the stream, followed by the Indians in procession. The chiefs formed themselves in a circle on the shore opposite the boat, their women and children being arranged behind them. After some deliberation the greater of their warriors came aboard to confer with the agent, but complained of the military, as thereby their suspicious natures were aroused. Of these savages I obtained as many portraits as possible, unseen by them, and also was enabled to catch several groups; of these latter, however, the figures were rather too small on account of the distance at which I was obliged to stand while taking them. During these stoppages my extra time was occupied in trading, and, as before starting on my journey I had supplied myself with many little notions for this purpose, I was enabled to procure a variety of curiosities, costumes, arms, and accoutrements. In the afternoon we continued our course, and on the second day thereafter we were spoken by some Indians, and according to the duty of the agent were obliged to land. We had scarcely reached the shore when some three hundred savages galloped towards us in a furious manner until they were within about one hundred paces of our party, when they suddenly came to a halt and fired their flint-locks over our heads. You may imagine our fright when we heard the whistling balls passing over us, but we were informed that such proceedings were intended as a sign of friendship. Some of their pieces had been aimed so low that their bullets took effect on the wheel-house of our steamer. The Indians then descended from their highly caparisoned horses and there was a great council formed on the prairie. The appearance of these warriors was so savage that I was actually afraid to attempt the drawing of any of them."



BEAR RIB.[1]

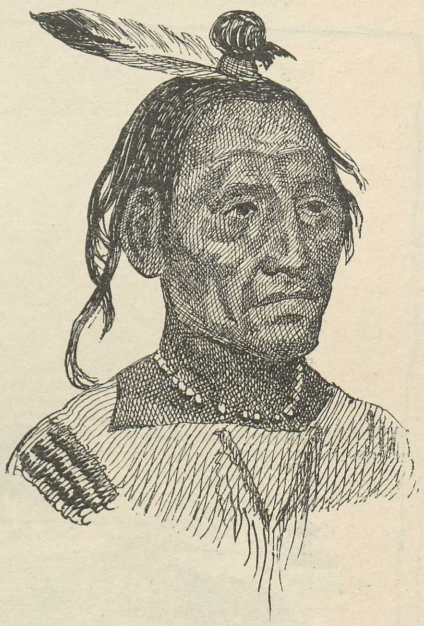
DRAWN BY H. CHASE. — FROM AN OIL STUDY BY C. F. WIMAR.

In the continuation of their journey the party met with many exciting adventures, and at last arrived at Fort Union, which is within seven miles of the mouth of the Yellowstone. Wimar continues his letter as follows: — "We were now 2,500 miles from St. Louis, which we had travelled in about thirty-one days. Here we were visited by several bands of the Assinaboines, who regularly receive an annual present from the government. Our boat then visited the site of a

[1] All the illustrations accompanying this article were made from sketches, etc. in the possession of the widow of the artist, now Mrs. Charles Schleiffarth, of St. Louis.

new fort some eighty miles further up, and then commenced the return trip. My companions and myself remained for a short time at Fort Union, making the necessary preparations for a journey farther up the Yellowstone. Navigation is here impossible by steamboat, and we were obliged to build special craft, which were drawn along by men. You may easily imagine the labor that we were compelled to undergo when I inform you that it was often necessary for us all to exert ourselves together to move the boats, the whole shore being so thickly covered with underwood and brushwood that it is almost impassable for men, much less so for horses: at the same time, to add to our inconvenience, it was very cold and very rainy. There were fifty-three men in our little band, and we had in our keeping, besides our own necessary outfit, the goods of the Fur Company and those of the agent designed for Fort Sarpie, which lies about three hundred miles up the Yellowstone. This distance we accomplished in about sixty days. During this time our principal food consisted of buffalo meat, and we consumed during the period about sixty-four of these animals. Each of the party cut from the carcass that portion of the meat which best suited his palate and prepared it for his own use. We cooked without seasoning, and nothing could have been more palatable.

"Notwithstanding all the hardships which we endured, this was the most interesting portion of our travels. Herds of buffalo frequently swam the river in front of our boat, crossing often so near that many times we entertained great fears for her safety. During the night we had a regular watch to alarm us in case of danger from Indians, and lighted large fires around our camp to scare away the bears and the wolves which were ever on the scent. Near Fort Sarpie we found a very powerful tribe of Crow Indians; these we visited, remaining with them a short time, and then returned down the river in a boat constructed from buffalo hides, to Fort Union, where we took our oar-boat and descended still lower. As there were but eight of us in the return party, we had to take our regular duty at the oars, often travelling only at night, and accomplishing the journey in forty-two days. I finally arrived safely in St. Louis after an absence of nearly six months in the Indian country."



IRON HORN.

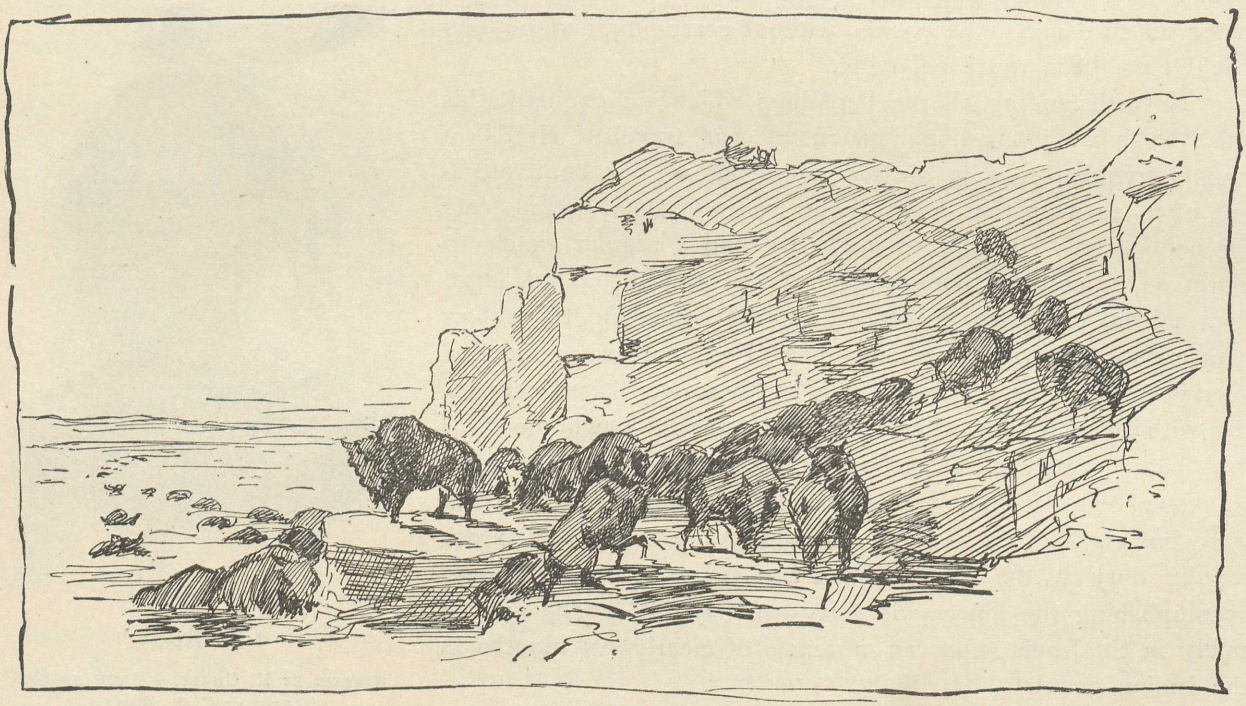
DRAWN BY H. CHASE. — FROM AN OIL STUDY BY C. F. WIMAR.

After Wimar had made a couple of these excursions, the savages learned that he was no sorcerer, and began to look for him on the first boat of the season. The squaws made gaudy head-dresses, tobacco-pouches, and such curious articles as they knew he delighted in possessing. He was so gentle in his ways that these implacable haters of the white man actually learned to like him, and when at last a steamer arrived with the intelligence that he was dead, there was sincere mourning among those who were wont to rejoice at the death of a pale-face. Carl Wimar died of consumption, at St. Louis, on Nov. 28th, 1863.

His studio was a perfect museum of Indian curiosities, and at the time of his death he possessed what was then probably the best collection of weapons, implements, and costumes in the country. Although of pure German blood, he had many of the physical characteristics of an Indian, — prominent cheek-bones, small eyes, and the pigeon-toed shambling gait of a savage. In his Indian costume, which he often wore, he would, when tanned by exposure, easily have been mistaken for a red man. In fact, I have been told by a German who saw him daily for years, that almost to the last he supposed him to be at least a half-breed. But here the resemblance stopped. In character he was shy and reserved, and there is something marvellous in the loving remembrance in which he is held by those to whom he made himself known.

I recall now three men, with heads frosted by time, whose eyes glistened with tears, when, as I led them to speak of Carl and their association with him, they came to his pitiful struggles, his solicitude for his mother, his gentleness and truth, his longing to live so as to complete worthily what he had begun, — and this many years after his death.

When the rebellion came, for a time it seemed doubtful which way the scale would turn, whether to the side of the Union or to that of Secession. As a consequence nearly all business except that relating to war was suspended. In those exciting times people had no thought of pictures. But when it became apparent that St. Louis was to be held by the Federal government, confidence was in a measure restored, and money began to circulate. Wimar's faithful characterizations of the Indian attracted attention, and he began to receive commissions, and when it became manifest that consumption had fastened itself upon him, people were more than ever anxious for his works. He had always been desirous, first, of buying a home for his mother, and, second, of securing a sufficient sum of money to place himself above the reach of



BUFFALOES CROSSING A STREAM.

DRAWN BY H. CHASE. — FROM A SKETCH BY C. F. WIMAR.

possible want. Toward the last he was importuned to finish his orders, and money was almost thrust upon him. One day he said to his mother, with a sad smile: "Mother, if I last long enough I shall be so rich that I can have a bank account."

The fate of the warrior who was Wimar's friend and companion in boyhood was so tragic, that I cannot withhold the story. Some enterprising Yankee conceived the idea of taking a number of Indians to England for exhibition. Among those who were induced to go was John, as he was familiarly called by the whites. These children of the forest knew nothing of the perils of the ocean. When on shipboard, John looked with supreme contempt upon the distressing evidences of sea-sickness among the passengers. At last a horrible suspicion entered the mind of the stoical savage. It was strengthened by every lunge of the steamer. He had faced death in many forms, but here was a danger more terrible than any. He waited until satisfied that there was but one way of escape from the humiliation, and then plunged a knife into his heart.

In one of his essays Emerson says: "All departments of life at the present day — Trade, Politics, Letters, Science, or Religion — seem to feel, and to labor to express, the identity of



C. F. WIMAR, PINX.

H. CHASE, DEL.

DEFIANCE.

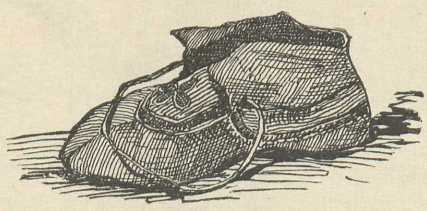
The Original in the Possession of Mrs. Charles Schleiffarth.

their law. They are rays of one sun; they translate each into a new language the sense of the other. They are sublime when seen as emanations of a Necessity contradistinguished from the vulgar Fate, by being instant and alive, and dissolving man, as well as his works, in its flowing beneficence. This influence is conspicuously visible in the principles and history of Art." The works of Wimar were the result of such an all-controlling impulse. He seemed bound by the law of necessity to one line of action, and that was the study of the North American Indian and the delineation of his characteristics as shown in war, the chase, the council, in the observance of his superstitious rites, and in all the relations of life. I doubt if he ever willingly painted any other subject. He worked with the most conscientious fidelity. He made almost innumerable careful and detailed studies in color of the costume, weapons, implements, and trappings of the Indians. He studied the buffalo with the precision of a naturalist. He realized that the history of the Indian race, from the discovery of the continent, was closely interwoven with our own; that by the unvarying law of progress in a few years the savage must assimilate with the whites, change his mode of life, and become civilized, or be exterminated; that the great opportunity of leaving to future ages correct representations of the race in its native state must be speedily improved or be forever lost. He saw how rich in historical incident, how pregnant with pictorial interest, was the subject he had chosen. He saw that no American painter seemed to have fully realized what immense importance would soon attach to works of this character; that, in all its elements, the entire history of the Indian was a tragedy; that his legends were filled with poetical tenderness and beauty.

What Wimar accomplished was, however, but a forecast of the future. He died upon the threshold of his career. His work shows the influence of false teaching, of crude and unsympathetic surroundings, of the heart-ache and blight of poverty; but it also shows that, if under such adverse circumstances he succeeded so well, great things would have been forthcoming, had the sunshine of prosperity ripened the fruit of his genius.

Where is the American painter to take up this almost forgotten theme? There are young Americans fresh from the best art schools of Europe, possessing technical knowledge, breadth of manner, and mastery of color, to a degree unapproached by the earlier painters, who are striving for fame and fortune in the hard and stony highways worn bare by the footsteps of the throng gone before them. Who will be first to turn aside into this new path, where full fruition lies?

W. R. HODGES.





MEMORY.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

MAUD HUMPHREY.

THIS is one of the best of the paintings for which Maud Humphrey is noted, and is characteristic of her general style. The soft, gentle tints, which lend ease and grace to a painting, are nowhere lacking in her productions. How well it fits the following lines from Tennyson's "Ode to Memory":

"Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast
(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year).
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.



THE BIVOUAC.

DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

GRANVILLE PERKINS.

Chapter Twenty-Seventh.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Baltimore in 1830. From his parents, who were both lovers of art, young Granville inherited a passion for drawing and painting, and spent much of his leisure time in early attempts at artistic work. His father, however, in spite of his own similar tastes, thought the profession of an artist but a poor one, and wished his son to follow some mercantile pursuit. It was impossible, though, to make Granville anything but an artist; and he was finally permitted to follow his own bent, and to receive lessons from William E. Smith, a noted drawing-master of that day in Philadelphia. At a later period of his life he was instructed in painting by James Hamilton, the celebrated marine artist. J. R. Smith, a son of his first teacher, being the scene painter of the Chestnut-street Theatre, engaged Perkins (then only fifteen years old) as his assistant, and he remained with him for a year; and for some time thereafter painted scenery in Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, gaining a well-deserved reputation. In the metropolis he was a scenic artist at Niblo's Garden, with the Ravel family, and in their company he went to South America and the West Indies. Here he was enabled to realize one of the dreams of his youth, and he filled his portfolio with studies of that tropical scenery which he portrays so admirably. Quitting the theatre about 1851, he began drawing on wood for illustrated papers and magazines; and when an illustrated weekly paper was started in New York, in 1853, by P. T. Barnum and Moses Yale Beach (the latter was then the owner of the "Sun"), Perkins worked for it under Frank Leslie, who had charge of its art department. Though the staff of artists included such men as Hammatt Billings and Darley, and there were some able writers among the literary contributors, the "Illustrated News," as it was called, had but a short life, and Perkins's abilities were transferred to the service of "Frank Leslie's Weekly," and afterwards to the Harpers, for whose paper he furnished drawings of the naval operations of our Civil War. His work may be seen in most of the illustrated journals, and in many of the best books published in America during the last twenty-five years. It will be sufficient to mention the subscription edition of "Longfellow," "The Aldine," "Pioneers in the Settlement of America," and "Picturesque America" as representative publications in which his fine talent is well displayed. For "Picturesque America" he made the numerous drawings

which embellish the chapters on Philadelphia, Baltimore, the Susquehanna, the Delaware Water-gap, the Highlands of the Neversink, and Harper's Ferry. Mr. Perkins has always been a painter in both oil and water-color, and is a member of the Water-Color Society. He has frequently exhibited at the National Academy, his first contribution dating many years back. His color is good, and his style free, broad, and effective. Vigor without exaggeration, warmth of color without garishness, and brilliancy which is still harmonious, will be found in his paintings and drawings. Probably his happiest efforts are in the delineation of marine and coast scenery, though his tropical landscapes are little if at all inferior, and his drawings of waterfalls and moonlight effects are particularly good. His skilful hand charms us alike in some scene chosen from our northern lands, where slender birches lean to the silver cascade falling through a wilderness of gray rock and green woodland, or in portraying an opening in the mighty equatorial forest, where beneath palms and lianas the flamingo watches amidst the giant water-lilies. Few aspects of nature, however, are unfamiliar to his brush, and he can say with the poet Stoddard: —

> "I know our inland landscapes, pleasant fields,
> Where lazy cattle browse, and chew the cud;
> The smooth declivities of quiet vales;
> The swell of uplands and the stretch of woods.
> . . . . . .
> I love thee, Ocean, and delight in thee:
> Thy color, motion, vastness, all the eye
> Takes in from shore and on the tossing waves, —
> Nothing escapes me, not the least of weeds
> That shrivels and blackens on the barren sand."

As an example of his success in depicting the luxurious tropics, there is herewith presented a drawing of *The Bivouac of De Soto's Expedition in Florida.* "Imagine a bivouac of this strange host in an opening of a Florida forest. Everywhere in the grateful shade weary soldiers lie stretched upon the ground, or recline against the giant trunks, dreaming of their anticipated success, or, haply, of their far-off homes in old Spain, where wife and children sadly count the months which must elapse ere they return laden with riches. Hungry men are devouring their rations, which are not yet reduced to a short allowance. Horsemen have dismounted, and lazily groom and feed their animals. Artisans examine and repair arms and trappings, or cut young saplings from which to fashion new lances. A body of priests, with all the insignia of their office and the altar, and accompanied by the leaders of the expedition, march in solemn procession through aisles more grand than the proudest cathedral of old Spain can boast, to commemorate some obscure saint, or to dedicate the land to the dominion of the Church. Here and there, in contrast with the religious ceremonies, are gathered groups of the adventurers playing cards (a game which at that time was a passion with the Spaniards), and recklessly staking their coin or their trinkets, and even their shares of prospective plunder; while a few Indian captives, with iron collars on their necks and fetters on their wrists, look on in silent wonder, and leashed and muzzled blood-hounds crouch, harmless for the time, near by. It is a veritable holiday in the woods; and there rises from this strange multitude a din unwonted in these solitudes, and yet not boisterous, in which are mingled the sacred chant and the bacchanalian song, the soft Castilian tongue and hoarse laughter; and through it all the sleepers slumber undisturbed."

Another excellent specimen of Perkins's work is a second view in Florida, — that land wherein centuries ago the Spaniard and the Huguenot saw with wondering eyes "the placid river, with its low, reedy islands bright with flowers, and shores here shaded by the varied foliage of the magnificent forest, and there stretching far away in green meadows dotted with groups of pine and palmetto; broad estuaries, seen through a vista in the overhanging branches; hummocks crowned with the magnolia and the live-oak, their branches draped with the long Spanish moss; swamps,

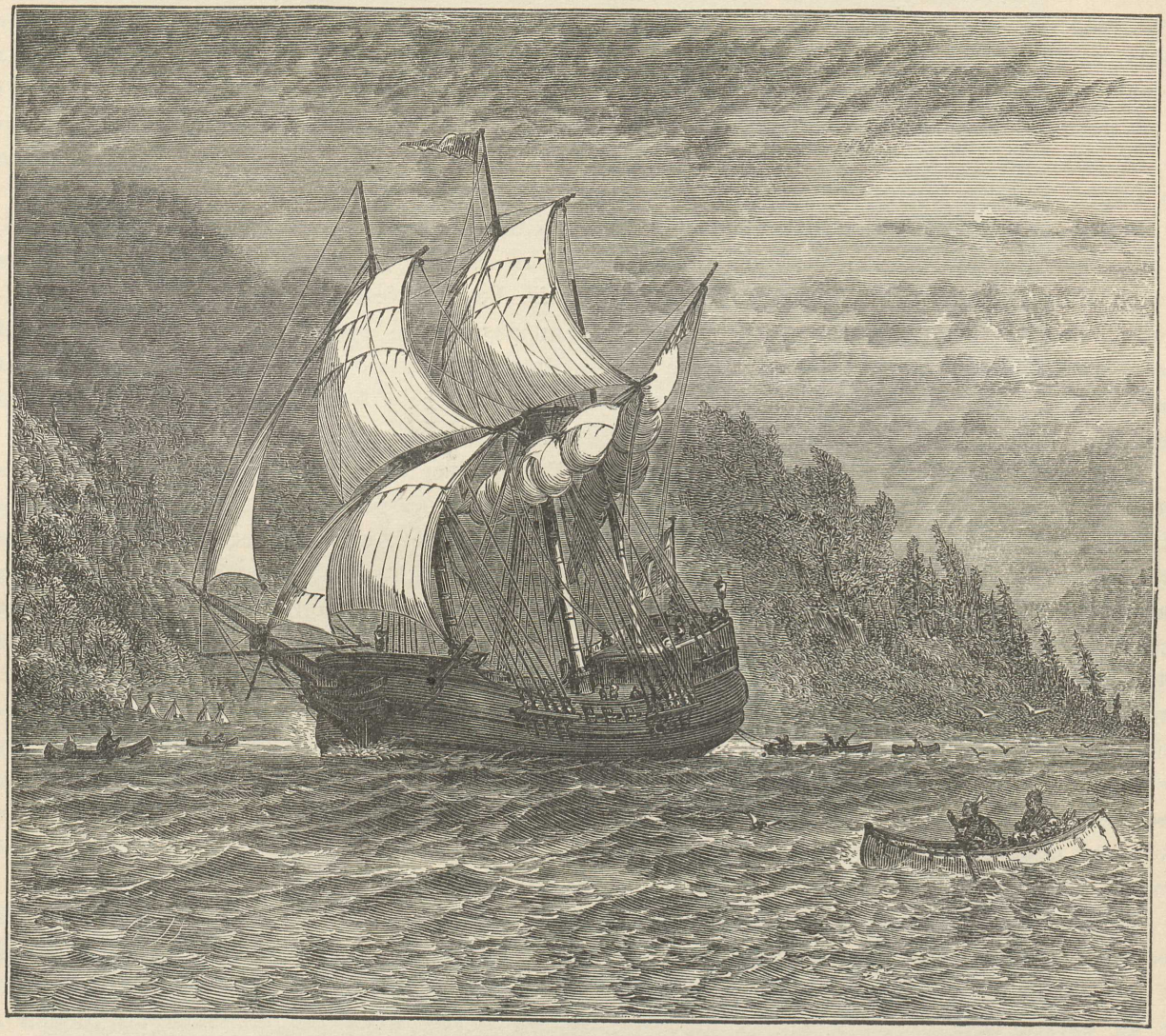


SCENE IN FLORIDA.

DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

whose bowers were clothed with luxuriant vines and shrubs, and whose mysterious depths were shadowed with the darkness of night by the thick-growing cypress; the hideous alligator, basking in the sun by the reedy shore; the scarcely less hideous Indian in his paint and feathers; the countless birds with rich and brilliant plumage; flowers and foliage of rare and gorgeous beauty."

One of the best things that our artist has ever done, is his drawing of *The Mayflower at Sea*, with the stern of the little craft hove up on a mighty wave as she leans forward to dip into the next hollow of the swelling ocean, and her sails standing out against the cloudy rays



HENDRICK HUDSON ASCENDING THE RIVER WHICH BEARS HIS NAME.

of the setting sun. "The imagination might easily see in those clouds the spirit of persecution, with threatening gestures, driving the fugitives on their stormy way; and faith could picture the angels of peace before them beckoning them on to the promised land." The picture is a worthy illustration of Edward Everett's masterly description of the Pilgrim ship: "Methinks I see it now, that one, solitary, adventurous vessel, the 'Mayflower,' of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to

suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest on the high and giddy waves. . . . The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, . . . without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. . . . Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept away by the thirty savage tribes of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?"

Perkins's drawing of Hendrick Hudson sailing up the noble river which now bears his name, is also given here. It was in 1609 that Hudson, an English navigator in the service of the Dutch East India Company, entered what is now the Bay of New York in his ship the "Half-moon," and in the hope of discovering a northern passage to India proceeded up the great river, until passing beyond tide-water he found unmistakable evidences of its being only a fresh-water stream. The Indians at first supposed the ship to be a living monster, and were filled with fear, but afterwards growing bolder thronged about the vessel in their birchen canoes.

A peaceful evening scene on the banks of a Texan river shows another phase of Perkins's art, which always maintains a high level, and reveals no carelessness or inattention. His vessels, of whatever nature or nation, are rightly rigged and fashioned, and do not indulge in any of the impossible antics which those of less experienced draughtsmen sometimes perform. He knows how to draw a ship that floats naturally in its natural element, moves freely with the action of wind or wave, and is of the proper proportions. There are few, if any, crafts afloat which the artist cannot make a picture out of; and more than that, as Clark Russell, the unsurpassable writer of sea-stories, says: "There is not a vessel afloat in which you may not find an element of deep pathos in the mere thought of her being the home of the many or the few who are in her. She is a tiny speck upon the multitudinous waters hidden from the sight of man at the little distance of a handful of miles, a minute fragment of human skill and courage under the vast and eternal dome of heaven, whose immensity the night best reveals with the stars she kindles from sea-line to sea-line."

How admirably would some of Perkins's best designs blend with Russell's marvellous word-pictures of ships and seas. Here is one of moonlight: "As on shore so at sea, — it is out of moonlight that you obtain the daintiest and most fairy-like effects. What is there tenderer in all nature than the spectacle of moonrise on the ocean, when the orb standing hidden a minute or two behind some delicate line of vapor whose extremities her beams color to the aspect of lunar rainbows, sheds a silver streak of icy light upon the black line of the sea-board, until it looks like liquid ivory in the act of arching over in a gush of brilliant whiteness, as froth from the head of a breaker? I think one misses the best of the moon-light effects when on board a steamer. There is little or nothing in the fabric forever storming along for the crystal beam to beautify. The structure, vibrating to the thunder of her engines, rushes onward too swiftly for glorification by the cold rays of the bland satellite. It is from the deck of the sailing ship that you command in perfection the wonders and splendors of the oceanic amphitheatre, witness in such wise that your heart receives into it the whole spirit of the scenic grandeurs of that mighty stage, — the glowing galleries of the west; the burning pavilions into which the sun retires; the cloud pinion smitten into mild



THE MAYFLOWER AT SEA.

DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

glory by Venus blazing jewel-like in a sphere of light, in which the adjacent stars are hidden as by moonshine; the gathering of the storm-cloud of a glassy and livid brow, with the restless lifting of the waters to its purple shadow; the flight of the falling body of fire bursting into a storm of sparks as it seems to strike the dark and distant sea-line, over which a few stars are peeping like eyes of gigantic shapes, whose shadowy forms the imagination will not find it hard to distinguish.

"A sailing ship moving quietly onwards, or lying restfully in the heart of a calm, offers a surface upon which the magic brushes of the moon will paint a hundred lovely things. The clear, sharp shadows resemble jet inlaid upon the ivory of the planks. The spaces of splendor upon the yards between the black dyes, wrought by the interception of the reflection of the



Ship at Anchor. Drawn by Perkins.

end of a boom or the clew of a sail, are like bands of shining silver. There is nothing fairer than the spectacle of a sleeping ship, with her canvas hanging silent from the yards, stealing out to the light of the moon that soars sparkling as if wet from the sea. The white glory gushes veil-like to the trucks high aloft in the clear obscure, and sinks wanly from sail to sail, until the fabric that a little while before was but a deeper shade upon the evening dusk, gleams out into an inexpressible loveliness of phantom form and airy substance. Stars bright as Coleridge's tiny sun amid the branches sparkle in brass and glass, and along the sails there is a diamond twinkling of dew, and the sheen upon the canvas seems to overflow the bolt-ropes and frame the irradiated spaces with a slender atmosphere of light delicate as mist. To the small swaying of the vessel the moonshine on her decks flows like running rivulets of quicksilver, the shadows alternate with the brightness, and the reflected filigree of the

rigging crawling to the swing of the structure makes one think of the thin boughs of a leafless tree stirred by the wind against some snow-clad rise.

"One moonlight effect I recall with delight. It was a dark, tropical evening; there was a light air blowing, of sufficient weight to keep the sails asleep, and a long troubled swell was heaving from the north. The stars shone very clearly, but the night lay dark upon the ocean, and you only knew where the sea-line was by observing where the luminaries ceased to shine. On a sudden, a pale, greenish hue in the east announced the rising of the moon. The rugged horizon ran in ink against that lunar dawn, and as the orb lifted her brilliant disk clear of the ebon welter, the outline of a sailing ship showed to the right of her. Soon she had climbed right over the vessel; her glorious wake ran fan-like in a turbulent surface of silver far along the heaving waters; and in the middle of this radiant river sailed the ship, — the wind right astern of her, her yards square, studding sails out on both sides, but all of the deepest dye of blackness. There is nothing in language to convey this picture, — to express this vision rather. I see it now, — the stately rolling of the dark pyramids of cloths, an occasional flash of white fire from her side or decks, and the mild glory over her stern showing in arches of silver under the curves of her sails. As she passed out of the moon's reflection she grew pale, mist-like, elusive. It is, indeed, the atmospheric effects of the sea which make it so rich in symbolism. The deep is eternity materialized, so to speak. I always regard the ocean as a form of infinity rendered compassable to human intelligence by an apparition of confines which yet do not bound it. It is certain that we find in it our most pregnant imagery of life and death. The picture of the ship I have just written about abounded in human significance, the full force of which you would have understood had you watched the stately, spacious-winged fabric drawing out from the throbbing and palpitating river of silver moonlight, passing in spectral pallor, and vanishing among the folds of the liquid dusk astern. It was something to accept as an illustration of that form of unreality, which the poet indicates in speaking of life as a dream between a sleep and a sleep."

And here is a superb description of a sunset, and of a dawn at sea, which our artist could most happily illustrate: "The effect of a red sunset upon a ship sailing quietly along is a choice study full of sweetness. The rigging shines like wires of brass, the sails like cloth of gold, there are crimson stars wherever there are windows. Against the soft evening blue she glides glorious as a fabric richly gilt. Sometimes the slow withdrawal of the western splendor from her may be watched; then her hull will be dark with evening shadow, while the light, like a golden veil lifted off her by an invisible hand, slides upwards from one rounded stretch of canvas to another, till, burning for a breath, like a streak of fire in the dog-vane at the lofty mast-head, it vanishes, and the structure floats gray as the ash of tobacco. In this withdrawal of the sun, and in the gathering of the shadows of night at sea, there is a certain melancholy; but I do not think it can be compared with the spirit of desolation you find in the breaking of the dawn over the ocean. The passage from sunlight to darkness even in the tropics is not so swift but that the mind, so to speak, has time to accept the change; but there is something in the cold, spiritless gray of dawn that always did, and still does, affect my spirits at sea. The froth of the running billows steals out ghastly to the faint, cheerless, and forbidding light. Chilly as the night may have been, a new edge of cold seems to have come into the air with the sifting of the melancholy spectral tinge of gray into the east. The light puts a hollow look into the face of the seaman. The aspect of his ship is full of bleakness; the stars are gone, the skies are cold, and the voices of the wind aloft are like a frosty whistling through clenched teeth. A mere fancy, of course, which is instantly dissolved by the first level, sparkling beam of the rising sun."

The same writer, in his book descriptive of a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, which he made in search of health, — and everyone who has read any of his books will heartily wish that he found an inexhaustible supply of it, if only for the selfish [?] reason that he might



SCENE IN TEXAS.

DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

live to enchant us with more wonderful sea-tales, — notes the contrasting beauties of sail and steam-vessels, and says: "Say what you will of steamers, the full-rigged sailing ship is the one real beauty of the sea. Just before sundown, on the day of our leaving Plymouth, I went on deck, and saw a large sailing ship on the starboard bow. She was close-hauled, under top-gallant sails, and was looking well up, crushing the surly swell with her forefoot, and pitching with the regular action of a pendulum. We shifted our helm to pass her, but though our speed was a good thirteen knots she held her own nobly, and dropped astern with an obstinate clinging to our skirts that enabled me to have a fine view of her from different points. I have no doubt we offered a handsome show to the eyes of the crew of that square-rigger, with our rows of windows catching the reddish light that hung deep and threatening among the western clouds, with the swift shearing of our iron stem through the water that came aft boiling to the propeller, with the majestic heavings of the leviathan form urged by an invisible power of the existence of which even the massive leaning funnel offered but the barest hint in the thin blowing of smoke that went in a faint brown haze over the sea. But the ship, with her sails set to a hair, her square yards, her staysails like pencilled shadows between the masts, the delicate outlines of her jibs yearning seawards to the jib-booms, surely formed of the two vessels the truer ocean picture. I watched with delight her long-floating launches into the livid hollows, her light and nimble emergences, with the luffs of her top-gallant sails trembling as though the shapely fabric's impatience of our steady passage past her thrilled from her heart into those airy heights. She was beautiful when abeam of us, when you saw into the hollow of every sail, and marked how the curved shadowings came and went with her lifting and falling to the respiration of the deep; she was beautiful when she had veered well upon our quarter, and, with flying jib-boom heading for us, luffed till you saw nothing but the swell of her canvas arching like the bosom of a maiden beyond each bolt-rope, while the foam to her bowing swelled to the hawse pipes; and she was still beautiful when she had grown toy-like on our lee quarter, and had become little more than a white phantom starlike in the obscuration of the evening and in the windy dimness as it crept imperceptibly over the frothing sea."

On the same trip Clark Russell met an American whaler in Table Bay, and his depiction of her is well worth quoting: "She was an American whaler, and had been out for twenty-two months bagging whales in about latitude 42° south. She had eight hundred barrels of oil aboard, and was certainly one of the queerest and rustiest old hulls I ever had the fortune to encounter. Her metal sheathing was green as grass, and you saw the barnacles upon it through the transparency a little way below to where the sheathing came. The large blocks employed in 'cutting in' had scraped her sides clean all about her gangway, and grievously worn them. She appeared to have worked half the oakum out of her, and her seams were hollow. Her name was the 'Sea Queen,' Joseph Thomson, master, and she hailed — as might easily have been conjectured — from New Bedford. Boats exhibiting every symptom of hard wear stood bottom up on chocks, or hung from massive wooden davits over the side. Dirt and grime lay thick on the scuttles. She carried thirty of a crew; they all came to the rail to look at us, and I heartily wish some artist had been of our party, to jot down with his pencil the delightful variety of countenance and of costume exhibited by that array of whalers. There were white men and black men, and men whose faces were all hair, and who looked like sailors striving to peer through a mat. There were Dutch faces and Yankee faces, faces which might have been carved out of a balk of timber, and faces of the hue of the ship's bread, which I suspect could have been found crawling about on the legs of innumerable weevils in the little barky's lazarette. One might live a hundred years and yet never come across so quaint, old, battered, and grimy a whaler as this 'Sea Queen,' fresh as she was from nearly two years' washing about in search of prey south of the Cape of Good Hope."

As a contrast, and to refresh our national dignity, let us copy his words on just such a

smart Yankee schooner as Perkins has drawn many times: "She was as fine a schooner as ever breasted the blue surge; of the old Baltimore clipper type, black and long, with a high bronzing of metal, and a noble flight of sea wings rising to the royal at the fore. You saw the white water pulsing at her bows as she came along, shearing through it like a knife through satin, with a hurry of light in her glossy sides that seemed reverberated to the very height of her in the tremulous pulling of her star-spangled bunting."

That he may yet draw numbers more, and not only such but pictures galore of the kind that have pleased thousands, is a wish in which all will join.



THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

W. L. TAYLOR.

THIS typical Eastern beauty, reclining at ease on the luxurious divan and attended by her faithful slave, reminds one of the beautiful women described in the charming tales and legends of Oriental magnificence.

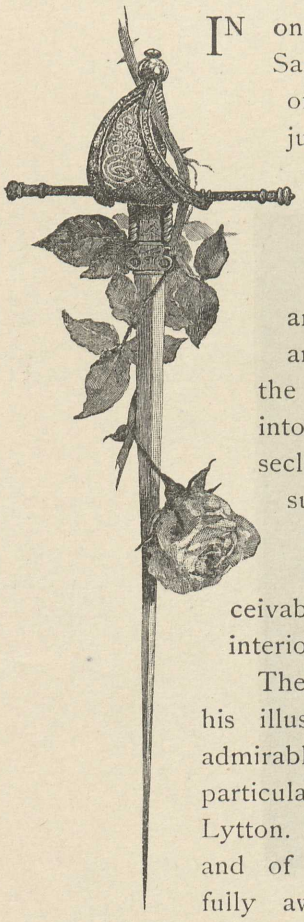
"First of the Prophet's favorites, proudly first
In zeal and charm."

One need but look at her to recall Moore's lines, —

"Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one whose smile shone out alone
Amidst a world the only one!
Whose light, among so many lights
Was like that star, on starry nights,
The seaman singles from the sky,
To steer his bark forever by!

W. L. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.



IN one of Boston's most attractive suburbs lies Parley Vale, so named by Samuel G. Goodrich, whose home it was, and who, under the *nom de plume* of Peter Parley, was widely known to the readers, and especially the juvenile ones, of many years ago. The boys and girls of to-day know not Peter Parley, but few authors have surpassed him in quantity of production and in contemporary popularity; for he wrote some two hundred books, mostly for young people, and of them several millions in all have been sold. Mr. Goodrich was also a publisher, and one of liberality and taste, who employed the best American authors, artists, and engravers of his day; and it seems appropriate that among the pleasant homes of Parley Vale (for the old writer's estate passed into other hands, and is now divided, though it still retains much of its secluded beauty), should be that of William Ladd Taylor, one of our most successful illustrators. Here, on a sloping hillside, he has lately built himself a picturesque house, surrounded by oaks and evergreens, with such a spacious studio as all artists covet, abounding in every conceivable light, and recalling, with its generous fireplace and quaint details, the interiors of colonial days.

The work which has given Mr. Taylor most reputation, and rightly, is his illustration of Owen Meredith's poem entitled "The Earl's Return," the admirable designs for which were made abroad during a trip he took for that particular purpose, and have won the generous praise of the author, Lord Lytton. The poem tells of a beautiful girl who had wedded a grim earl, and of her dreary life in his frowning castle by the sea, where she fearfully awaited his coming back from a long absence, and how, when he did return, and —

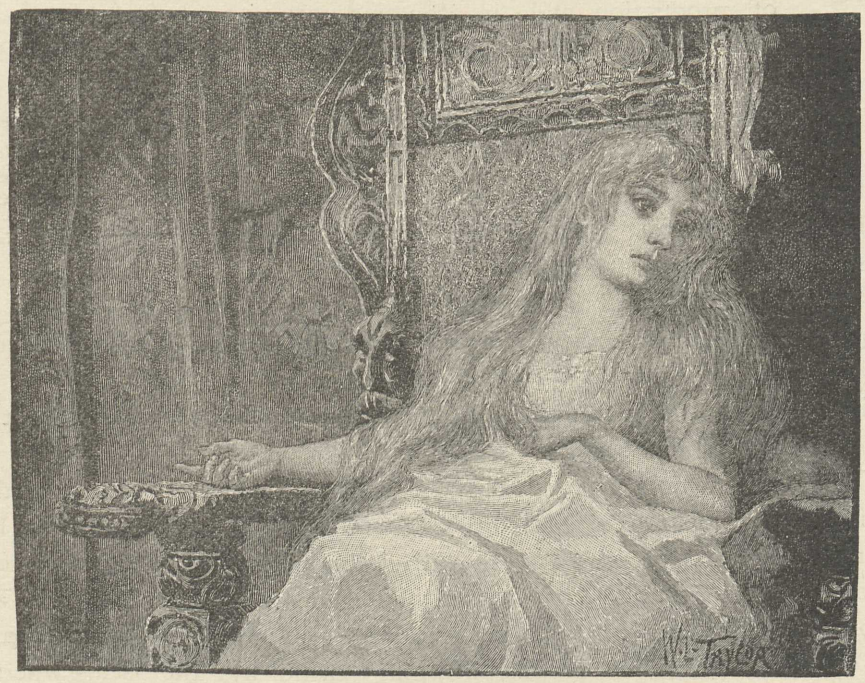
"She heard below,
On the creaking stairway loud and slow,
Like drops that plunge audibly down from the thunder
Into a sea that is groaning under,

The heavy foot of the Earl, as he mounted
Step after step to the turret: she counted
Step after step, as he hastened or halted;
Now clashing shrill through the archways vaulted;
Now muffled and thick; now loud, and more
Loud as he came near the chamber door.



At her Grave. Drawn by Taylor.

Then there fell, with a rattle and shock,
An iron glove on the iron lock,
And the door burst open — the Earl burst through it —
But she saw him not. The window pane,
Far off, grew large and small again;



In the Great Oak Chair. Drawn by Taylor.

The staggering light did wax and wane,
Till there came a snap of the heavy brain;
And a slow-subsiding pulse of pain;
And the whole world darkened into rest,
As the grim Earl pressed to his grausome breast



THE LADY IN HER OWN LAND.

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR.

His white wife. She hung heavy there
On his shoulder without breath,
Darkly filled with sleepy death
From her heart up to her eyes;
Dead asleep; and ere he knew it
(How death took her by surprise



THE DEAD LADY. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

Helpless in her great despair)
Smoothing back her yellow hair,
He kissed her icy brows; unwound
His rough arms, and she fell to the ground."

The artist's drawing of the lady lying dead and white on the floor, with the dark figure of the Earl standing over her in the light of the half-opened casement, is full of power.



THE EARL'S RAGE. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

Then the verse goes on to tell how they buried her by the sea-shore, and, after years had gone by, the Earl took to himself another wife, and then one day a strange minstrel came over the sea —

"And paused by the pale-faced Lady's grave."

They bade him enter, and then, in the great hall, as he sang to them of his lost love until every ear was enchanted, the fire and the foeman came together, and soon the castle-walls lay in blackened ruins, and the Earl and the stranger both were gone.

"Of the Earl, in truth, the Seneschal swore
(And over the ocean this tale he bore)
That when, as he fled on that last wild night,
He had gained the other side of the moat,
Dripping, he shook off his wet leathern coat,
And turning round beheld, from basement
To cope, the castle swathed in light,
And, revealed in the glare through my Lady's casement.
He saw, or dreamed he saw, this sight, —



And the Squires, of their sport,
in the great South Court,
Lounged all day long from stable to hall
Laughingly, lazily,
one and all.

DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

"Two forms (and one for the Earl's he knew,
By the long shaggy beard and the broad back too)
Struggling, grappling, like things half human.
The other, he said, he but vaguely distinguished,
When a sound like the shriek of an agonized woman
Made him shudder, and lo, all the vision was gone!
Ceiling and floor had fallen through,
In a glut of vomited flame extinguished;
And the still fire rose and broadened on.



"She drew her casement-curtain by
And glanced athwart the glooming flats."

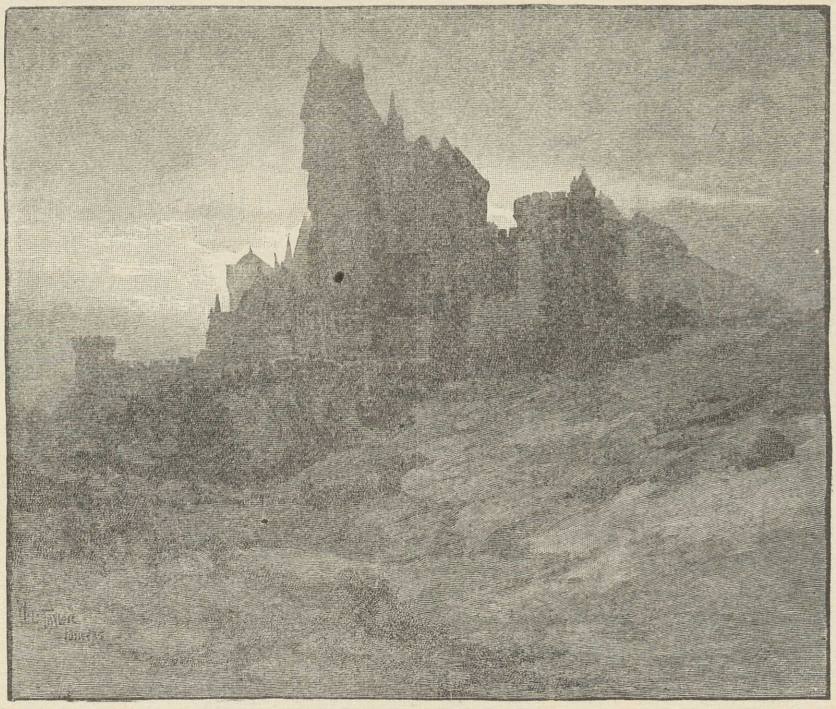
DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR.

"As for the rest, some died; some fled
Over the sea, nor ever returned.
But until to the living return the dead,
And they each shall stand and take their station
Again at the last great conflagration,
Nevermore will be seen the Earl or the stranger.
No doubt there is much here that 's fit to be burned.
Christ save us all in that day from the danger!"



MOONLIGHT. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

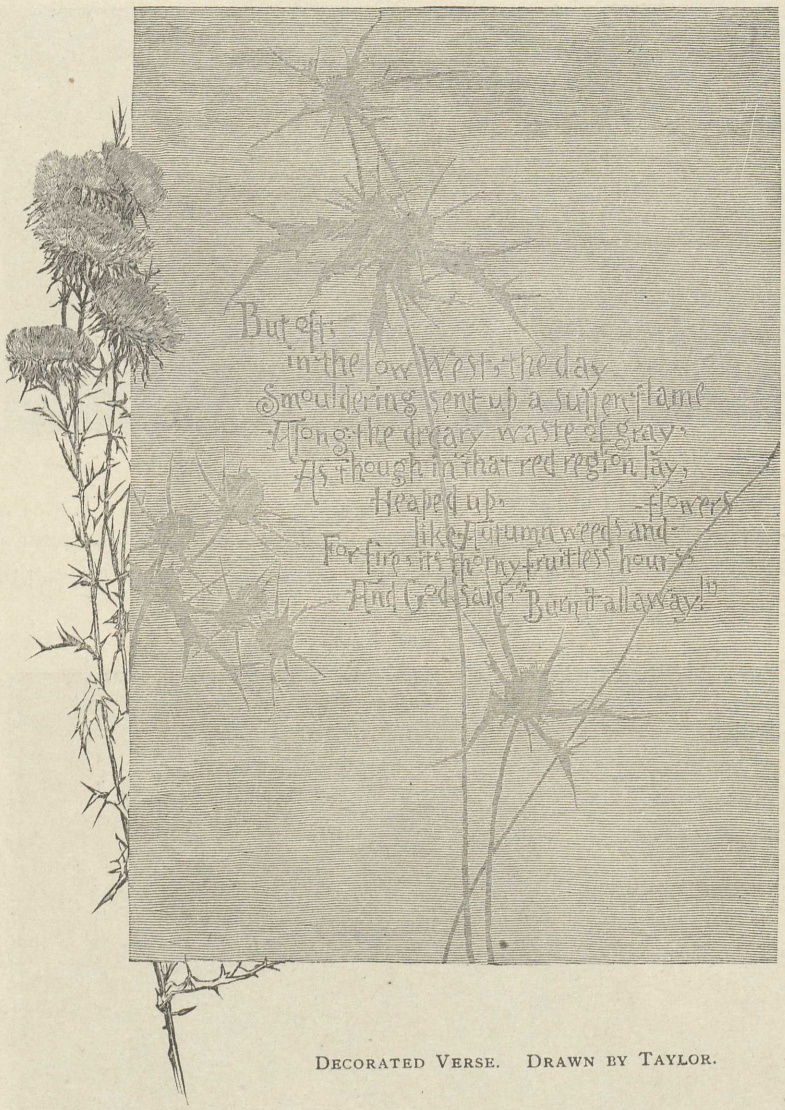
From among the many beautiful drawings which Taylor produced for "The Earl's Return," some are here presented. The lady in her own land, glancing like a fair white spirit through the flowers: —



THE CASTLE. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

"Her cheek was pale; her face was fair;
Her heart, he sang, was weak and warm;
All golden was the sleepy hair
That floated round about her form,

And hid the sweetness breathing there.
Her eyes were wild, like stars that shine
Far off in summer nights divine:
But her smile — it was like the golden wine
Poured into the spirit, as into a cup.
With passion brimming it up and up,
And marvellous fancies fair and fine."



DECORATED VERSE. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

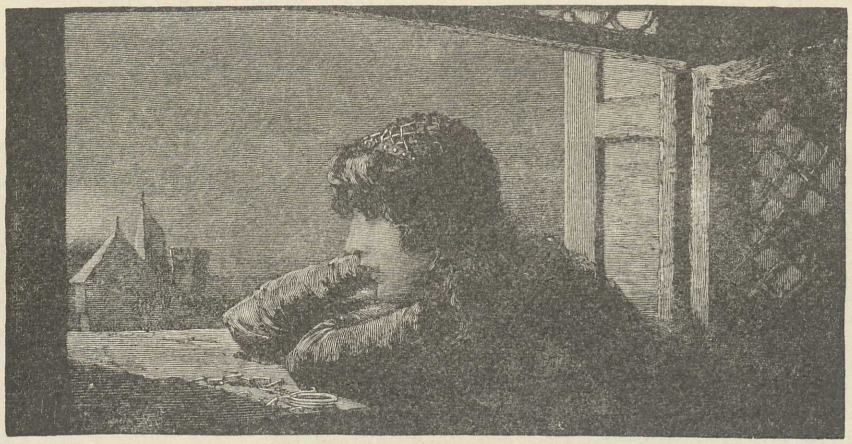
The lady, as —

"many a night, steeped pale in the light
Of the stars, when the bells and clocks
Had ceased in the towers, and the sound of the hours
Was eddying about in the rocks,
Deep-sunken in bristling broidery between the black oak Fiends sat she."

The one showing her statuesque, calm, pure face, marble in death; and that depicting how —

"the Earl
Fumed and fret, and raved and swore,
Pacing up and down the chamber floor,
And tearing his black beard as he went,
In the fit of his sullen discontent.

And the Seneschal said it was fearful to hear him;
And not even the weather-worn Warden went near him;
And the shock-headed pages huddled anear,
And bit their white lips till they bled for fear."



DREAMING. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

As examples of the artist's ability to render equally well other phases of the poem, it is worth noting the half-timbered architecture in the background of *The Great South Court* picture; the lovely little moonlit landscape; and the design accompanying the lines —

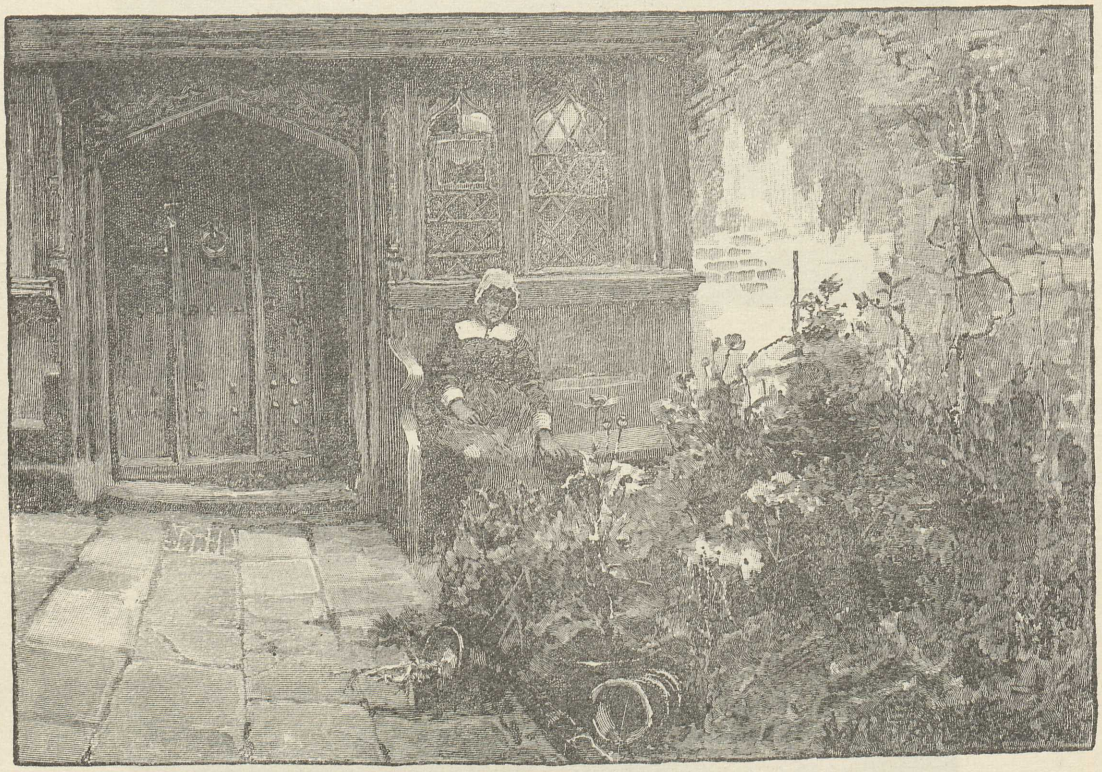


DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

"The castle stood with its courts in shade,
And all its toothed towers imprest
On the sorrowful light that sunset made."

Taylor has a happy advantage over many other illustrators in being able to supply not only the pictures, but also the purely decorative work in a fine book. His designs for the

covers, titlepages, head and tail pieces, ornaments and letterings, are exceedingly good, some of them the daintiest devices imaginable, in harmony with the tone of the text and emblematic of its theme. Such is the charming fancy of the rose twined around the sword, and the verse of "The Earl's Return," both given herewith. And here some words of thoroughly-earned praise should be given to the exquisite "still lifes" which he drew for the *de luxe* edition of "Lalla Rookh" — mainly Eastern armor, weapons, metal work, and the like.



THE GRANGE GARDEN. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

Another poet with whose magic creations our artist's pencil has had much to do, is Tennyson, his

"Most musical, most melancholy,"

poems of "Mariana" and "Mariana in the South," having been furnished with several admirable drawings, in which is portrayed with sympathetic art the dejected maiden in the moated grange, forsaken by the false Angelo: —

"Twice treble shame on Angelo,"

who

"Left her in tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort."

The Laureate's idyl of "Dora," that simple yet masterly picture of pride and love and grief, a drama of human life concentrated in the shortest and plainest words, which reflect the great genius of Tennyson as much as the beautiful pen-pictures which usually enrich his verse — has been illustrated by Taylor. So, also, has "The Holy Grail," in a series of designs, some of which are particularly striking, though their full merit cannot be judged without seeing the drawings themselves; for in this case as in others, the artist's work has suffered in the reproducing in many minor, but still important details. They, however, are of his latest and best work, to which belongs another fortunate attempt to embody one of Tennyson's characters, in a drawing (made for publication in print form) of the *Miller's Daughter*, which is altogether charming.



WADING IN THE BROOK.

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR.

"It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I 'd touch her neck so warm and white.



MARIANA IN THE SOUTH. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

"And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I 'd clasp it round so close and tight.

"And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night."

A pleasant specimen of Taylor's talent is that printed with this sketch, of the fair mother standing by the brookside in which her little tot of a girl is laving her feet. This was produced for Kingsley's "Song of the River." There is a happy touch in the artist's use of the tiny boots which the mother holds in her hand — just such as Lowell speaks of in his poem, "After the Burial," when he says to the well-meaning consoler: —

"That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down."

Another page of the universal mother-heart is illustrated by the design for "Rock me to sleep;" and our artist has devised a set of dainty water-color drawings, which has been reproduced in colors to accompany the mother-songs of "Baby's Lullaby Book."

Taylor executed some excellent illustrations for an edition of George Eliot. The illustration to "Two Lovers" is instinct with tender grace: —



"And deepening through the silent spheres,
Heaven over Heaven rose the night."

DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!


N.L. TAYLOR.
1886.

CELIA.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

W. L. TAYLOR.

In this excellent drawing Mr. Taylor very well depicts the fair Celia in George Eliot's "Middlemarch," when she was "all in white and lavender like a bunch of mixed violets." Perhaps here the following quotation from Sir Charles Sedley, which appears in the same volume, would not be misapplied:

"All that in woman is adored
In thy fair self I find,
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind."

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!



"Two Lovers by a Moss-grown Spring." Drawn by Taylor.

The red light shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!
O memories!
O past that is!"

That from the "Mill on the Floss," showing Maggie and Stephen in the garden, has a charming old-fashioned flavor about it, — in the house behind them, in the flowers around, and in their dress; and the faces and action of the lovers are full of feeling.

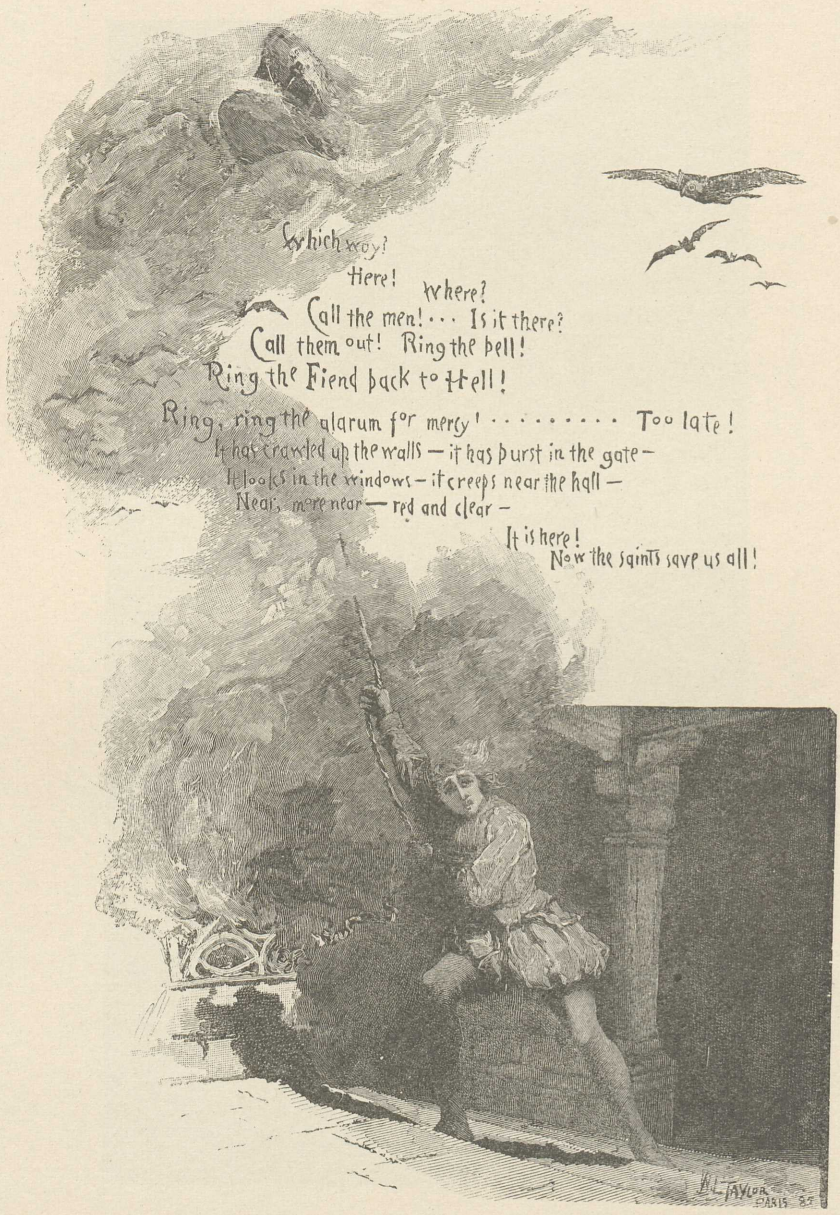
"Maggie felt that she was being led down the garden among the roses, being helped with firm,

tender care into the boat, having the cushion and cloak arranged for her feet, and her parasol opened for her (which she had forgotten) — all by this stronger presence that seemed to bear her along without any act of her own will, like the added self which comes with the sudden exalting influence of a strong tonic, — and she felt nothing else. Memory was excluded.



STEPHEN AND MAGGIE. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

"They glided rapidly along, Stephen rowing, helped by the backward-flowing tide, past the Tofton trees and houses — on between the silent sunny fields and pastures, which seemed filled with a natural joy that had no reproach for theirs. The breath of the young, unwearied day, the delicious rhythmic dip of the oars, the fragmentary song of a passing bird heard now and then, as if it were only the overflowing of brim-full gladness, the sweet solitude of a two-fold consciousness that was mingled into one by that grave untiring gaze which need not be averted — what else could there be in their minds for the first hour? Some low, subdued, languid exclamation of love came from Stephen from time to time, as he went on rowing idly, half automatically: otherwise, they spoke no word; for what could words have been but an inlet to thought? and thought did not belong to that enchanted haze in which they were enveloped — it belonged to the past and the future that lay outside the haze."



THE FIRE BELL.

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR.

In the one from "Janet's Repentance," the wild misery and despair of the innocent woman, driven forth into the night by her brutal drunkard of a husband, is admirably realized.

"With that strong, instinctive dread of pain and death which had made her recoil from suicide, she started up, and the disagreeable sensation of resting on her benumbed feet, helped to recall her completely to the sense of the present. The wind was beginning to make rents in the clouds, and



JANET SEEKING REFUGE. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

there came every now and then a dim light of stars that frightened her more than the darkness; it was like a cruel finger pointing her out in her wretchedness and humiliation; it made her shudder at the thought of the morning twilight. What could she do? Not to go to her mother — not rouse her in the dead of night to tell her this. Her mother would think she was a spectre; it would be enough to kill her with horror; and the way there was so long . . . if she should meet some one . . . yet she must seek some shelter, somewhere to hide herself. Five doors off there was Mrs. Pettifer's; that kind woman would take her in. It was of no use now to be proud and mind about the world's knowing: she had nothing to wish for, nothing to care about; only she could not help shuddering at the thought of braving the morning light, there in the street — she was frightened at

the thought of spending long hours in the cold. Life might mean anguish, might mean despair; but — oh, she must clutch it, though with bleeding fingers; her feet must cling to the firm earth that the sunlight would revisit, not slip into the untried abyss, where she might long even for familiar pains.

"Janet trod slowly with her naked feet on the rough pavement, trembling at the fitful gleams of starlight, and supporting herself by the wall, as the gusts of wind drove right against her. The very wind was cruel: it tried to push her back from the door where she wanted to go and knock and ask for pity."



DOROTHEA FINDS MR. CASAUBON DEAD. DRAWN BY TAYLOR

There is an impressive silent dignity in the bowed form of dead Mr. Casaubon in the summer-house (from "Middlemarch"), which many artists would have missed.

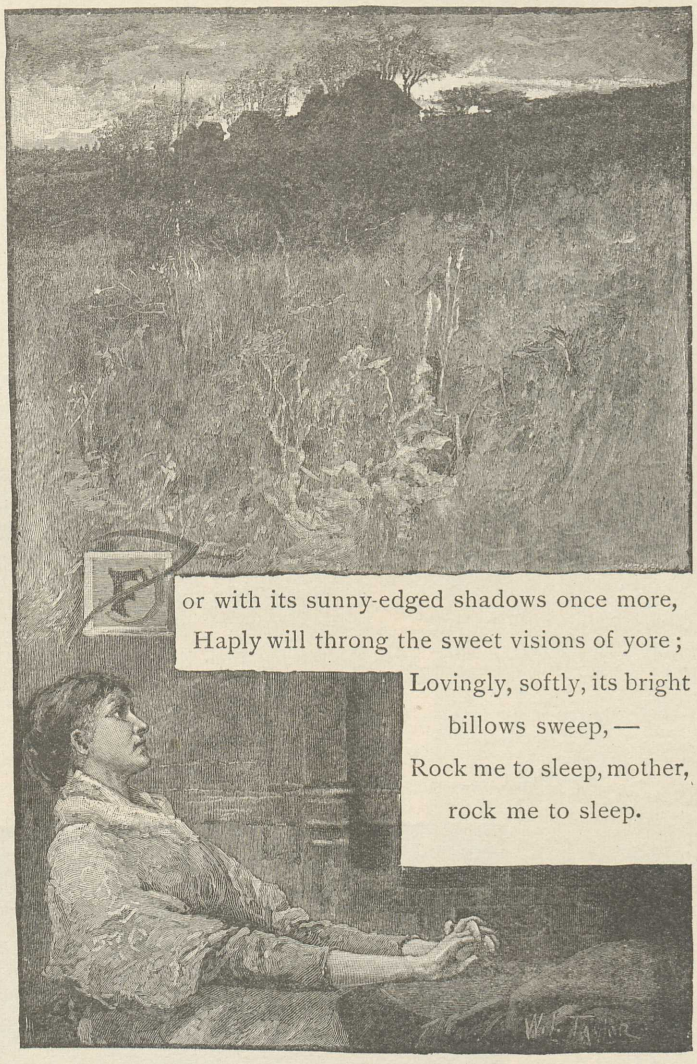
"When she entered the Yew-tree Walk, she could not see her husband; but the walk had bends, and she went, expecting to catch sight of his figure wrapped in a blue cloak, which, with a warm velvet cap, was his outer garment on chill days for the garden. It occurred to her that he might be resting in the summer-house, towards which the path diverged a little. Turning the angle, she could see him seated on the bench, close to a stone table. His arms were resting on the table, and his brow was bowed down on them, the blue cloak being dragged forward and screening his face on each side.

"'He exhausted himself last night,' Dorothea said to herself, thinking at first that he was asleep, and that the summer-house was too damp a place to rest in. But then she remembered that of late she had seen him take that attitude when she was reading to him, as if he found it easier than any other; and that he would sometimes speak, as well as listen, with his face down in that way. She went into the summer-house and said, 'I am come, Edward; I am ready.'

"He took no notice; and she thought he must be fast asleep. She laid her hand on his shoulder, and repeated, 'I am ready!' Still he was motionless; and, with a sudden confused fear, she leaned down to him, took off his velvet cap, and leaned her cheek close to his head, crying in a distressed tone, —

"'Wake, dear, wake! Listen to me. I am come to answer.'

"But Dorothea never gave her answer."



Drawn by Taylor.

Each of the George Eliot drawings here given has its own special merit, — the earnestness contained in the upward adoring look of the lover into his lady's sweet face, which makes a spot of light in the shady wood; the outward manifestation of the affection of the other pair of sweethearts, yearning for each other but withheld by prior claims; the pathos in the figure of the wife thrust out from the home that had once been happy; and the terror just about to break over the features of Dorothea as she touches the unconscious



GIFTS OF FLOWERS. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

shoulder of her dead husband. As it is in the writings of the great woman-novelist, only the smaller part of the events depicted are joyous; here is one picture of happy love, one of love troubled, another of love outraged, and the last of an unequal union broken by death.

Here is a pretty sketch of a little Swiss maiden offering a bouquet to some travellers, as the custom is in that country, — a pleasant contrast to the background of eternal snow. Mayhap among the blossoms which her hand holds forth is a flower such as suggested to Aubrey de Vere his fine sonnet: —

A BLUE GENTIAN.

With heart not yet half rested from Mont Blanc,
O'er thee, small flower, my wearied eyes I bent,
And rested on that humbler vision long.
Is there less beauty in thy purple tent
Outspread, perchance a boundless firmament
O'er viewless myriads which beneath thee throng,
Than in that mount whose sides, with ruin hung,
From o'er black glens and gorges thunder-rent?
Is there less mystery? Wisely if we ponder,
Thine is the mightier marvel. Life in thee
Is strong as in cherubic wings that wander,
Seeking the limits of Infinity, —
Life, life to be transmitted, not to expire
Till yonder snowy vault shall melt in the last fire.

The illustration to Hezekiah Butterworth's poem entitled "The Taper" effectively supplements the author's lines: —

The chancel-door swung open;
There came a feeble light,
Whose halos like a mantle
Fell over the acolyte.

And one by one he kindled
The silver lamps and gold,
And the old cathedral's glories
Before my eyes unrolled.

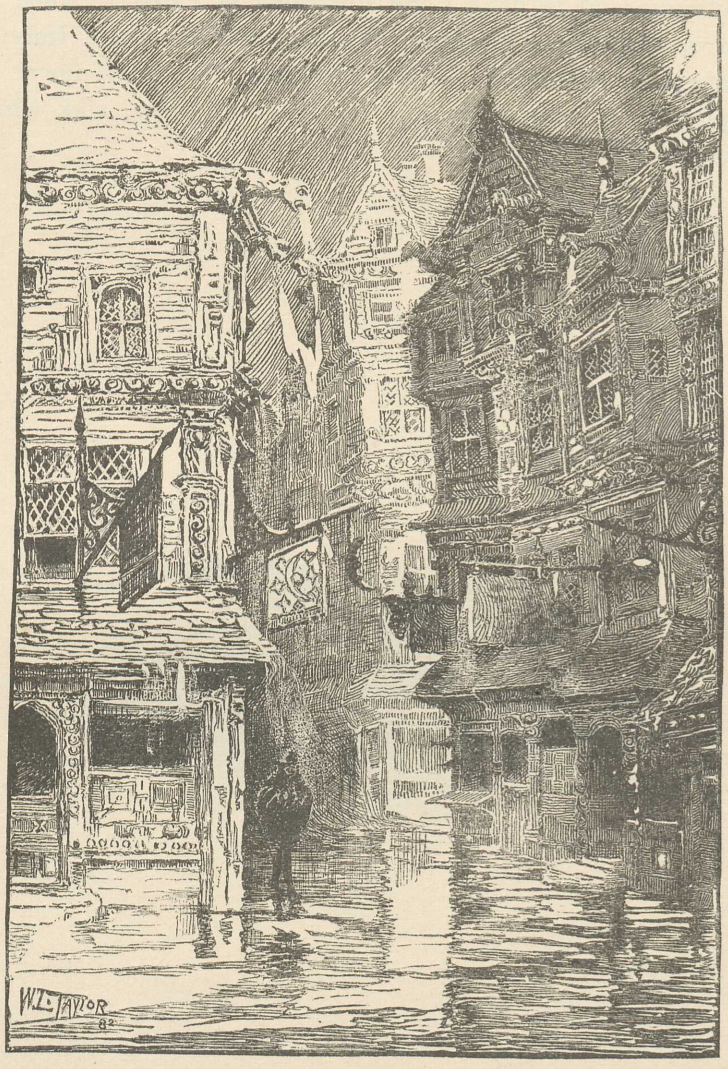
Along the sculptured arches
Appeared the statues dim;
And pealed the stormy organ
The peaceful advent hymn.



THE TAPER. DRAWN BY TAYLOR.

How the rain pours down from the roofs through the gaping mouths of the quaint gargoyles and blows in sheets of spray from the corners of the houses, and the many carved and painted

signs that swing from their walls. Although the architecture is more picturesque than that of to-day, a pouring rain-storm in old London must have been even more uncomfortable than it is at the present time. Then there were no umbrellas, no cabs, no mackintoshes, no sidewalks, no sewers to carry off the water, and no public libraries, museums, or picture-galleries to while away the wet days in. One or two of the curious old houses yet remain, and they are among the most interesting relics of the great metropolis. The most noteworthy, perhaps, is Crosby Hall, in



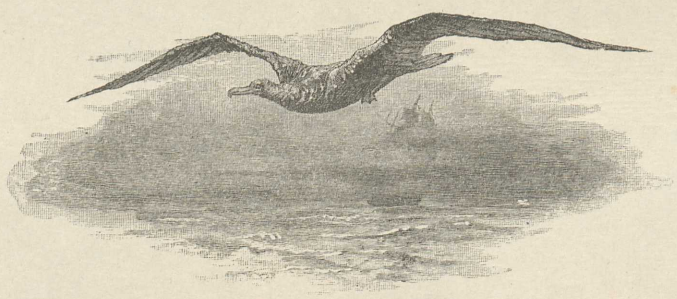
A Rainy Day in Old London. Drawn by Taylor.

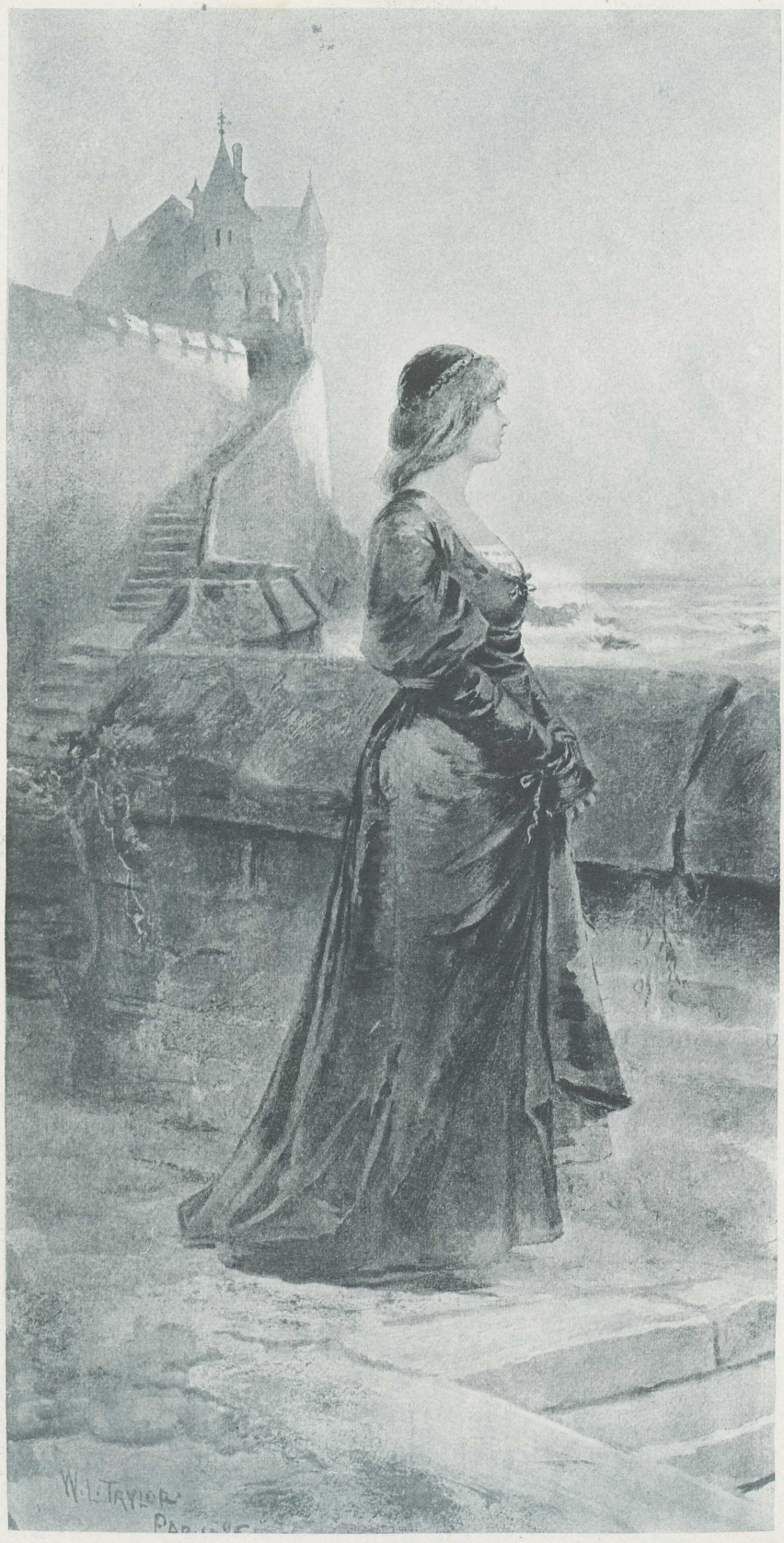
Bishopsgate Street, which was built in 1466, and once occupied by that notorious Duke of Gloucester, who afterwards became King Richard III. At one time it belonged to Sir Thomas More, and it is mentioned by Shakspeare in his "Richard III." It was considered in its day the finest mansion in London. After passing through many changes, it has lately been restored, and is now a restaurant. On the same thoroughfare is Sir Paul Pindar's house, another picturesque edifice. Pindar was one of the merchant princes of the seventeenth century.

The other books which Mr. Taylor has entirely or partly illustrated, include Alfred Domett's noble "Christmas Hymn," his drawings to which drew from the author a letter of appreciative thanks; Hubbard's "Woods and Lakes of Maine," — in this case, Taylor had accompanied his friend, the writer, on a hunting trip through the Northern forests, and his pictures of lake and wood, of camp and canoe life, and of guides and game, were drawn from experience; — and the edition of Aldrich's poems, illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club, of Boston, of which

the artist is a member. Besides these and many more, Taylor has furnished illustrations for numberless magazine articles, poems, and stories.

He was born in Grafton, Mass., in 1855, and, after leaving school, took up mechanical drawing, studying later at the Artist's League, in New York. He came to Boston in 1881, and has since remained there, with the exception of his trips among our own scenery, and to the Cape Breton coast, and to Europe, from all of which places he brought back store of sketches and studies in monochrome and in color. He sojourned in Paris for some time, studying under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and visited England, Scotland, Germany, and Italy. Now, still a young man, with lots of talent, a well-earned reputation, and the environment which he has long wished, he stands upon good vantage-ground for his next essay, and, whatever direction that may take, we shall expect much from it.




W. L. TAYLOR

THE NORMAN COUNTESS.

PHOTOGRAVURE FROM DRAWING

BY

W. L. TAYLOR.

To illustrate Owen Meredith's charming poem "The Earl's Return," Mr. Taylor made a special trip to Europe, spending a summer in the locality where the scenes are laid. One must be familiar with the poem to fully appreciate the sweet and pathetic story of the life of the heroine who is here portrayed looking from the castle terrace far off to sea, for signs of the Earl's squadron.

"An hour before the sun was set
A dark ripple rolled over the sea;
The white rocks quivered in wells of jet;
And the Great West opening breathlessly
Up all his inmost orange, gave
Hints of something distant and sweet
That made her heart swell; far up the wave
The clouds that lay piled in the golden heat
Were turned into types of the ancient mountains
In an ancient land; the weeds, which forlorn –
Waves were swaying neglectfully,
By their sound, as they dipped into sparkles that dripped
In the emerald creeks that ran up from the shore,
Brought back to her fancy the bubble of fountains
Leaping and falling continually
In valleys where she would wander no more."



WM. RIMMER, DEL.

CHAS. METTAIS, FAC-SIM.

A STUDY.



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.

DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.

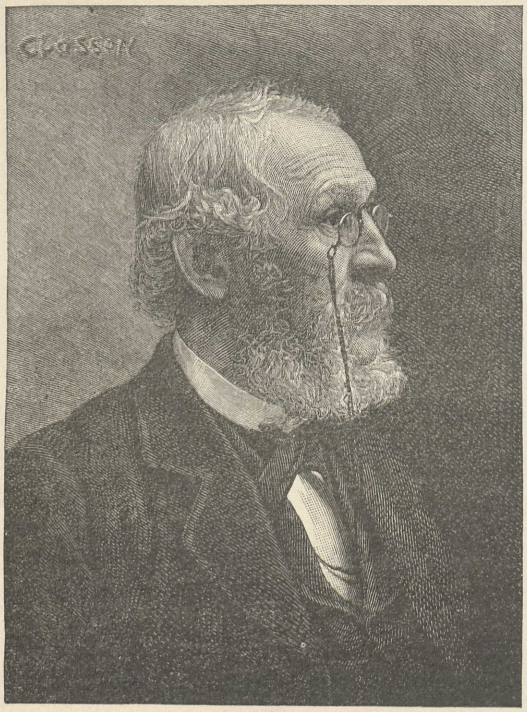
FIRST ARTICLE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.

THE *Boston Journal* of December 10th, 1860, contained a short, but appreciative notice of "a remarkable piece of sculpture in granite, now to be seen at Williams & Everett's, cut by Dr. Rimmer, a practising physician of Quincy." This piece of sculpture — a head of St. Stephen — created considerable interest, because of the unusual anatomical knowledge displayed in it, the novelty of the subject, and the delicacy of its execution in so difficult a material. When it became known that it was executed without a model, and by a man perfectly self-taught, and unpractised in either clay or stone, it was declared a wonder, and much curiosity was awakened regarding its author. At the suggestion of Mr. Stephen H. Perkins, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Rimmer, and familiar with his attempts in sculpture, several gentlemen went to Milton — for here the Doctor really lived, and not in Quincy — to see the unknown sculptor and his works; and they were so much surprised and gratified at finding a person of such evident power in art, that they seconded Mr. Perkins in advising Mr. Rimmer to come to Boston and open a school. This he decided to do, although with some hesitation, as his health had been so affected by a life of labor and study that he hardly felt strong enough to attempt a task which, while it opened the prospect of a certain degree of artistic enjoyment, required considerable effort for its accomplishment. A room in the Studio Building was secured, and there, in the autumn of 1861 (or 1862?), opened the first school of art in Boston that was taught by a teacher who thoroughly understood the human



DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

figure, and was capable of delineating what he knew before the eyes of the pupils.

Dr. Rimmer brought with him from Milton, and placed on exhibition in the school-room, a life-size figure, in plaster, which he called *The Falling Gladiator*. This statue astonished all who saw it as a marvellous specimen of anatomical knowledge and artistic skill, and confirmed the friends of art in the belief that a master had indeed come. The astonishment was increased to wonder, and almost to incredulity, when it was learned that this statue also had been executed without a model, except such help as could be obtained by the sculptor in studying his own body.

The bust, the school, and the statue introduced Dr. William Rimmer to Boston. It was an introduction to public regard such as no one had hitherto enjoyed. The school in the Studio Building, which was at once recognized as an enviable accession to the living art forces of the city, was largely and enthusiastically attended, proving its necessity, and the interest the teacher was able to awaken. In the winter of 1863–64, Dr. Rimmer gave a course of lectures on art anatomy in the Lowell Institute, which was attended by the leading artists and many of the physicians and professional men of Boston and vicinity, all of whom agreed in gladly testifying that it was the most learned and splendid exhibition of art anatomical knowledge they had ever seen. The method which Dr. Rimmer employed in his school was the most positive of a teacher who had everything he taught at his fingers' ends. Chalk in hand, he drew on a black-board, with great rapidity, correctness, and strength, every possible detail of construction and every variety of movement that the human body possesses or is capable of performing, explaining as he went along with a clearness and enthusiasm as rare as his mastery of the subject was astonishing, the pupils being required to copy the drawings in their sketch-books, and write down the observations accompanying them. There are many elements in this method of teaching that are of great value. To get knowledge of any subject in the inspiring presence and through the voice of a master is the consummation of the pleasure of getting it. It is, indeed, the only method of teaching art. Dr. Rimmer taught by example, and this element is in the best sense artistic, for it forces the pupil to seize the character and construction of the object before him at a glance, and to reproduce it without hesitation. Of its kind the method was comprehensive; of its adaptability to the actual condition of things there is a question. The older artists who attended the classes regarded it as too thorough, too complete: it called for a condition of mind not then existing, and a generosity of time which they could not afford. They were ready to admit that Dr. Rimmer was a great teacher, but they avowed that they could not follow him. A profound study and comprehensive understanding of the human form, in itself and in its relations to the great ideas and purposes of sculpture and painting, is expected of but few artists anywhere, much less of artists in this country. So far as Dr. Rimmer's knowledge of his subject was concerned, he was ahead of his hearers by several generations. Not that there are not minds among us who see as he saw and feel as he felt, — who understand and appreciate the strange fact of his existence; but they have other temperaments and other activities.

After having been appointed Lecturer on Art Anatomy at Harvard College in 1865, Dr. Rimmer was invited, in 1867, to take charge of the School of Design for Women at the Cooper

Institute, New York. Here he found the fullest scope for all his faith, knowledge, sympathy, and strength. When he entered upon his duties the School was in anything but a well-organized condition, and his first care, therefore, was to lay out a course of instruction, of which the following is a synopsis: — Drawing from casts; Drawing from life; Painting in oil and water-colors; Design and composition; Modelling in clay; Elementary principles for teachers; Lectures upon art, anatomy, etc., etc.; Lectures upon systematic and structural botany; Lectures upon primitive forms, viz. action, motion, proportion, etc., etc.; Lectures upon manners, customs, implements, art development and its elements.

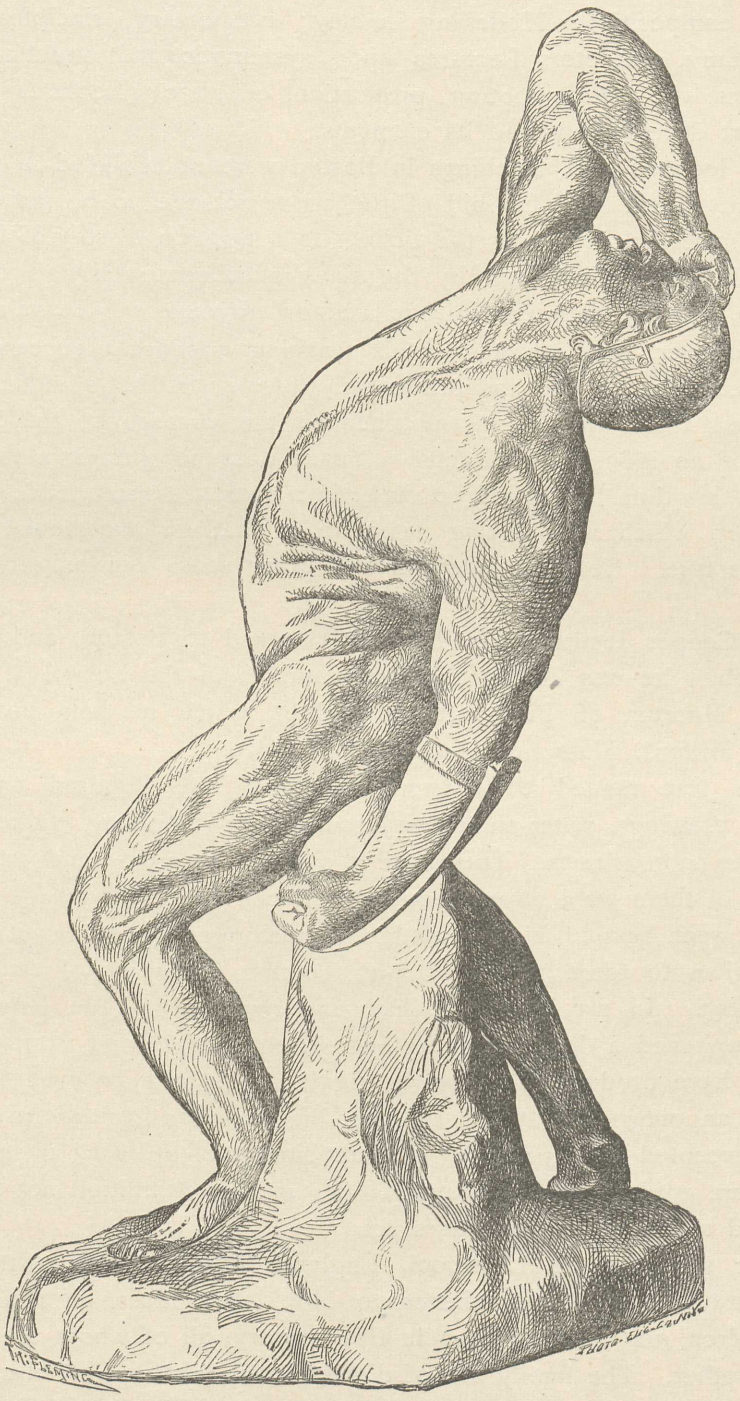
If Dr. Rimmer's lectures and teachings in Boston were unparalleled in their scope, and exhaustive of his vitality, what shall be said of the above scheme, to be put in operation by one teacher! That he succeeded in raising the School to a position worthy of the eminent capacity of its Principal is abundantly indicated by the many affectionate tributes of appreciation paid him by the scholars, and by their enthusiastic acknowledgment of the value of his teachings. There are those, however, who assert that his teaching was not a success, and who point to the fact that he remained in the institution only four years as a sufficient proof of their assertion, while others think that he misapprehended the purpose of the School, by giving it an artistic instead of an industrial character. Space does not permit a thorough examination into this subject at this time, but it will be made in a more comprehensive analysis of *The Art Life of Dr. Rimmer*, which will appear later on. That he undertook too much for one man to carry out is true. That he failed in any other sense can only be safely asserted by his peers.

On leaving the Cooper Institute, Dr. Rimmer returned to Boston, and resumed his private classes, until 1876, when he was invited to a professorship in the School of Drawing and Painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, a position which he held until his death, which occurred at South Milford, Mass., on August 20th, 1879.

In the Museum just named there were exhibited one hundred and forty-six of Dr. Rimmer's paintings, drawings, water-colors, and sculptures, embracing studies of animals, heads, figures, and elaborate compositions. They were a surprise to artists and art lovers, and even to his pupils; for few of them were aware that he produced anything outside of the school-room, or that his powers went beyond his knowledge of anatomy and the facility of suggestion that such a knowledge gives to some minds. It was the first exhibition of works of this kind produced in this country. In art interest it had one rival only, — the Hunt Exhibition of the winter before. It awakened a deep feeling among serious people, and excited much wonder that an American could have produced such work; for it is generally believed that Dr. Rimmer was a native of Boston, an outgrowth of her soil, her life, and her institutions. If this were so, he would have to be accepted as a prodigy, — an anticipator of ordinary art growth by a hundred years; for there were works, ideas, and possibilities in this exhibition not to be looked for in the first century and a half of any country's art.

William Rimmer was born in Liverpool, England, February 20th, 1816. His family emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1818, and thence to Hopkinton, Mass., in 1824. William was the oldest of seven children, six of them born in this country, all of whom are now dead, with the exception of one brother. The family are of distinguished relationship, but the future Doctor's father, having been deprived by unfortunate circumstances of his rightful heritage, determined to leave his native country, and try his fortune in the New World with the labor of his hands. He adopted the humble trade of a shoemaker, and pursued it as long as he lived. Having been highly educated, and possessing a fine nature, he brought up his children in the love of learning, encouraged them in the expression of their talents, and was their teacher and guide, exacting of them progress in their studies, and the strictest attention to any task in hand. Hard work, comparative poverty, and love of study filled up William's boyhood. The lad was known for his bravery, receiving at an early age two rewards from a Humane Society in Boston,

where he then lived, for saving persons from drowning. His taste for art manifested itself in early years, to the gratification of his father, who not only loved art, but himself painted in resting hours. At the age of sixteen, William carved several figures in gypsum, one of which, still in the possession of the family, is peculiarly interesting, because of its composition and execution. Before he was twenty he had painted a number of pictures of Biblical and historical subjects, and had also illustrated several poems of his own composition. In 1840 he married Miss Mary H. C. Peabody, a New Bedford Quakeress, and soon after removed to Randolph, Mass., where he painted some portraits. In 1846 he went to North Bridgewater, and began the study of medicine with Dr. A. W. Kingman. From there he removed to South Boston, and while he lived here he painted in a studio in Summer Street to gain the means of support for his family, and to buy books for the study of his chosen profession. Dr. W. T. Parker, of South Boston, introduced him to the dissecting rooms, then on Mason Street, where he began the study of anatomy; but he did not finish his studies or enter upon the practice of medicine until he had again moved to Randolph. He remained in the profession sixteen years, during which time he was eminently successful, gaining the gratitude of his patients for his sympathy and unlimited care, and their admiration for his knowledge as a surgeon.



THE FALLING GLADIATOR.
BY DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.
DRAWN BY TH. FLEMING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

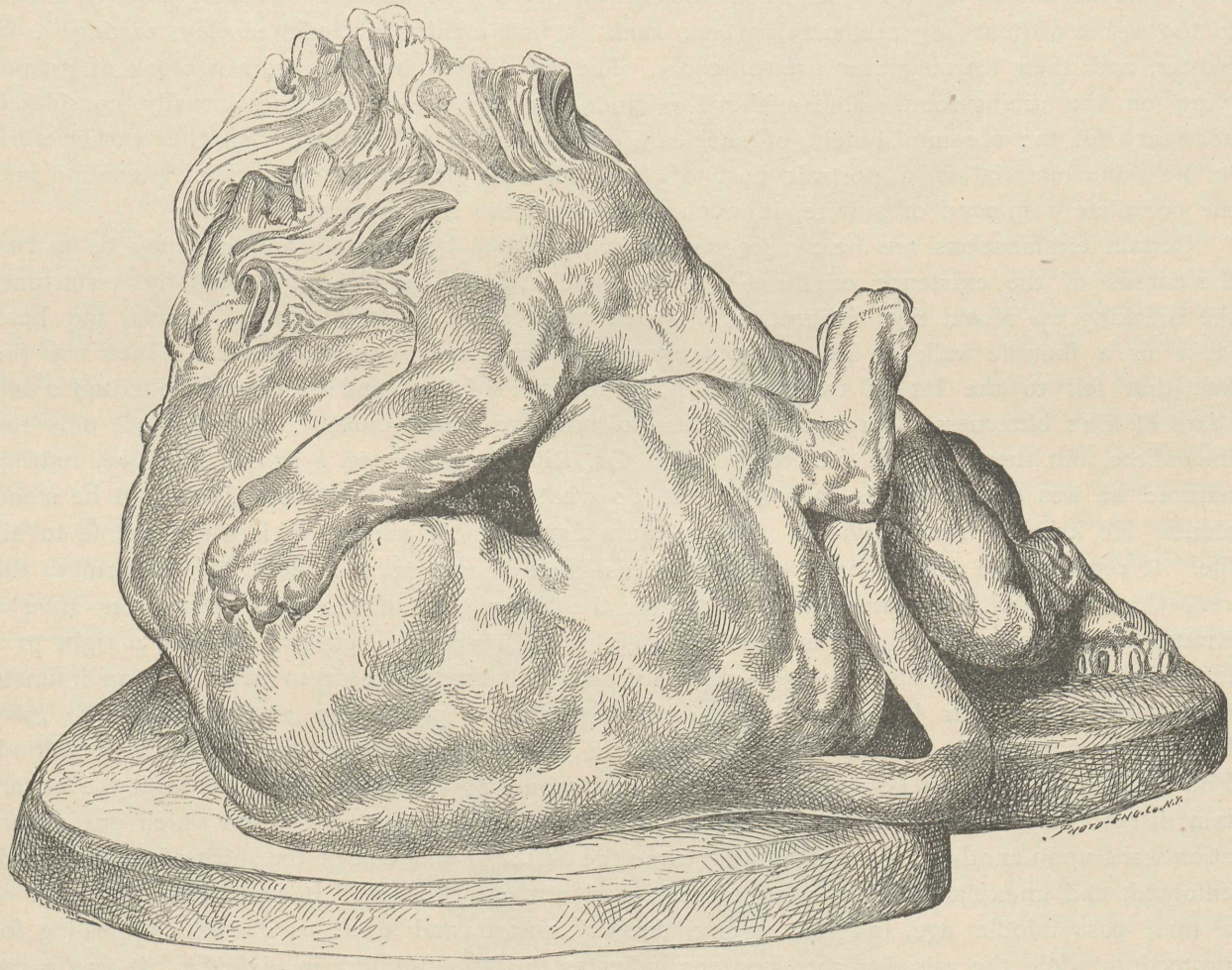
Dr. Rimmer understood music thoroughly, was a good pianist, and played several other instruments. While he lived in Randolph he was invited by Father Rodden to conduct the music and play the organ in the Catholic Church. For the same church he also painted an altar-piece and several smaller pictures. Many years later he saw a picture-cleaner at work on this altar-piece, and to his question what it was, and where it came from, received the reply that it was "an old master which had been stored away for a long time." He also took an active interest in all intellectual movements, and belonged to a debating society, where he crossed swords on several occasions with O. A. Brownson.

From Randolph the Doctor went to Chelsea, remaining there for a short time only, as a more advantageous opportunity offered for the practice of his profession in Milton. It was here that he began the serious work of a sculptor, under circumstances against which none but an uncommon nature could have battled. His first work was a small portrait bust of his daughter, cut in marble as he held the block on his knees, and in it he illustrated a cardinal principle of his nature and teaching. He believed in using models and studying life to gain knowledge and a greater power of expression, but in the execution of a work he rarely consulted the model, depending entirely upon his memory and imagination. In executing this bust he relied upon the glimpses he caught as his daughter passed him in the room, as reminders of his memory. The same work also illustrated another element of his artistic nature. He sought to go direct to the result without any preliminary steps, such as first making a model in clay, casting it in plaster, and then learning the use of tools. The *St. Stephen* was cut from a block of granite lying on the dining-room table, without a model or any of the facilities usually considered necessary for the accomplishment of such an extraordinary undertaking. Another earlier work in the same material is a portrait bust of Mrs. Rimmer, which, for delicacy of execution and the complete command of granite, is much superior to the *St. Stephen.*

Certain explanations are here necessary in order that a better understanding may be had of the causes of the existence of the *St. Stephen* and *The Falling Gladiator.* Family misfortune, the breaking up of old ties, emigration to a new and strange country, limited means, and hard labor in a humble walk of life enforced upon high-bred and sensitive natures, — such was the fate that fell to the lot of the family of Dr. Rimmer's father, and he himself inherited a full share of life's bitterness. Perceptive natures do not live unconsciously; they see not only the immediate, but they see and feel the future. Dr. Rimmer possessed a proud, sensitive, retiring nature: he was certain of his capacity; but, do what he might, he felt and knew that he stood alone. He knew it from boyhood. The gypsum figure before alluded to is the key-note to his life. It represents a young man seated, with his knees drawn up and held by one arm to the very chin, while with the other hand he grasps the lower part of his face. The eyes have a strange expression. The figure is gathered together in wondering despair. Having a right to a life among the great artists, possessed of a genius which made him fit to enter into an intimate relationship with their loftiest activities, and a power of production ample enough to have honored a nation, Dr. Rimmer found himself in a desert, and away from men of his kind. Four of his children, all boys, died suddenly, and mourning filled his cup. Through the uncertain distance of years he had hoped that his sons would bring the fruition for which one generation waits upon another. Out of all this came the *St. Stephen.* Out of the spirit of unwelcomed, enforced, and unexplainable suffering came it, and not out of stone. It represents the head of a man past middle age, in great agony, thrown upward and back, as if vainly appealing for protection, while the raised right shoulder indicates the arm uplifted in defence. It was a cry to Heaven for help when he knew that his doom was sealed, — not to be yielded to, however, without a protest, for *The Falling Gladiator* was begun immediately after the completion of the *St. Stephen,* in the month of February, 1861, in the low-windowed basement of a house in Milton. Dr. Rimmer had begun to recognize the value of clay as a medium for the expression of ideas and feelings, but of its proper use in making a statue he knew nothing. It may be unjust to attribute the neglect to familiarize himself with the ordinary helps of a sculptor, before beginning so important a work, to a certain obstinacy. In this instance, as with all worthy works of art, it was the *spirit* first which transformed and conquered all. Certain it is that the Doctor spent little time in the usual preliminaries for the erection of a figure in clay, and that, in consequence, he was obliged to surmount the most annoying obstacles. The *Gladiator* was executed in the two hundred hours which Dr. Rimmer could take from the practice of his profession from February to June, 1861. No adequate idea can be formed of the sad circumstances surrounding the production of this statue, until the diary of its author is given to the world.

He often worked upon it by candle-light, had to do over many times parts that had fallen down, or had been frozen by extreme cold, and he was finally compelled to have it cast in plaster before it was completed, and to finish it in that material, as it was in danger of entire destruction for the want of sufficient support.

Looked at as a work of sculpture, without reference to the facts just mentioned, and even if executed under the most favorable circumstances, the *Gladiator* would appeal to the admiration of the best artists of any time; but, when the almost impossible conditions of its existence are known, it must be pronounced a prodigious work. What sculptor of any age could have done better under the same circumstances? The statue is thoroughly well conceived and composed,



LIONS FIGHTING. — BY DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.
THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE BOSTON ART CLUB.
DRAWN BY TH. FLEMING. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

well executed, a fine work of art, and a splendid study of nature. It shows a profound comprehension of the construction, movement, weight, and balance of the human figure; and, if placed side by side with the best nude statues of the French sculptors of to-day, it would be found that what it lacks of nervous touch, of freshness and clearness of form, could easily have been made good by a greater and more constant familiarity with living models. There are some parts of the figure, like the movement of the left side, the line of the back, breast, and abdomen, that seem to be as well understood as they possibly can be. As it is, it taxes the credulity to the utmost to believe that any one, however strong, could have got so much out of the limited facilities enjoyed by Dr. Rimmer. It can only be made credible by the fact that he possessed a marvellous insight into things physical and spiritual. He saw without his eyes,



WM. RIMMER, DEL.

CHAS. METTAIS, FAC-SIM.

TO THE 54th REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

The Original in the Possession of Professor Wm. R. Ware.

and this kind of seeing was developed to a high degree in his art work, partly, no doubt, because living models could not then be had at any price. Another notable fact about this figure is that its author was forty-five years of age when he executed it. To succeed as well as he did, without long and constant study and practice before arriving at that age, to get so much of true sculpture touch and sentiment into general form and detail with so little adequate preparation, is indeed a wonder.

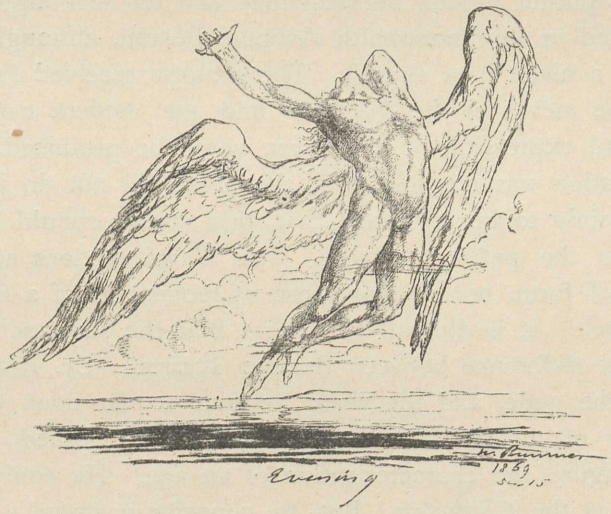
It will be a long time before we have a right to expect as good a work from any American. Many will ask now, and more will ask hereafter, why it is that such a specimen of sculpture has not been, and even now is not, better appreciated; why it has not been reproduced in some lasting and worthy material for some honorable public place; why it has not been duplicated, so as to enable it to find a more general recognition among artists and lovers of art; why it has been suffered to lie in utter obscurity these many years. There is only one answer. We have not yet begun to care or know what form in sculpture or sculpture in form is or means. Bulk contents us. Any image with a name, any attractive personality, we like better than we do art in sculpture. Here and there some one makes a true contribution to our art, but for its own sake, or for our own sakes, we do not seem to take hold of it. The *St. Stephen* mocks us in our own house. Who will ever look at *The Falling Gladiator*, conscious of its history, without feeling that when it was made its author knew that he also was falling in the combat? What is art but the life of a man!

In December, 1864, Dr. Rimmer received the commission to execute the *Statue of Alexander Hamilton*. He made the plaster model, between nine and ten feet high, in eleven days. It was cut in granite, and erected in Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, although it had originally been destined to be placed in a niche in a church. The sculptor received for this work five thousand dollars. Judging from the merits of the *Gladiator* and the evident capacity of Dr. Rimmer, it was expected that a grand expression of his power would be produced. It is the general impression that this expectation was not met, that the artist did not do justice to himself and to the public, and it is certainly to be regretted that this statue should be almost the only work by which he is known to the public at large. The *Hamilton* does not give a full idea of the Doctor's comprehension of form, nor of that sense of movement of a figure which he possessed to such a remarkable degree. It is difficult to believe that the same sculptor made the *Gladiator*. What is the reason of the difference between the two statues? Dr. Rimmer's genius was essentially in sympathy with the nude, and the work he had so far done was himself, taking shape under peculiar conditions of mind. The *Hamilton* had to be clothed; it was a subject outside of himself, an historical figure, the characterization of an age. He could not, therefore, approach it with the same feeling as the *Gladiator*. But to conceive a statue as a character, and not as the mere outward form of a man, to treat it as the typical expression of an epoch, and not simply as a figure illustrating an event or incident, is an evidence of superior imagination. There are indications that Dr. Rimmer did so conceive and treat the statue of Hamilton, and this is a sufficient reason why it ought not to be passed rashly and completely into the numerous company of the condemned. In primitive specimens of the art of sculpture there is a sense of dignity and tranquillity, a harmony, which results from the fact that the work has always been considered as a whole, to the exclusion of a minute consideration of detail. If this comprehension is expressed so that the work has a *presence*, no matter how rudely, so far as detailed anatomical facts are concerned, it is a great merit. The *Hamilton* has this merit. It is not the work of a bungler, or of a trader in so-called American sculpture. It is an attempt at sculpture quite out of the way of violent action or the expression of a mastery of anatomy. It is well beyond the line that marks a want of consideration of subject or ignorance of the sense of effect in form The resting of the figure on both legs, the hanging by the side of the right arm, the bent left arm, the general scheme of the drapery, are the result of thought. There is a certain dignity about the statue from most points of view; but the best view is a trifle to the

rear of the right side. From this point the entire figure can be seen, and it stands well, looks well, and is good. Nevertheless, that it is as well done as the artist could have done it under more favorable circumstances may be doubted. And it would have been well if he had refused to allow it to be placed in the position it occupies in its present condition. Standing in the niche for which it was originally contemplated, there would have been no necessity for the further development of the back.

The plaster group of *Lions Fighting* was made in 1874, and presented to the Boston Art Club. It is a fine, strong composition, with a great deal of that grip and concentration which characterized its author. There is a bigness about it that carries the mind of the observer to Barye, in spite of a certain lack of animal, which is not to be wondered at when we consider the facilities enjoyed by the great French sculptor, and the total absence of them in the case of Dr. Rimmer.

T. H. BARTLETT.



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.



MORNING. — REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF PART OF A DRAWING BY DR. RIMMER.

DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.



ROMAN HISTORY.

(POET, EMPEROR, AND SOLDIER.)

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY DR. WILLIAM RIMMER.

DR. RIMMER, as I have said before, was known to the world for nearly twenty years as a lecturer on art anatomy only. Although he drew the facts of anatomy, and illustrated his own and his pupils' ideas and fancies with perfect readiness on the blackboard, it was not generally believed that he possessed much, if any, imagination. The *St. Stephen* and the *Gladiator* were regarded as very good anatomical studies, but retained no permanent hold on the interest of students or artists, and were forgotten. The *Hamilton* won no esteem from statue committees or the general public, although there was here and there a person who fancied he saw in it something that other statues lacked. The pictures and drawings which he exhibited from time to time were looked upon as the crude efforts of a teacher with higher aspirations. But the exhibition of a part of his works at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts revealed him in the grand *rôle* of an original thinker, a composer of bold and lofty imagination, an artist of profound and varied sentiment and of quick and poetic sensibility. It is from this stand-point that we shall now have to consider him.

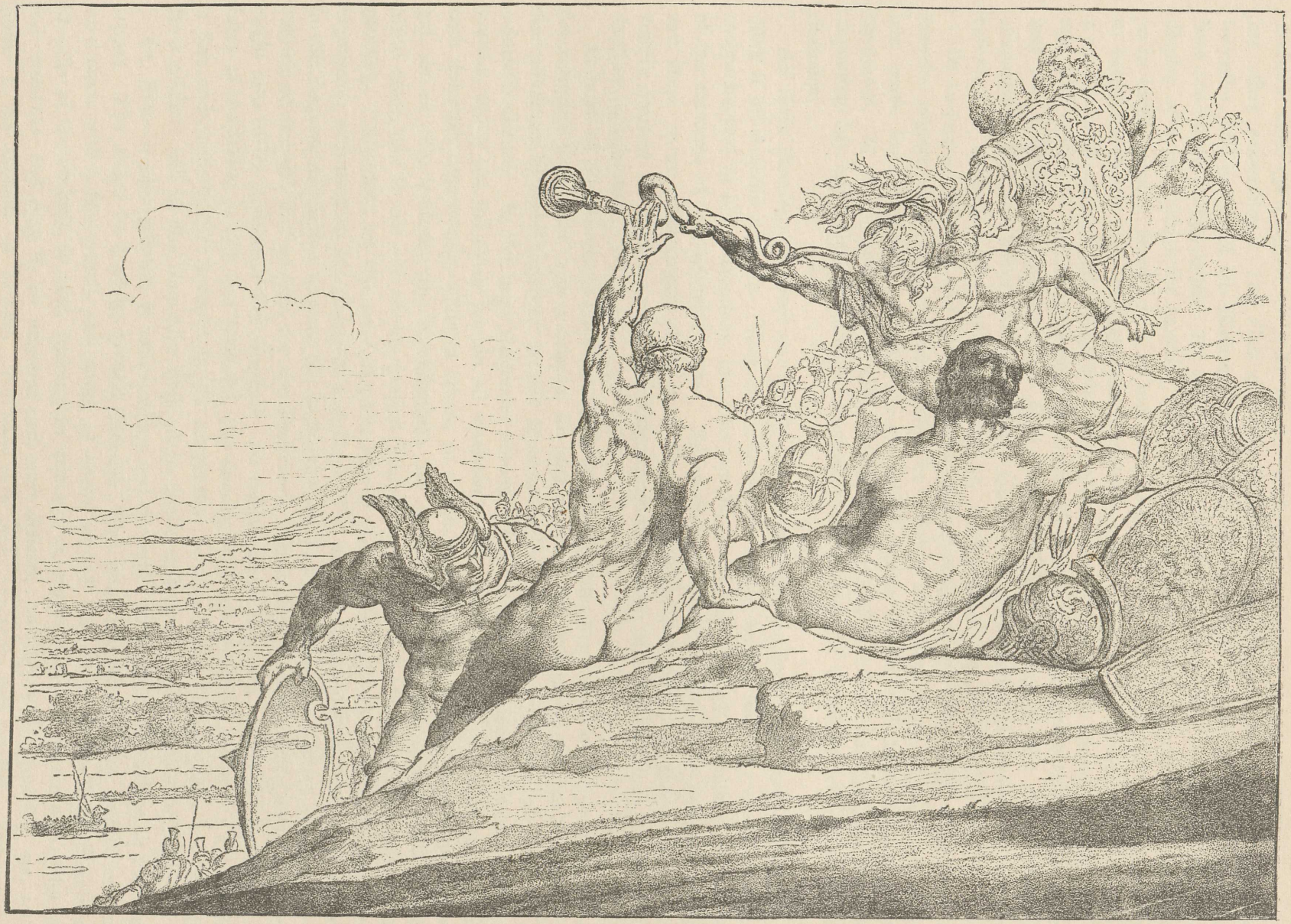
The illustrations published with these articles are fair examples of his power, though by no means representing the full scope and versatility of his genius and of his methods of expression. The earliest of the drawings here reproduced dates from the year 1863, and is dedicated *To the 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.* It offers a special interest, as it is one of the few among his works which have any reference to an actual event. At first sight the four figures in it look as if they were skinned, and it is natural to suppose that the artist was thinking quite as much of his love and knowledge of anatomy as of the impression of aggregated strength produced by the combination of the four armed giants (symbolic of liberty, intelligence, hope, and faith), as they go swinging along with the same movement of soul and body, saluting the goddess whose spirit inspires them, and in whose defence they march forth to victory. A closer examination will reveal in full force the merits of the composition, and will lead the observer to forget the minuteness and over-elaboration of some of the details; but the impression will probably remain that the ideas of the artist were in advance of his facilities of execution. *Secessia and Columbia* is another drawing closely allied to the one just described.

The design entitled *Morning*, part of which has been used as a head-piece to this article, is very characteristic of Dr. Rimmer's art activity, as it especially showed itself in the seclusion of his home. Previous to his forty-fifth year he was influenced by religious subjects, but more especially by the contests and trials of his own life. As a teacher he was brought into wider relations with the world; he received other impressions, and had other thoughts. But his new position did not incite him — even if it had been favorable — to public effort. On the contrary, it rather increased a love of retirement, although at the same time his work became more contemplative and covered a wider range. The personality of men at any given time did not, indeed, produce in him any decided art impression: they were rather abstract ideas, the powers and principles which move to great action, to complete retirement, to lofty contemplation, that he sought to embody in forms of mighty beings, of grand nature, of wide and distant landscapes, seen from commanding eminences. He exulted in compositions in which the soul looks down upon the world, in which all power of beast, all influence of forest, stream, and plain, are subservient to the exalted superiority of man. In these compositions Rimmer reminds one of Blake, — two natures widely dissimilar, with many resemblances. Rimmer was more terrestrial, and understood the human figure better. He lived on the earth and believed in it, although he was capable of soaring above it. Blake lived above it all the time, and used it as something subordinate. Rimmer's figures are solid and *weighty* in an art sense, — they rest. The *Tri-Mountain* (see heading to first article) and the figure with the shaded face in the *Call to Arms* are examples. Blake's figures are on the earth, not because they belong to it, but simply to illustrate a fact or sentiment. He did not recognize the world as we see it; he lived among celestial visions. Rimmer did recognize it, even if he looked down upon it like this figure in the *Morning*, which contemplates the whole earth spread out before it.

Another rendering of *Morning*, together with its companion *Evening* (see initial illustration and tail-piece of first article), was among the favorite subjects of the artist, and both are particularly interesting, because of their original treatment. *Morning* is represented as a surprised infant joyously held up by a winged youth. The *Evening* falls like a strong man in despairing resistance. To certain natures the inevitable is hard to accept.

The *Tri-Mountain* is the first sketch of a monument which the sculptor desired to erect in Boston. He made many studies in clay of this powerful and splendidly composed group, but they were all destroyed. Could it have been executed with anything like his full capacity, it would have made the city famous. The *Study* of nude figures, also given with the first article, is regarded by many artists as one of Dr. Rimmer's best works. The left-hand figure, as you look at the drawing, suggests in its pose a sentiment which is very characteristic of him.

The *Venus and Cupid* is a fac-simile of a hastily made study in pencil. The same subject was painted large size, and exhibited in New York and Boston many years ago, but the color



WM. RIMMER, DEL.

CHAS. METTAIS, FAC-SIM.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

was not satisfactory to the artist, and he therefore painted another picture over it. As a composition, although original in spite of the hackneyed subject, it is not as forcible as many of his other productions. The *Call to Arms* is taken from the *Art Anatomy*, to be spoken of hereafter, and is one of Dr. Rimmer's most elaborate drawings, as well as one of his finest and best considered compositions. In no subjects, indeed, that the artist treated, is there such a display of a rare genius for handling compositions containing many figures, masses, and motives, as in battle scenes. It will ever be regretted that they were not made on a large scale, instead of being left in the form of slight pencil sketches. The *Victory* (see tail-piece), although only a hastily made pen-and-ink study, will give some idea of the vigor, directness, and concentration with which he treated subjects expressive of action. Another remarkable drawing exhibited was a small one entitled *Nine Days They Fell.* It is one of the most wonderful in composition that the writer can remember. Distinct in individuality, it occupies a place never before filled between similar subjects treated by Michelangelo and William Blake.

In curious contrast to the works thus far described stands the *Magdalen*, which was also a favorite subject with the artist, and which he painted and drew many times. An engraving was made from a sketch in crayon, — a beautiful figure, simple and large in sentiment and treatment. It shows conclusively that Dr. Rimmer could feel and express an idea without obtruding his anatomical knowledge, whenever such a mode of treatment seemed to him to be desirable.

All these drawings illustrate the artist's love for the human figure, and his capacity in handling it for a given purpose. They show, furthermore, that he was not only clear, forcible, and comprehensive in his conceptions, but also that he had a profound and intuitive understanding of the elements of a great composition. Every line and every figure has its purpose and place, and there is no unnecessary abundance. These drawings are not only the work of a man merely learned in anatomy, — a knowledge acquirer; they are the creations of an artist, a designer, a composer.

In none of Dr. Rimmer's efforts is the want of a surrounding world of art so apparent as in his struggles with color. As a colorist he gained even less reputation than as a designer, and the paintings brought together at the Museum would hardly attract serious attention by their coloristic charms. In the most successful among them there is a tendency towards yellows and browns, which has led many people to conjecture that their author must have been afflicted with defective color-vision, while in others, in which there appears to be a determined effort to get rid of this tendency, the combinations are unpleasantly cold and inharmonious. Yet he loved color, and it was one of his fondest hopes to spend his old age in the enjoyment of painting. "My dear, we will *revel* in paint one of these days," was an oft-repeated and longing expression addressed to his youngest daughter. The two pictures which are the most successful in this respect, and which warrant the belief that he had the natural capacities of a painter and colorist of strength and quality, are the *Venus and Adonis* and *Madonna and Child.* With them ought also to be mentioned *The Sentinel.* As compositions they are worthy of the artist. The color of the *Venus* is rich and powerful, the drawing and construction masterly; the *Madonna* is fine and tender; the *Sentinel* in its conception is statuesque. I venture to say that these three pictures will in due time take their place among the best ever produced in America.

Dr. Rimmer also painted in water-colors and in sepia, and made an attempt at etching on copper. The colors he used he ground himself. The large majority of his studies on paper were made with a fine pencil, and some of them are so faint as to be barely distinguishable. In spite of the absence of early training he attained an astonishing skill in the use of his tools and materials, and even in his minutest and most delicate drawings these qualities are seldom gained at the expense of breadth. He drew with great exactness and certainty, and never felt his way with his pencil or modelling tool.

In 1872 appeared the *Elements of Design* (Boston, Lee & Shepard, revised edition, 1879),

and these were followed in 1877 by a large work called *Art Anatomy* (Boston, Little, Brown, & Co.). The former is a small book for beginners in drawing, interesting and original, especially when compared with the flood of books similarly entitled. The first lesson begins in the simplest way, and by means of straight lines only, to illustrate the movement of the human figure. In this lesson the author shows that he understands the first principle which should be taught to an art student, — to wit, that all movement of the human figure proceeds and is governed from the centre. It is not only eminently true in place and kind for a beginner, but it is valuable also to artists. The lessons go on by easy steps to the complete construction of a figure at rest or performing some function. From simple lines they proceed to mark the divisions and proportions of the body, and finally to indicate its anatomical character. The object of the book is to assist the pupil in learning how to embody an impression. It includes studies of types, expressions, and draperies, and is the best of the kind the writer has ever seen.

The *Art Anatomy*, which owes its existence to the generosity of a lady, is the most complete and exhaustive work on the subject. The anatomy of the human body, as well as types, temperaments, passions, and emotions, are illustrated with great fulness, in figures beautifully and strongly drawn. The book is for the learned, however, not for beginners, — a compendium, not a guide. It is the summing up of Dr. Rimmer's teachings, and its very short-comings as a text-book are proofs of how truly its author was an artist rather than a mere anatomist.

From this short review of the creative side of Dr. Rimmer's activity it will be readily understood that, in spite of the reputation he acquired as a teacher and lecturer, he was by no means satisfied with his labors in these fields. He consented to become a teacher because he felt that he was excluded from public recognition as a producer, and that his wisest course would therefore be to accede to the general demand to be taught something of art from the mouth and by the example of an artist. He began lecturing with the belief that the conditions necessary for the development of artists did not yet exist here, and that the popular methods of teaching and lecturing were not the wisest, surest, and quickest means of fostering a love and understanding of art by the people. Well knowing that, the more he became an expositor of his knowledge, the farther he left behind him every possibility of production, he yet found a consolation in the hope that out of his labors good might come. His experience, however, diminished that hope; but he nevertheless always regarded the subject of art education as of the highest importance, and he and the late William M. Hunt, as the writer knows of his own knowledge, frequently conferred on the desirability of their establishing a school together.

The following notes, taken down by one of his pupils in class hours, will be of interest here, as they give some insight into his method of teaching, as well as into his own way of looking upon art in general: — "Above all things, proportion should be cultivated. When drawing the head, think of the feet." — "Look out for whole quantities. See things accurately as a whole, and details will take care of themselves." — "You are just as capable of judging as any one. Depend on your own judgment. Act independently. Persist in effort and self-reliance. Be more determined, and do not depend on the opinion of others." — "In examining pictures, think what constitute the elements in a picture. Never leave much light in a picture. Let it gradually fade." — "When you see a picture, think of its plan. Have high light lighter than the background, and shadow darker than background. This is the highest form of representation. The dark side of a picture can have a lighter background." — "There is something in color apart from form. I believe in color for the sake of color." — "Let every piece of drapery go somewhere. Don't make ambiguous folds. Show where it begins, and where it ends." — "Commence foreshortened figures with the parts nearest to you." — "In making drapery, do not obscure the proportions. What is true, first; then what is fine." — "The size of the feet determines the size of the head. Small heads have large bodies, and *vice versa*." — "Nothing can be more beautiful than the way in which the arm is connected with the chest of the Venus of Milo." — "The best study for profile view is in the Medicean Venus, for front view in the Venus



WM. RIMMER, DEL.

CHAS. METTAIS, FAC-SIM.

VENUS AND CUPID.

of Milo." — "See in a head its degree of development, and how far from or near to the animal head. Every head must have something of the animal, in quality or quantity."

As an amusing incident, the following little anecdote may also find a place here. When drawing upon the blackboard, Dr. Rimmer indulged in a habit of whistling in a low tone, as a distraction from pain of body or mind. A little girl, who attended the class one day with her mother, noticed this, and when she came home began to draw, at times stopping to rest and whistle. Her mother, overhearing this variation, asked what she was doing, and received the reply: "Why, I 'm whistling, so that I can draw. Dr. Rimmer whistles when he draws!"

In his nature the domestic as well as the artistic traits were strongly developed, and in some respects they were antagonistic to one another, while in others they were in beautiful harmony. He desired very much to see the art and the great artists of the Old World, and had several opportunities to go, but would not embrace them unless he could be accompanied by his family. These refusals, as he well understood, were necessarily made at the expense of that inspiring sympathy, that powerful encouragement to art activity, only to be found in personal contact with living men and living works. What he refused was the need of his life, and his self-denial undoubtedly influenced the amount and quality of his work. On the other hand, his genial home was to him a haven of rest, a sanctuary of peace and freedom, where he found relief from his duties as a lecturer, which were oftentimes performed with pain and under embarrassment, because of ill health and inharmonious circumstances. Here he passed happy hours in making quantities of drawings, clay sketches, and pictures, most of which he destroyed. Having become satisfied, as before remarked, that there was no place for him as an artist, he ceased to be interested in serious work, beyond the pleasure it gave himself and his family. Persons who are familiar with the studies in modelling thus made only to be destroyed, say that they were even more wonderful than the works which were exhibited.

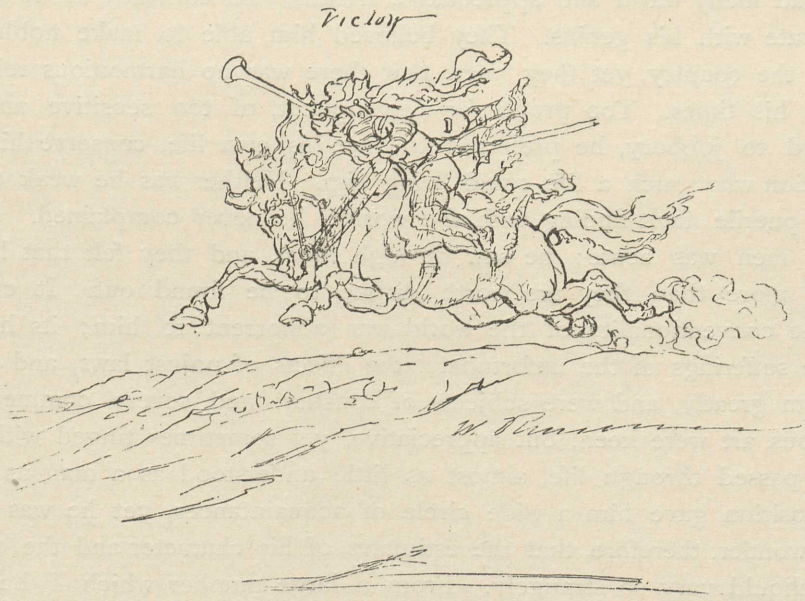
Dr. Rimmer had many warm and appreciative friends, who earnestly desired for him a recognition commensurate with his genius. They believed him able to make noble contributions to the art wealth of the country, yet they knew that there was no harmonious relation between his temperament and his times. Too proud for a sycophant, of too sensitive and conscientious a mould to descend to jobbery, he preferred to live his own life, conserve his self-respect, and take with resignation what such a life could bring him. Neither was he weak enough to indulge in bitterness or puerile fault-finding with the world: he never complained. His perception of the character of men was acute; he saw through them, and they felt that he did. Men who like to pass for more than they are worth dislike to be found out. It creates unforgiving antagonisms. The conventionality of the world was abhorrent to him; its hypocrisy he could not endure. The sufferings of the unfortunate, the effects of unjust laws, and the inequalities of society pained him greatly, and were subjects of constant and severe comment. His criticisms of contemporaneous art were keen, but appreciative, yet sometimes tinged with acerbity.

And thus he passed through life, almost as little understood as a man as he was known as an artist. His position gave him a wide circle of acquaintances, yet he was intimate with but few people. No wonder, therefore, that the estimates of his character and the opinions expressed as to his worth should vary so strangely. From a large number which I have gathered from former pupils and from people who were familiar with him for years, I select the following: — "I could never get acquainted with him. I revered him, but felt that he was above me." — "He expected that I should see as he did, and understand as much as he did. He expected of me things I did not know, — that I should go on from his point. He called on me for something greater than himself." — "He was a remarkable man, and seemed unconscious of the possession of a wonderful intuition. I believe that he thought his scholars had the same intuition. He taught as though he supposed they had. I did not regard his method of teaching adapted to the needs of pupils at this time. He wanted them to make things out of their heads, and appealed to the exercise of the imagination rather than to the necessity of much

preliminary study." — "It always seemed to me that he had some other object, or was actuated by other motives, than the display of anatomical knowledge. I could never quite understand him." — "He was a good teacher of anatomy, but he had no imagination. He appeared to me to be always showing off what he knew." — "Utterly impractical! You could do nothing with him. He was frank and manly, and hard to convince. Yet if he knew he was wrong, no one could be more ready to acknowledge it. Everything was a principle, and there could be no compromise for the sake of policy. We are not ready for such men." — "I was drawn to him. I thought there was a superiority in his nature. He seemed to me capable of doing great things in art."

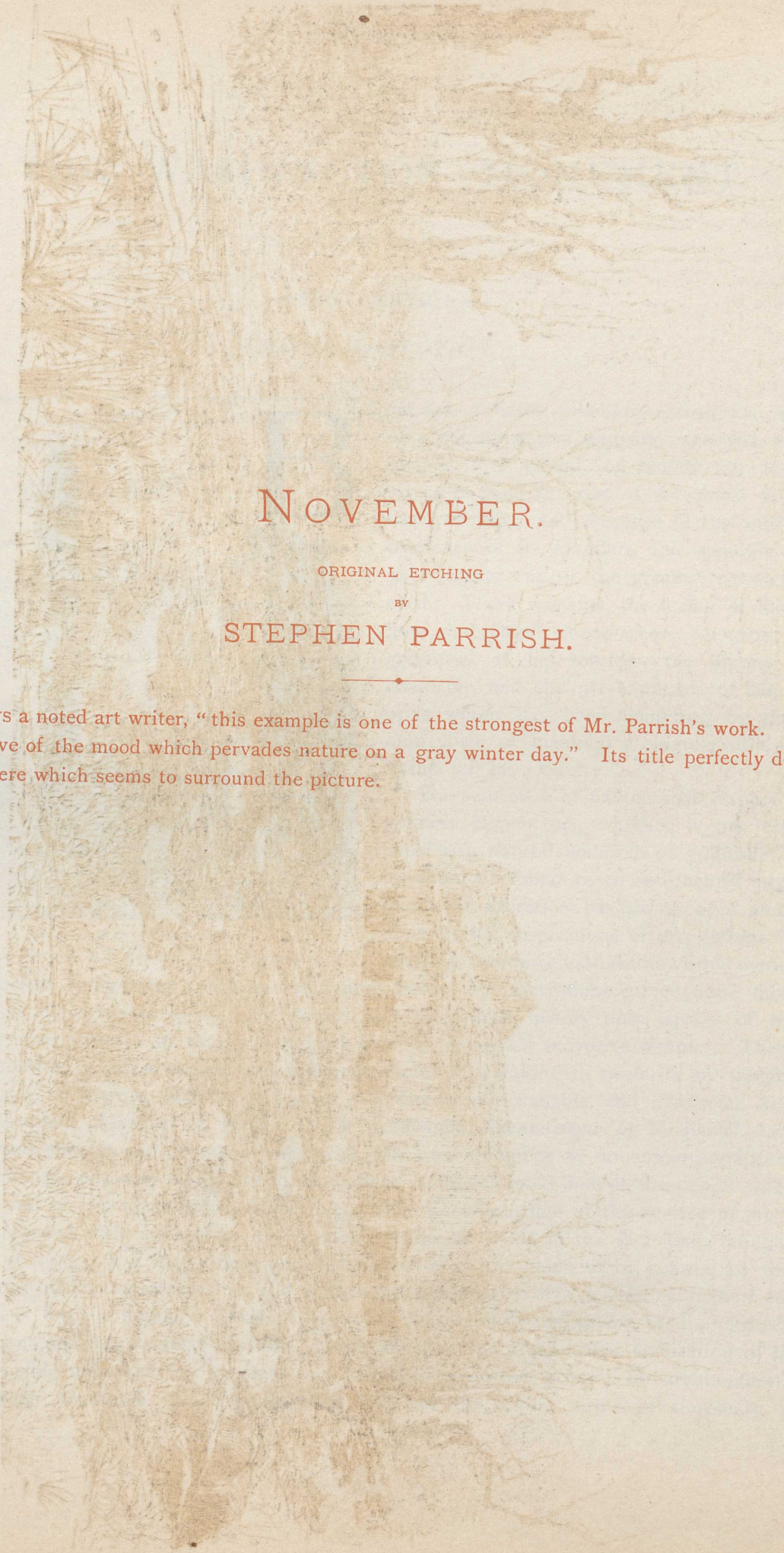
In this somewhat hasty sketch of a most remarkable man two thoughts are dominant, — wonder at what, under all the depressing circumstances which surrounded him, he was able to accomplish, and grief at the possible, but unrealized achievements of his genius in a congenial atmosphere of art and the inspiring company of artists. It is pleasant for the people of to-day to remember that such a man did exist in America, and that he contributed these things for the vitalizing encouragement of the artists who may come after him; but it is impossible to resist the sadness growing out of the reflection upon what he might have accomplished had he lived in the great, growing days of the Renaissance, when all the mighty workers of that age were bringing forth immortal masterpieces. Instead of an heroic struggle against defeat, his life would then have been a victory.

T. H. Bartlett.



Reduced Fac-Simile of a Drawing by Dr. William Rimmer.





NOVEMBER.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

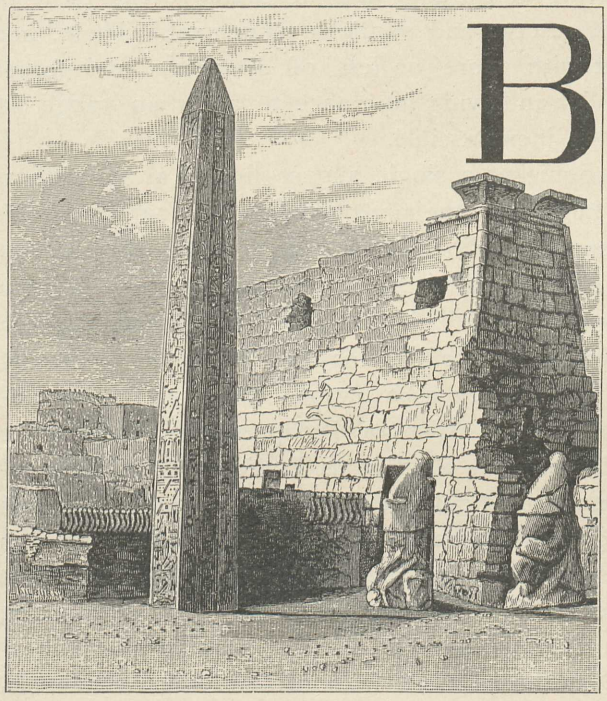
STEPHEN PARRISH.

SAYS a noted art writer, "this example is one of the strongest of Mr. Parrish's work. It is very suggestive of the mood which pervades nature on a gray winter day." Its title perfectly defines the atmosphere which seems to surround the picture.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

FIRST ARTICLE.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.



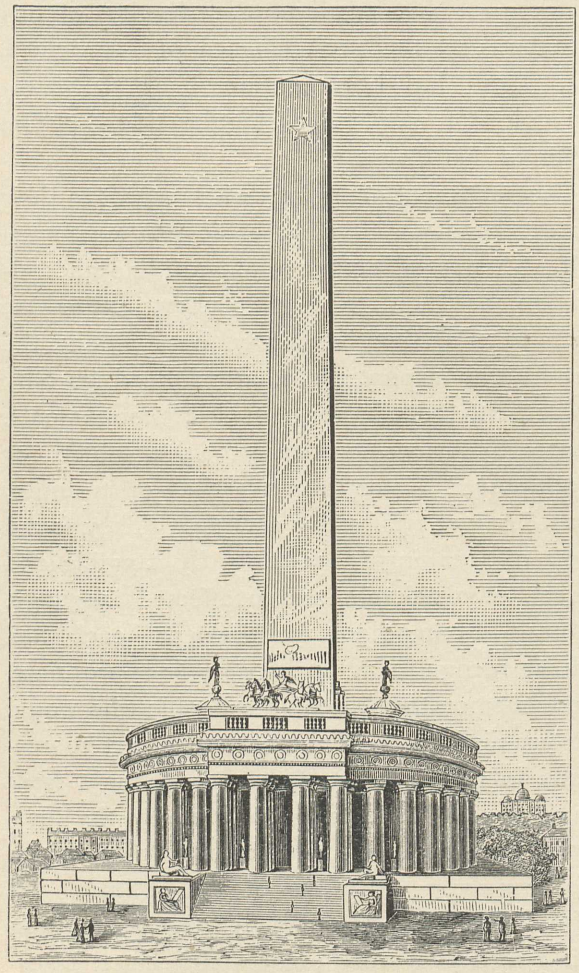
OBELISK AND PYLON AT LUXOR.
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY S. S. KILBURN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY an act of hardy rebellion against the authority of a mighty nation unjustly exercised, a certain people, after a long and bloody war, were once set aside from the rest of the world to form a true republic; and, because of the wisdom and prudence of its founders, this republic eventually became one of the greatest nations of the earth. There was one, the leader in this rebellion, and chief among these founders by the greatness of his services, the dignity of his character, and the pre-eminence of his virtues, upon whom has been conferred by the common voice of mankind a singular title, — "The Father of his Country."

The sentiment of nations with respect to their greatest benefactors, whether it has contented itself with natural emotions of gratitude and admiration, or found more satisfactory expression in acts of adoration, has always been among the most fruitful inspirations of art; indeed, its only adequate utterance has been in visible monuments. Thus all ancient civilizations commemorated their heroes by inscriptions carved upon tablets, or incised upon hieroglyphic shafts; by statues and sculptured history upon arches of triumph, columns, or mausoleums; or they worshipped them as demigods in votive temples. They found in their resources of art a natural and sufficient means of speaking to posterity by tangible and durable shapes in marble, granite, or bronze, — a direct, unmistakable, and unaffected language. Whether Egyptian, Assyrian or Indian, Greek or Roman, Romanesque or Mediæval, each had distinctive and characteristic forms of memorial, which we recognize as unconsciously appropriate, and as significant, not only of the monarch or hero commemorated, but of the people who would honor him and of the times in which he lived. The peculiar value of the service of art to history, as contrasted with the service of literature, seems to reside in the fact that, though, from the nature of things, it is less diffuse and descriptive, it is less liable to be colored by the individuality and prejudice of authorship, and is thus more expressive of a general average of emotion. It visibly sets forth a common ideal of life, and is singularly indicative of the attitude and quality of contemporary civilization. But, in the midst of the complicated civilization of modern times, the visible memorial has in great part lost this expressive power; for architectural utterance has been distracted by archæology, it has lost the divine virtue of simplicity, and is

oppressed by the accumulation of knowledge; so that, by reason of the very completeness of its appreciation of the monumental expressions of antiquity, architecture cannot speak without a consciousness of itself, — a condition under which great and simple achievements of art have become extremely difficult. Architects who are learned must needs quote from the past, thus losing some of the initial force of inspiration, and becoming more or less pedantic; those who are unlearned, not being kept in the safe track by a prevailing style, as was the case with their predecessors before the Renaissance, are utterly lost in mazes of ungrammatical originality. Nevertheless, modern times have known a very few cases of straightforward and really poetic monumental expressions, as in Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne, Kranner's monument of the Emperor Franz I. at Prague, the memorial of Frederick the Great at Berlin by Rauch, Von Klenze's Bavaria, the Arc de l'Étoile at Paris by Chalgrin, the Scott monument at Edinburgh, Rochead's monument to Wallace on the Abbey Craig of Stirling, and in some recent projects of the French School, remarkable alike for elegant reserve and studious refinement. These, not with the *naiveté* and innocence of the antique, but with more or less of directness and force, show the sort of service even modern art can render in giving utterance to a certain range of national emotions otherwise unexpressed, and indeed inexpressible.

A great nation, such as we have described, recognizing a single august figure as its father, its greatest and most characteristic expression of humanity, the prototype of national character, possesses the highest inspiration of civic monumental art which could be given to any people. No theme other than a religious one has ever been presented more worthy of treatment by a form of art. This fact has been recognized, with more or less of intelligence, from the beginning of our history as a nation. Even at the conclusion of the War of Independence, and before Washington's election as President, when his personality had not yet been removed into the heroic region by lapse of time, an equestrian statue was resolved on by the Continental Congress; but the resolve was not fulfilled. Fifty years later, an Association was formed, with a view to redeem the plighted faith of the nation by invoking contributions. After a lapse of twelve years, in 1845, the public conscience was once more awakened; and, by the efforts of this Association, a design was obtained from Robert Mills, which was recognized by the signature of the President of the United States as a fitting monumental expression. This composition of architecture became familiar to the public, and by reason of its official indorsement, rather than through any especial technical excellence or appropriateness of sentiment, it was for a long time instinctively acknowledged, in the absence of any other published design, as the natural exponent of public sentiment. It was a vast circular colonnade, of the Greek Doric order, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter and one hundred feet high, surrounding a central shaft in the form of an obelisk, fifty-five feet square at the base, and six hundred feet high. The estimate of cost was



Design for Washington Monument,

By Robert Mills.

within a million and a quarter of dollars. The corner-stone was laid on the 4th of July, 1848. Seven years later, when the bare shaft had been raised to the height of one hundred and seventy-four feet, the funds of the Association were exhausted. In 1878 the Government undertook the completion of the monument, assisted by the National Monument Society. A large sum of money was appropriated, and the work was resumed January 28, 1879. In 1883 the money again came to an end, and Congress once more devoted a sum to the work sufficient to finish the monument; and in December, 1884, the last stone was set.

In erecting the obelisk there were many engineering difficulties to encounter. As it now stands the top of the monument is five hundred and fifty-five feet above its base, which, exclusive of its concrete foundations, is about fifty-five feet square. The original height designed by Robert Mills was six hundred feet; but upon careful investigation of the foundation by the engineers in charge, it was found there was not sufficient area at the base to support the shaft with any positive security. The question then arose as to whether it would be better to underpin the monument, or to build a solid wall of earth around and under the base. The plan of underpinning was finally adopted, and was carried out principally by a large supply of concrete, which was extended under and around the old foundation. The original depth of eight feet was increased to thirty-six feet, partly by raising the level of the surface of the earth so as to cover the concrete buttresses, and partly by lowering the new foundation. This part of the work was successfully completed in 1880; and then the remainder of the work, that of erecting the shaft, was pushed rapidly forward. The weight of the obelisk at this time was about thirty-one thousand tons. The present foundation is one hundred and twenty-six feet square, and covers sixteen thousand square feet of ground, against sixty-four hundred square feet of the original plan. The walls of the obelisk are about fifteen feet thick at the lower parts, and they taper to one and one half feet at the top. The exterior is of white marble from a quarry in Maryland, and the backing is of gneiss and granite. The shaft is thirty-four and a half feet square at the top, and the pyramidoid which surmounts the walls is fifty-five feet in height. A vast amount of thought and skill was expended in the planning of this apex. At first it was intended that the top should be roofed over with an iron frame-work inserted with glass, to light the well in the centre, but it was finished finally so that this part of the obelisk consists of a series of twelve light-arched buttresses of marble, the inside of which springs from a point in the wall eighty-five feet below the apex. These buttresses, about seven inches in thickness, support slabs of marble on the outside, which form a smooth covering. Above the point, four hundred and fifty-two feet from the base, the veneering of marble runs through the walls to the well, — which place contains an elevator and a staircase. The total weight of the obelisk, including the foundations and the earthwork, is one thousand tons; the weight of the shaft alone is about half this amount. Even with a strong wind blowing against it on one side, it is estimated that the final pressure on the earth under the foundations will in no place exceed nine tons per square foot. The following figures, taken from Haswell, show the highest monuments in the world; and it will be seen that the Washington monument, for height, stands first:

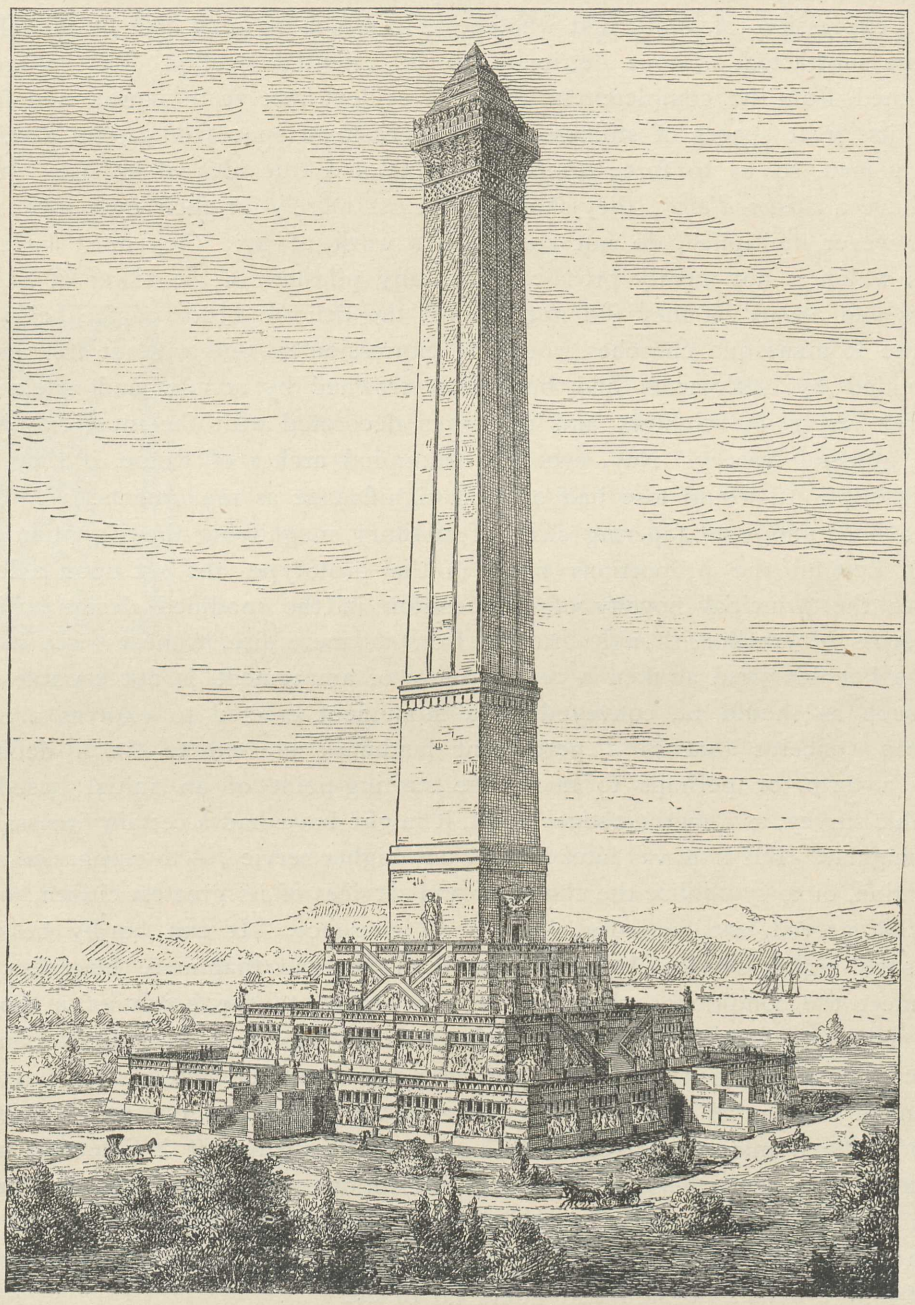
Washington Monument	555 feet
Pyramid of Cheops	520 "
St. Peter's	518 "
Cologne Cathedral	501 "
Balbec	500 "
Strasburg	486 "

Evidently the leading technical motive of the design of Mr. Robert Mills was that it should assert itself as the loftiest structure yet built by the hands of man. Its principal competitor in this respect was the ambitious tower projected four thousand years ago upon the plains of Shinar, whose top should reach unto heaven, in order to symbolize and obtain a more complete union among the people of the earth. The confusion of tongues which followed upon this vain attempt perhaps foreshadowed the Neo-Græco-Egyptian jumble which was the æsthetic characteristic of the proposed

modern symbol of national unity and greatness. The element of height is by no means an ignoble one in an architectural conception; but if it is the sole motive, the result cannot be otherwise than ignoble. The true test of quality in a structure started with such pretensions is to be obtained in considering the amount of thought which enters into it. The claim of superiority in height was set forth by a popular print, in which the highest monuments of the world, drawn to equal scale, were grouped together around the proposed monument to Washington, and the inferiority of Michael Angelo's St. Peter's at Rome, of Erwin von Steinbach's spire of Strasbourg, and the other masterpieces of lofty building, was thus made sufficiently obvious. The question of the relative quality of the art employed in these several conceptions was not insisted on. It is requisite in a work of art, in which height is to be the leading motive, that it should be made up of details all of which are essential to the expression of loftiness, and are arranged to set it forth in the most effective manner by contrasts of proportions, and by emphasizing the idea of ascension. The degree and quality of the height resides in its essential composition from the beginning, and is foreshadowed even in the lowest stages of the monument, as in the Giralda at Seville, — which, though begun by the Moors in the Saracenic style and completed by the Christians some two centuries later in the style of the Renaissance, is still remarkable for unity of effect, — in the brick tower of Saragossa, the Campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence and that of St. Mark at Venice, and in all the later mediæval spires without exception. In these each part is essential to the whole. Once begun, they could not be curtailed or lengthened without a painful breach of the laws of harmony. The western towers of Notre Dame of Paris have remained in their present state of incompleteness for five centuries; yet, by the preparation suggested in the arrangement of their masses, the disposition of their lines, and the quality of their proportions, the height of the spires which should surmount them and the character of their lines and details can be foretold with inevitable accuracy; so that, though the original design has been lost, a competition of designs among trained architects for the completion of these structures would vary only with respect to minute details. But the modifications of height in the completion of the Washington shaft, which had been arbitrarily proposed by the successive committees and commissions in charge, varied one from the other through a range of two hundred and seventy-five feet, without offence to any artistic condition essential to the Monument as it then existed. The degree of sensitiveness to modifications of this sort which must reside in any structure is in direct proportion to its rank as a work of art. If it exhibits no sensitiveness, it is a mere brute mass, which may have an expression of bigness, but not of grandeur. This shaft is called an obelisk; but the Egyptian prototype has fixed proportions, is essentially a monolith, was intended to convey a concrete idea by the hieroglyphics which filled its four polished sides, with reliefs against a background of brilliant colors, and the pyramidion at the summit was covered with bronze or bright gold. It was conspicuously an historic record. The American invention fulfilled none of these conditions, and its pyramidion was so ignorantly debased in the geometrical elevation as to be entirely invisible from any near point of view in perspective. In fact it was not an obelisk; it was a chimney without an outlet. But in order to give to this structure, so cheap to design but so costly to build, conceived in a day and executed in half a century, — in order to give to it some show of excuse for existing, the original designer proposed to build around its square and expressionless base a vast circular porch in the form of a colonnade of the Græco-Doric order. The result was, that this peristyle — though in actual size more gigantic than the order of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the greatest temple of antiquity, or than the order of St. Peter's at Rome, the greatest temple of modern times — was so dwarfed by the prodigious mass of masonry around which it was placed, that no one can possibly realize its true proportions. No work of art would suffer one part so to degrade and neutralize the other. Never was there a waste of treasure and material so barbaric. A central dome might have been so arranged as to excuse the circular portico; a grouping of mighty pylons about the base of the shaft might have tended to justify its enormous blankness. But no

attempt was made either in the colonnade or in the shaft to reconcile the perpetual and fundamental incompatibility which must have prevailed between them in every respect of line, detail, and proportion.

In the eloquent eulogy of Washington delivered by Mr. Winthrop on the laying of the corner-stone of this pile, he said: "Build it to the skies, — you cannot outreach the loftiness of



Design for Washington Monument, by H. R. Searle, of Washington, D. C.

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his principles; found it upon the massive and eternal rock, — you cannot make it more enduring than his fame; construct it of the purest Parian marble, — you cannot make it purer than his life." He might have added, Build it as you propose, and you cannot make it in any respect significant of Washington, or in any way worthy of the great civilization which he founded, — you cannot make it other than a misquotation barbarously misapplied.

The quality of simplicity and plainness is not undervalued as an element of grandeur in a monumental composition of this sort. Repose and size are essential to such an expression. But if a mountain cliff, or even a work of engineering, is sublime because of its vast unoccupied spaces, a monument which is expressly devised to convey such a sentiment as this must be something better than a colossal cairn or a mighty chimney. Its composition should betray a certain amount of human thought and intention. Its proportions should be so delicately adjusted as to give to it an expression of unity and wholeness, to which nothing can be added, from which nothing can be subtracted, without detriment to its essential quality. Its sentiment of repose must be obtained from its completeness, from its evident reserve of power, and from the contrast between its great spaces of stillness and its occasional spaces of careful detail adjusted to the scale of a man, so as to force upon the spectator a true idea of its size. Its great areas of rest must have a *raison d'être;* they should not exist merely for their own sake; mere courses of masonry, however multiplied, do not constitute a work of art; they must have an especial object to fulfil which is not merely prosaic. The lofty pilasters of the tower of St. Mark would be meaningless and absurd, if they did not support the delicate order of the belfry. The great wall veils of the Romanesque churches would be expressionless and without true majesty if they were not bounded by battlements and buttresses, crowned by arcades and machicolations, and broken, however rarely, by windows and doorways decorated with the most exquisite sculpture and the most graceful tracery. Nay, even the triumphal arches of Rome, if they did not bear aloft mighty inscriptions, would lose half of their significance as monuments.

Therefore a bare unfigured tapering shaft of masonry, magnifying the Egyptian monolith, but drawn out far beyond the proportions fixed in the prototype, and set upon a level platform, which furnishes the principal novelty of composition in the modified design which was then actually in process of erection, though brutally, from its mere size, it must force itself upon the attention of the beholder and awaken a certain sense of amazement, is not capable of suggesting any emotion such as should be conveyed by a monument erected to express a national sentiment. We can conceive that as a permanent landmark erected to fix a definite point of territory, like a term, or perhaps to mark the starting-point of an initial base-line in some great geographic survey, as a mathematical point, it might have had a certain fitness, as it was tall, durable, and singular. But if it was intended for any higher service, — to emphasize a point in the history of a nation, or to symbolize the character and services of its greatest citizen, — it was dumb. Imagination was starved, and memory slept in its presence. It can hardly be too earnestly insisted that such higher service demands a work of art, and that mere hugeness and smoothness do not meet the conditions; therefore, even if carried to the height of a thousand feet, a mere shaft is no more than an expression of geometry, grossly inadequate to an occasion so great, and unworthy of a nation so liberal, prosperous, and enlightened.

The monument on Bunker Hill is of the same kind. It has but one merit, — it speaks from afar, and stands like a mighty beacon. But until the story which it is intended to commemorate has been told by bas-reliefs or historical inscriptions, engraved upon its now vacant and expressionless sides, until it bears the names of the patriots who served or fell upon that pathetic field, set forth with letters which cannot perish, the stranger can only wonder, as he approaches it, why so vast a pile makes no sign and utters no oracle.

We have now to consider various of the suggestions which were volunteered from time to time, with a view to develop, for architectural expression, the possible capacities of the shaft while unfinished, and to render it more worthy of its function as a national monument.

HENRY VAN BRUNT.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

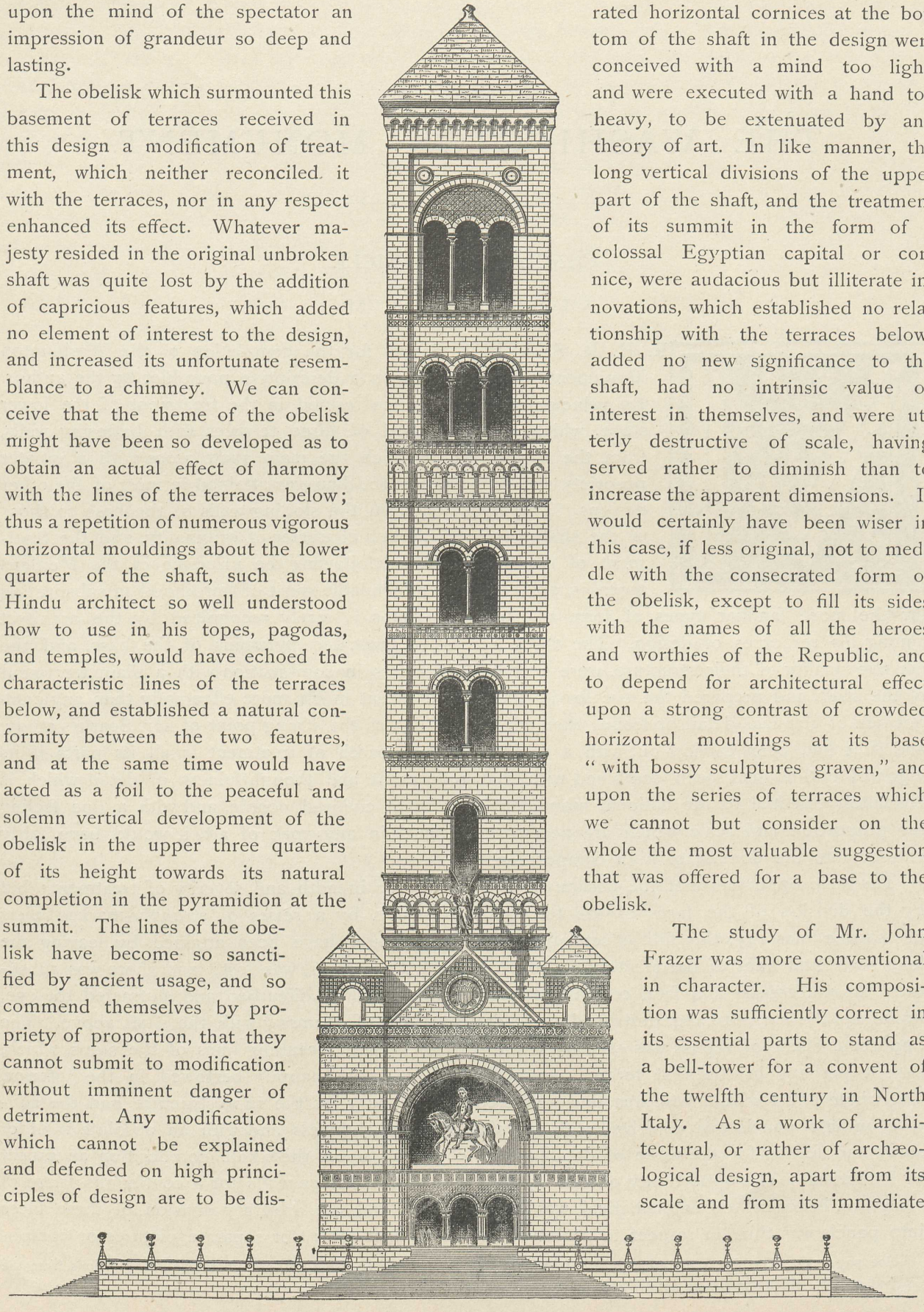
MR. H. R. SEARLE'S design for the completion of the Washington Monument [1] is published with a descriptive pamphlet by the author. Its principal claim to notice resided in the treatment of the lower stage, which was composed of three terraces with battering walls, from the uppermost of which the main shaft arose with a greater propriety and dignity of effect than was attained in most of the other designs. The transition from the sloping walls of the base to those of the shaft was not without a character of originality, and the treatment of the three terraces, following the principle of the Mexican teocallis, exhibited a commendable spirit of hardihood in substituting for the more familiar types of form one which perhaps is rarely recognized by the architect among his resources of design. The three successive truncated pyramids of the base, and the massive quality of their structure, were acceptable features in combination with a plain treatment of the shaft, and prepared the eye for its final grave ascent much more effectually than any composition of classical detail or feeling then offered. This was the strong point of Mr. Searle's study, and if it had been carried out with a commensurate breadth of treatment in all its parts, if its vigor of outline had been combined with that refinement and thoughtfulness of detail which is absolutely essential to the national monument of a great civilized people, and with a due feeling for proportion and scale, which are necessary elements in any work of art, it would have fairly entered into the domain of high composition.

The main opportunity of the design was its capacity for breadth and severity of treatment; but by the division of the faces of the terraces into panels by a series of strongly-marked piers of massive masonry, the full effect of repose which would have been attained by leaving the long horizontal lines of the terraces unbroken save at the corners, was lost; and there was substituted an unnecessary and fatal contrast of vertical features which disturbed and distracted the eye, broke up the surfaces, and destroyed their due relations of harmony with the shaft above. The important effect of repose was still further disturbed by the ascending lines of the steps, which, except perhaps in the first terrace, would have been more happily bestowed in the interior. The whole effect of the base was thus rendered far too busy for the superstructure, and the subdivision into panels was contrived with an affectation of rudeness and with an absolute want of study and feeling for the value of detail, which conferred upon the whole composition an aspect of barbarism. The opportunity offered by the faces of the terrace walls for a continuous frieze of sculpture, historical or emblematical, was very precious, and the arbitrary division of these faces into panels was thus, in respect to sculpture, also a distinct loss; for separate pictures or compo-

[1] See page 357. The five illustrations which follow, as well as the one on page 357, are phototype reproductions from the original studies, which have been kindly loaned for the purpose.

sitions of figures, could never leave upon the mind of the spectator an impression of grandeur so deep and lasting.

The obelisk which surmounted this basement of terraces received in this design a modification of treatment, which neither reconciled it with the terraces, nor in any respect enhanced its effect. Whatever majesty resided in the original unbroken shaft was quite lost by the addition of capricious features, which added no element of interest to the design, and increased its unfortunate resemblance to a chimney. We can conceive that the theme of the obelisk might have been so developed as to obtain an actual effect of harmony with the lines of the terraces below; thus a repetition of numerous vigorous horizontal mouldings about the lower quarter of the shaft, such as the Hindu architect so well understood how to use in his topes, pagodas, and temples, would have echoed the characteristic lines of the terraces below, and established a natural conformity between the two features, and at the same time would have acted as a foil to the peaceful and solemn vertical development of the obelisk in the upper three quarters of its height towards its natural completion in the pyramidion at the summit. The lines of the obelisk have become so sanctified by ancient usage, and so commend themselves by propriety of proportion, that they cannot submit to modification without imminent danger of detriment. Any modifications which cannot be explained and defended on high principles of design are to be distrusted; thus, the two widely separated horizontal cornices at the bottom of the shaft in the design were conceived with a mind too light, and were executed with a hand too heavy, to be extenuated by any theory of art. In like manner, the long vertical divisions of the upper part of the shaft, and the treatment of its summit in the form of a colossal Egyptian capital or cornice, were audacious but illiterate innovations, which established no relationship with the terraces below added no new significance to the shaft, had no intrinsic value or interest in themselves, and were utterly destructive of scale, having served rather to diminish than to increase the apparent dimensions. It would certainly have been wiser in this case, if less original, not to meddle with the consecrated form of the obelisk, except to fill its sides with the names of all the heroes and worthies of the Republic, and to depend for architectural effect upon a strong contrast of crowded horizontal mouldings at its base "with bossy sculptures graven," and upon the series of terraces which we cannot but consider on the whole the most valuable suggestion that was offered for a base to the obelisk.



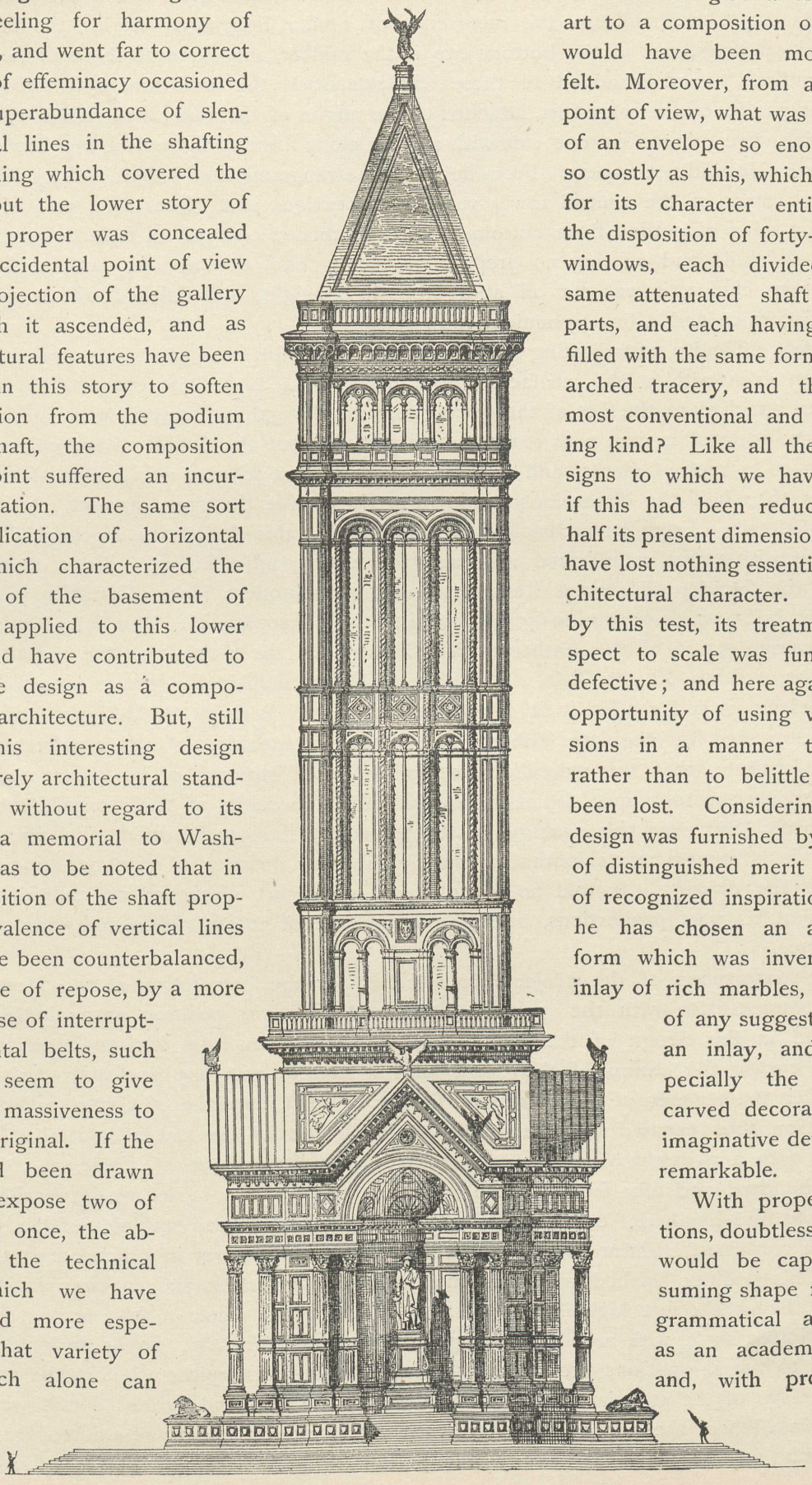
The study of Mr. John Frazer was more conventional in character. His composition was sufficiently correct in its essential parts to stand as a bell-tower for a convent of the twelfth century in North Italy. As a work of architectural, or rather of archæological design, apart from its scale and from its immediate

purpose as a memorial, it was careful, timid, precise. But it retained the worst of the characteristics of the Romanesque campaniles, — the recurrence of similar heights of stories, the monotonous round-arched openings, one at the bottom, two in the middle, and three at the top, the bald and unstudied outlines, — and it added to these characteristics the unfortunate invention of four miniature campaniles of the same sort, attached to the angles of the base, with gabled curtain-walls between, which were pierced on one side with a great niche forming the portal, but how treated on the other three sides did not appear. From behind this strange mask of gables and pyramidal roofs the enormous mass of the central tower rose with a curious sort of surprise, and without any diminution or relief of outline from bottom to top, proceeded upward *ad infinitum*, repeating its unimaginative details and offering no preparation for its final completion; until at last, by an act of arbitrary choice, it was cut off at a prodigious height, and finished with a very proper machicolated cornice and a low pyramidal roof.

The manifest difficulty of adjusting a scale of details fit for such enormous dimensions meet in this design even with a less satisfactory solution than in any of its competitors. The four corner towers attached to the foot of the great pile, with the gables between, were in their details adapted to the scale of a man with reasonable precision; but the details of the colossal central tower belong to a race of giants, and it contained no feature to give a just idea of its size. A tower of less than half the dimensions would properly receive the same amount, character, and proportion of details. From an archæological point of view this design was mechanically correct, but the composition was uninformed with any touch of poetic feeling. As a monument to Washington, the founder of a great Republic, based upon modern ideas of political liberty, this vast monastic bell-tower was curiously anachronistic and inapplicable. The introduction of the colossal equestrian statue of the Father of his Country, in the niche over the portal, after the fashion of that of Louis XI. at Blois, although furnishing a sufficiently secular element, was not enough to redeem it and render it fit for these new uses. Perhaps its designer had in mind the notion expressed by the late Robert Dale Owen in speaking of the architecture of the Smithsonian Institute, that the masculine energy and rude strength of its Romanesque prototypes are appropriate to a new departure in civilization, because of their proved vitality and productive force. But even this analogy was destroyed by the precise modern character of the masonry, by its whiteness and smoothness, and by the very delicacy of workmanship which was suggested by the drawing. It told no story, struck no chord, awakened no emotions, save of astonishment at its vast proportions, at its gloomy waste of spaces within and without, and its absolute silence.

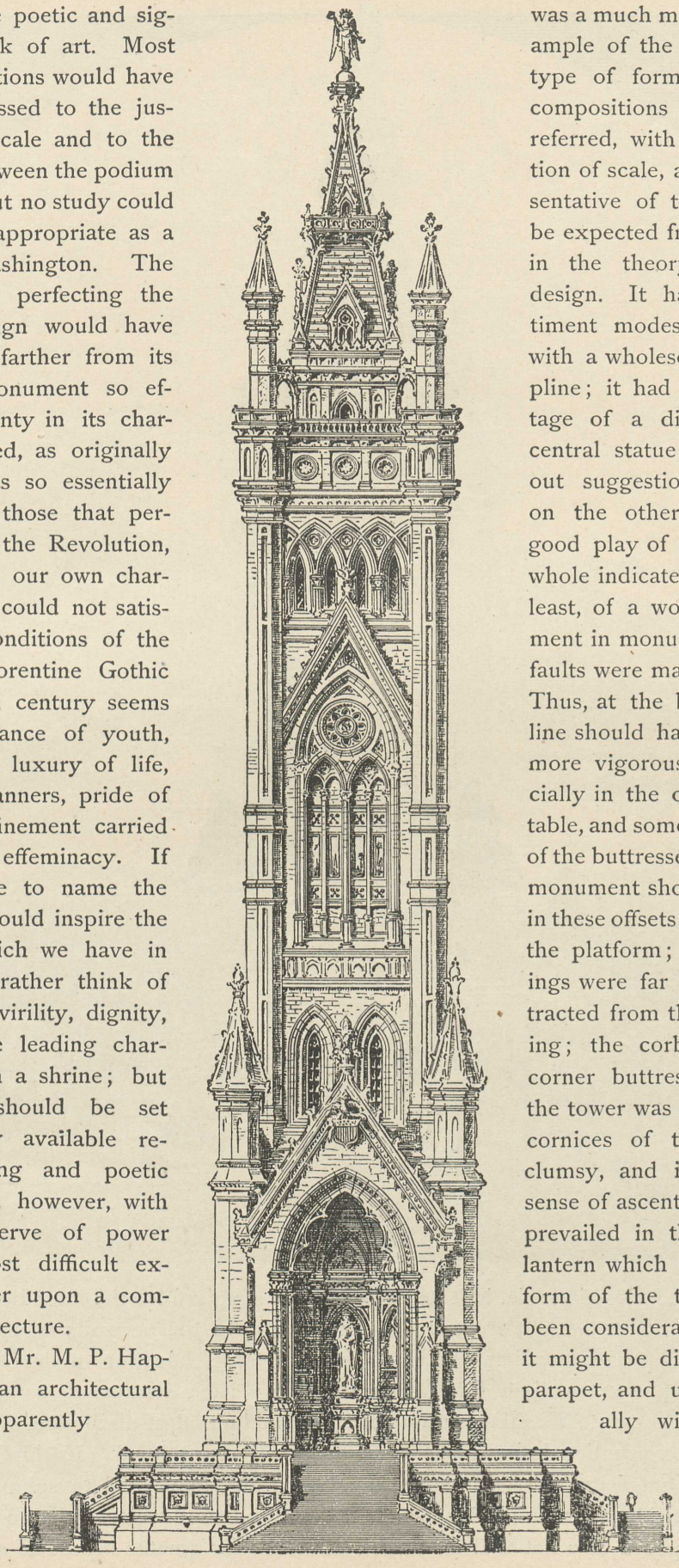
The most conspicuous of the projects volunteered for the completion of the Monument in a manner commensurate with the great occasion and with our position as a civilized nation was embodied in the design of the sculptor Story, sent to us from his studio in Italy. He proposed to encase the stump of the shaft with a marble envelope profusely enriched with panelling, after the manner of the Florentine Gothic of the Campanile of Giotto, and to extend the composition thus encased to a height about double that of the statue as it then was, and to crown it with a pyramid of marble surmounted by a little figure of Fame, at a height of about three hundred and fifty feet from the ground. The podium more nearly recalled classic forms, and was one hundred feet high with vast projecting porches on each side of the four faces, one of which contained enshrined a colossal statue of Washington set in a niche more than sixty feet high. This podium finished with a cornice of sharp projection and an overhanging balustrade, which, being six feet high instead of three, gave to the whole a false scale. From this gallery the Gothic shaft, with a sudden change of *motif*, rose abruptly. In its design it adhered quite closely to the suggestions presented by the Florentine masterpiece; but in the absence of the marble inlays, of the abundant fine sculpture, and of the rich and various details which were the real *raison d'être* of the original, and gave to it all its interest and value, the modern example seemed bald and mechanical, — the identity of its parts was absolute. Its division into four stages of

irregular heights was managed not without feeling for harmony of proportion, and went far to correct the effect of effeminacy occasioned by the superabundance of slender vertical lines in the shafting and panelling which covered the surface; but the lower story of the shaft proper was concealed at every accidental point of view by the projection of the gallery from which it ascended, and as no architectural features have been furnished in this story to soften the transition from the podium to the shaft, the composition at this point suffered an incurable dislocation. The same sort of multiplication of horizontal features which characterized the treatment of the basement of Giotto, if applied to this lower stage, would have contributed to redeem the design as a composition of architecture. But, still judging this interesting design from a purely architectural standpoint, and without regard to its fitness as a memorial to Washington, it was to be noted that in the composition of the shaft proper the prevalence of vertical lines should have been counterbalanced, for the sake of repose, by a more judicious use of interrupting horizontal belts, such indeed as seem to give repose and massiveness to the great original. If the design had been drawn so as to expose two of its sides at once, the absence of the technical devices which we have named, and more especially of that variety of detail which alone can excuse and give a character of art to a composition of this sort, would have been more keenly felt. Moreover, from an æsthetic point of view, what was to be said of an envelope so enormous and so costly as this, which depended for its character entirely upon the disposition of forty-four blank windows, each divided by the same attenuated shaft into two parts, and each having its head filled with the same form of round-arched tracery, and that of the most conventional and uninteresting kind? Like all the other designs to which we have referred, if this had been reduced to one half its present dimensions, it would have lost nothing essential to its architectural character. As judged by this test, its treatment in respect to scale was fundamentally defective; and here again the rare opportunity of using vast dimensions in a manner to enhance rather than to belittle them had been lost. Considering that this design was furnished by a sculptor of distinguished merit and a poet of recognized inspiration, and that he has chosen an architectural form which was invented for an inlay of rich marbles, the absence of any suggestion of such an inlay, and more especially the paucity of carved decoration and of imaginative detail, are very remarkable.

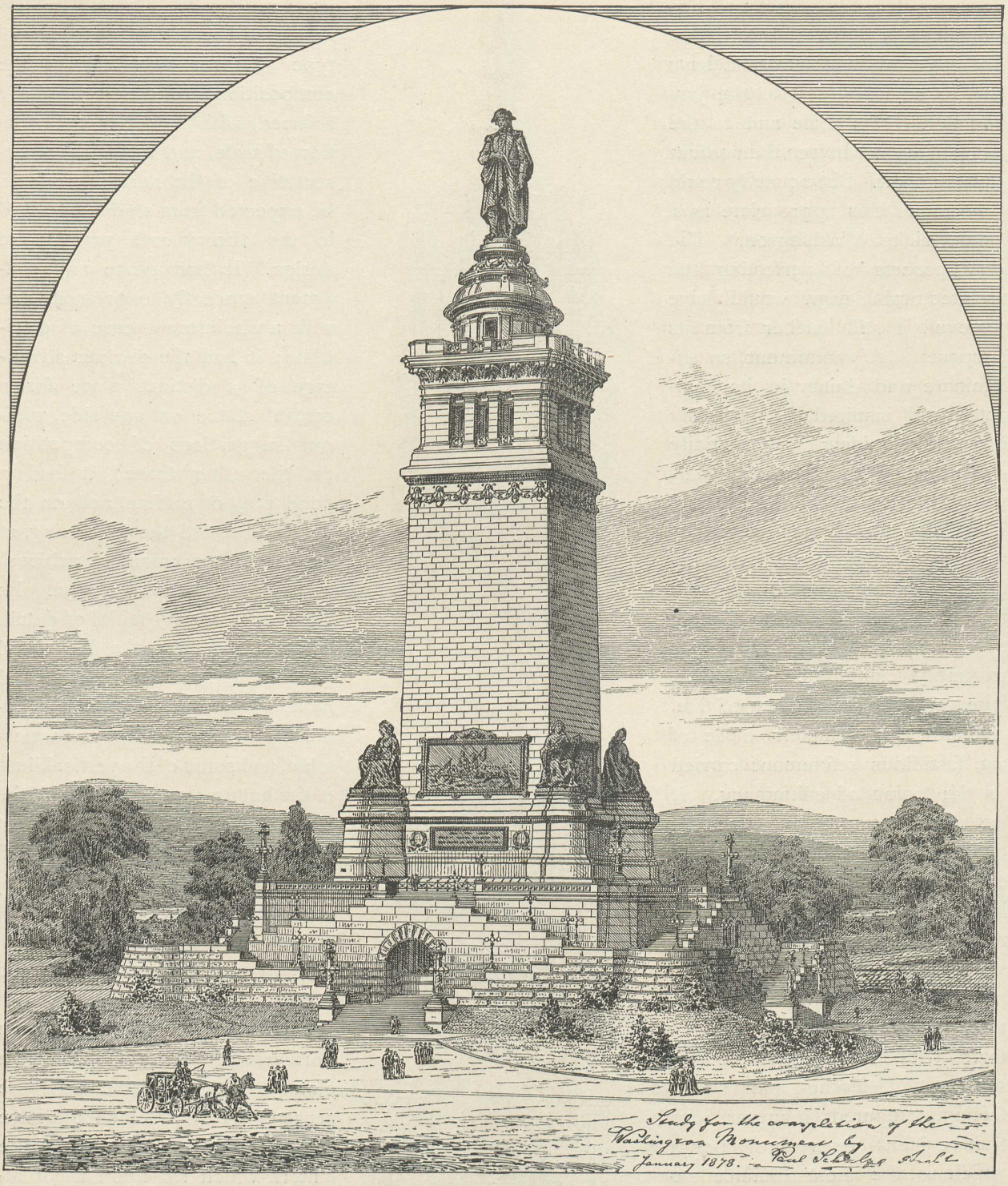


With proper modifications, doubtless, this design would be capable of assuming shape much more grammatical and correct as an academical study, and, with proper addi-

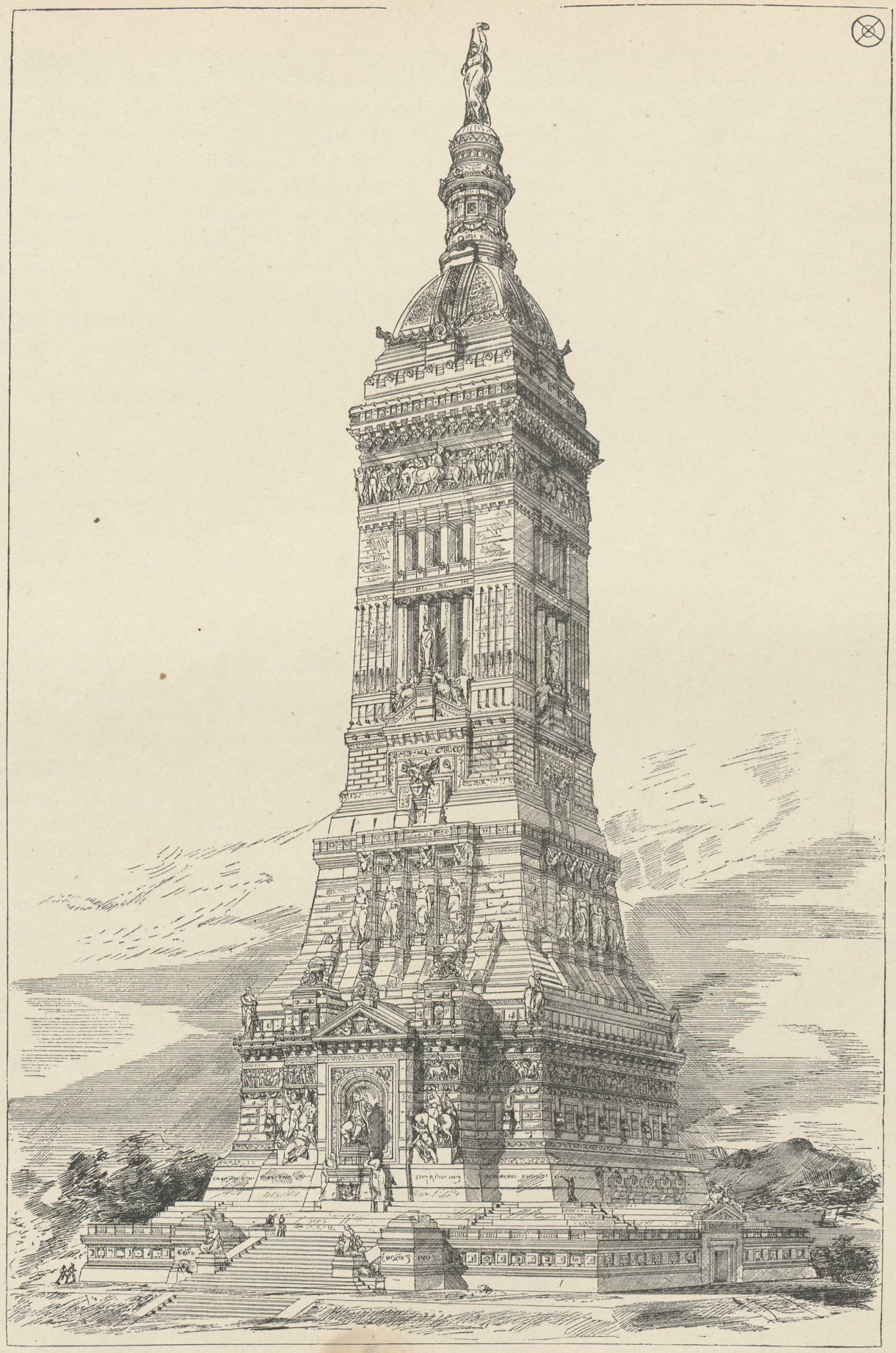
tions, much more poetic and significant as a work of art. Most of these modifications would have had to be addressed to the justification of its scale and to the reconciliation between the podium and the shaft. But no study could have made this appropriate as a memorial to Washington. The very process of perfecting the architectural design would have removed it still farther from its purpose. A monument so effeminate and dainty in its character, and inspired, as originally invented, by ideas so essentially at variance with those that pervaded the era of the Revolution, or which underlie our own character as a nation, could not satisfy the primary conditions of the theme. The Florentine Gothic of the fourteenth century seems to imply exuberance of youth, love of splendor, luxury of life, ostentation of manners, pride of art, fastidious refinement carried to the point of effeminacy. If we might venture to name the qualities which should inspire the especial work which we have in hand, we should rather think of repose, strength, virility, dignity, simplicity, as the leading characteristics of such a shrine; but these qualities should be set forth with every available resource of learning and poetic feeling, tempered, however, with that evident reserve of power which is the most difficult expression to confer upon a composition of architecture.



The study by Mr. M. P. Hapgood, of Boston, an architectural student, made apparently rather as an exercise in design than with competitive intent, was a much more grammatical example of the use of an accepted type of form than any of the compositions to which we have referred, with a better appreciation of scale, and was fairly representative of the sort of work to be expected from students trained in the theory and practice of design. It had grace and sentiment modestly expressed, and with a wholesome sense of discipline; it had the obvious advantage of a distinct place for a central statue on one side, without suggestions of competition on the other three; it had a good play of outline, and on the whole indicated the beginning, at least, of a workmanlike achievement in monumental design. Its faults were mainly faults of detail. Thus, at the base, the horizontal line should have had a fuller and more vigorous expression, especially in the offsets of the water-table, and some of the vertical lines of the buttresses on the sides of the monument should have been lost in these offsets before they reached the platform; all the gable copings were far too heavy, and detracted from the size of the building; the corbelled stage of the corner buttresses at the top of the tower was over-weighted; the cornices of the pinnacles were clumsy, and interfered with the sense of ascent which should have prevailed in these features; the lantern which sat upon the platform of the tower should have been considerably higher, so that it might be disengaged from the parapet, and unite more effectually with the four pinnacles; and the crowning spire would have had much more



dignity, and appeared more in scale, if it had arisen more simply from the mass below, and with less fretting of outline. A perspective study would have betrayed the necessity of many other ameliorations of detail. But the question whether English Gothic, however modernized and however secularized, was a proper medium for the expression of such sentiments as should have been conveyed in a monument to Washington, was one which admitted of discussion. Certainly, as here treated, it was too conventional for a use so august and exceptional. If this design had been adopted as the central feature for a great town-hall, it would have had to submit to no essential change. Such a consideration should have made us hesitate before we accorded to it even a guarded approval, when proposed as a national memorial. We ask for greater repose of surface, for less of



the florid and more of the serious in expression; we would make the architecture for the sculpture, and not the sculpture for the architecture; we would rather have an architectural enshrinement of inscriptions and bas-reliefs than a mere conventionality of windows, balustrades, and buttresses. In short, a style which has been so *ordained* as the "Victorian Gothic" must yield its easy conventionalities and its too facile elegance, — some of its more remote and unused sources of expression, if any it has, must be called into play, before we can fitly commit to it such solemn duties.

All these designs accepted the embarrassing condition of the then existing stump of the obelisk, and in various ways aimed to give it an architectural development; but in none of them was this condition accepted so frankly as in that of Mr. Paul Schulze, of Washington, and none of them so promptly or so directly evolved out of the unpromising materials an architectural idea. Upon the summit of the unfinished shaft he placed a well-composed belvedere, massive enough in its proportions to establish harmonious relations with the heavy masonry below; upon the roof of the belvedere he dared to erect a low circular tower, covered by a dome, and surmounted by a bronze figure of Washington thirty-five feet high; at the base he established two terraces, the faces of which were occupied by the ascent of vast monumental steps; and upon the upper platform, against the four corners of the shaft, he erected four mighty buttresses, upon which were seated four emblematical figures, also in bronze, thus having secured an outline which with some nobility of effect connected the structure with the surrounding plain. Against the sides of the shaft, between the buttresses and the emblematical figures, were affixed enormous tablets of bronze which bore inscriptions and bas-reliefs; and at the top of the shaft, under the belvedere, was a frieze of garlands or festoons, also in bronze. The whole composition was simple to bareness, and the two cornices were dangerously equal in value, but it betrayed a practised hand in the management of great architectural masses, and an intelligent professional appreciation of the technical conditions of the problem. It was a workmanlike academical study, without high inspirations, but also without any straining for originality. It had repose, dignity, and strength. But the attempt to make a satisfactory combination of bronze and white marble in such relative quantities could scarcely succeed; the two materials will not blend, and the effect of them together is really that of black against white, unless the contrast of the metal is mitigated by gilding; and even with this mitigation, the quantity of the metal, almost encircling the base, would be too great. Gilded or bright metal against marble seems acceptable only in small quantities, as in the shields of metopes, or in capitals, and dark bronze against marble, only in subordinate positions. Moreover, the composition of the great tablets, forty by twenty feet at least in dimensions, was wanting in dignity and consciousness of scale, and they were treated like after-thoughts. One would be compelled also to object to the staircases at the base, as having been much too vast for their uses, and as having had a tendency to destroy the repose which should have prevailed about the foundations of so great a pile. It was a serious work, however, and although it was by no means inspired or poetic, it was perhaps the nearest approach then made to a practical, business-like solution of the problem.

In strong contrast to all the other suggestions for the completion of the Monument, an interesting project from California, published anonymously in an old number of the *American Architect*, and here reproduced by permission, afforded abundant and satisfactory recognition of the scale of the structure and made an adequate use of sculpture as a decorative accessory. It was a spirited and poetic composition, correctly set forth in the style of the modern French Renaissance, and might have been submitted in the latest architectural *concours* of the École des Beaux-Arts. It would seem that a style which has been so consistently and so consecutively developed from Roman types, which has been so refined by the study of a race of artists through successive centuries of civilization, and which in this progress has received such abundant accretions, such a boundless wealth of phraseology, and has thus become so pliable to the expression of modern ideas, — that such a style might have had resources peculiarly applicable to the interpretation of the theme which has been held in contemplation. The present essay draws upon these resources perhaps with a too liberal hand, but it presents on the whole a concep-

tion which might have been accepted as the expression of a nation advanced in the higher arts of life.

The monument had its roots firmly planted in the ground by means of successive stages or stories with battering walls; it stood, as Browning says, "four-square," and finished at the top with a sudden upward leap, which presented in general outline and in its multiplicity of detail strong points of affinity with some of the better Hindu pagodas. Indeed, in respect to detail it was enthusiastically overloaded, although this fault was largely condoned by the severity of its sky lines. If the designer had judiciously held his hand and spared his somewhat profuse invention, the dignity and repose of his design would have been increased. We feel this want of reserved force mainly in the central stage or die of the shaft below the well-conceived frieze of processional sculpture. This die was occupied by a great central aperture in each face, divided vertically by columns, and horizontally by a belt of mouldings, which was superfluously continued around the shaft; and the shaft was further subdivided at this place by long vertical channels, apparently with a view to counteract the too great prevalence of horizontal lines below. We venture to assert that this central die, which had been heralded by such a vast preparation of bases, and which was crowned with such ceremonial splendor, demanded an especial distinction of treatment; and that if the horizontal belt and the channelling had been omitted here, and possibly if the columnar order dividing the aperture had been extended in long piers without the interruption of the belt, and if the masonry had been left unfretted by details, the proper contrast and balance of parts would have been more completely and more satisfactorily maintained.

This is the substance of the description which accompanied the design: The panels on the face of the first terrace are stones presented by the various States of the Union; those presented by foreign States find a place in the battering plinth of the monument. The statue of Washington is seated in front of a niche, and the pedestal of the statue is supported by figures of Truth and Industry. The niche is flanked on either hand by groups representing Peace and War. Against the die of the pedestal of the monument are placed busts of the Revolutionary worthies, and under the corner of the pedestal is a frieze enriched with a procession of Industry; above, on the four angles of the cornice of the pedestal, are figures of Liberty, Justice, Education, and Suffrage. Against the next stage are the emblematical statues of the original States, and the gables which decorate the centres of the third stage bear statues typifying the North, the South, the East, and the West. The frieze under the main cornice is filled with a warlike procession, and the figure of America surmounts the whole, at a height of three hundred and thirty feet.

The iconology of this design might have been improved. This, however, was not an essential point. Evidently the design was but a study; it was the outline of an heroic poem, crowded with incidents, set forth with a degree of rhetorical elegance which is full of promise. It had the merit of being distinctly monumental and entirely appreciative of the colossal scale of its masses.

Having in mind the lesson conveyed by these voluntary and patriotic contributions, which we have referred to because of the importance of the theme, and because they serve to suggest the boundless field of design which it opens to professional study, we heartily congratulate the Monument Commission for having so cleverly completed the original shaft. As it now stands, it not only is a fit and just tribute to the skill and enterprise of the American people, but a noble tribute to the name which it perpetuates.

HENRY VAN BRUNT.


H. Winthrop Peirce

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

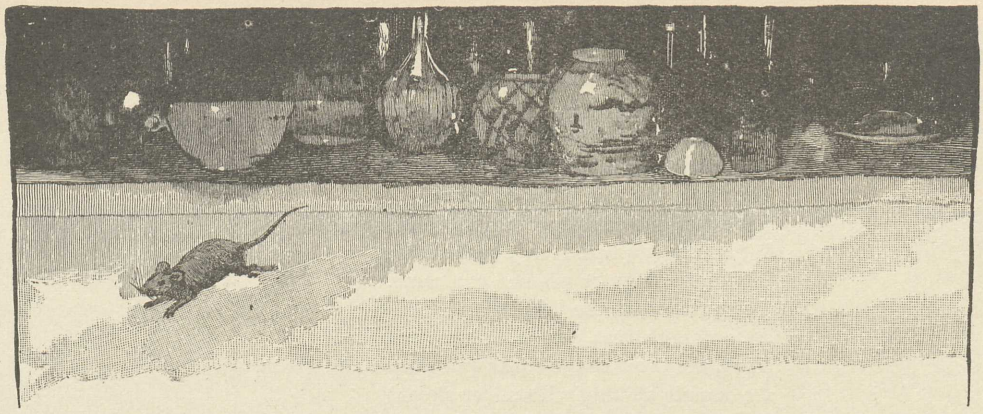
PHOTO-ETCHING FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

H. WINTHROP PIERCE.

THIS painting, in which three generations of the peasantry appear, was executed by Mr. Pierce during a protracted stay in France.

It is generally considered one of the best things that he produced while abroad. Like all of his paintings, it gives an excellent idea of the subject embraced and is thoroughly truthful in detail.



H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

A LARGE proportion of this artist's paintings have had for their subject places and people abroad, either in England or in France. When, in 1884, Mr. Peirce exhibited a group of his pictures in Boston — and it may be said in passing that they brought him a deserved pecuniary as well as artistic success, more than three-fourths of the works being sold — the walls of the gallery displayed almost entirely scenes in *la belle France*. There were some charming landscapes from Fontainebleau, famed for its palace, built by "The Mæcenas of France," amplified by "The King of Great Men," and haunted by many memories, — memories of "The Swedish Amazon," who caused her favorite, Count Monaldeschi, to be put to death here for treason; of *Le Grand Monarque*, who here signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; of the great Condé, who died here in 1686; of the venerable pope, Pius VII., who had lodged at Fontainebleau when in France to assist at the coronation of the Emperor at Nôtre Dame in 1804, and who was here kept a prisoner in 1812–1814; and, above all, of "the Man of Destiny" himself, whose sentence of divorce against Josephine was here pronounced, who here signed his first abdication and took a touching leave of his old Guard in the Court of the Adieus, and who, on his return from Elba, here reviewed the same grenadiers before marching with them to Paris. And not only the palace, with —

"the turreted roofs, so fine and sharp,
Cutting into the blue sky overhead.
The suites of rooms both large and small,
And the lofty gloom of St. Louis Hall,
Mirrored again in the shining floor;
And the thick walls pierced for the crusted door,
With traceried panels and ponderous lock,
Which opens heavily, shuts with shock,
If the hand unwarily lets it fall.

"The great square courts are still as the grave,
Once so joyous with hunting horn,
When the princely hunter, eager and brave,
Rode to the chase at the first of morn,
The grand old courts of Francis the First,"

but the forest: —

"What pen shall paint
The gates of brickwork, solid and quaint,
Which opened on it from every side ;
And the sweeping circles whose vistas wide
Narrow away to a point of space,
Like the rays of a star from its central place.
Wherever you turn it is just the same,
Whither you go or whence you came,
To the right, to the left, behind, before,
An ocean of trees, for six leagues and more.
From the brow of the rocks (all purple and green,
Or damply shining with silver sheen)
You see what looks like a mystical floor,
A glorious level of green and gray,
Till the uttermost distance melts away."

Fontainebleau, palace and forest alike, has had much to do with artists, from the days when Francis I. royally employed Benvenuto Cellini, Primaticciò, Niccolo dell' Abbate, Rosso Rossi, and other



LITTLE SAILORS. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

Italian masters in beautifying his stately house, to our own time, when Diaz, the great French landscape painter, is perhaps the artist most intimately associated with its sylvan beauties. Cranch, our American painter-poet, wrote some verses wherein he recalls the —

"calm, deep days when labor moved
With wings of joy to the tasks beloved,
And art its own best guerdon proved !

" For such it was, when long ago
I sat in my leafy studio
In the dear old Forest of Fontainebleau,"

and Robert Louis Stevenson says, " The forest of Fontainebleau is the great *al-fresco* school of art of modern France."

Winthrop Peirce's salon picture, exhibited in 1882, showed a February effect in the great forest; and he has painted much at Barbizon, on the edge of the wood, where Millet and Rousseau lived and worked so many years. Peirce's exhibition, in addition to the " February " picture, contained his " October," from the Salon of 1883, and numerous other landscapes from Fontainebleau, Barbizon, and Fleury-en-Bière, a little village where our artist sojourned and fixed on canvas many pleasing and admirably painted transcripts of peasant life and its environment.

He is at his best in the representation of places which are most closely interwoven with human life, saturated, so to speak, with the influences of the generations of mortals who have in turn sub-

sisted on the soil and been laid beneath it. Our mother country is full of such places, and, as John Burroughs writes in his paper on "Mellow England," "Nature here has been so long under the dominion of man, has been taken up and lain down by him so many times, worked over and over with his hands, fed and fattened by his toil and industry, and, on the whole, has proved herself so

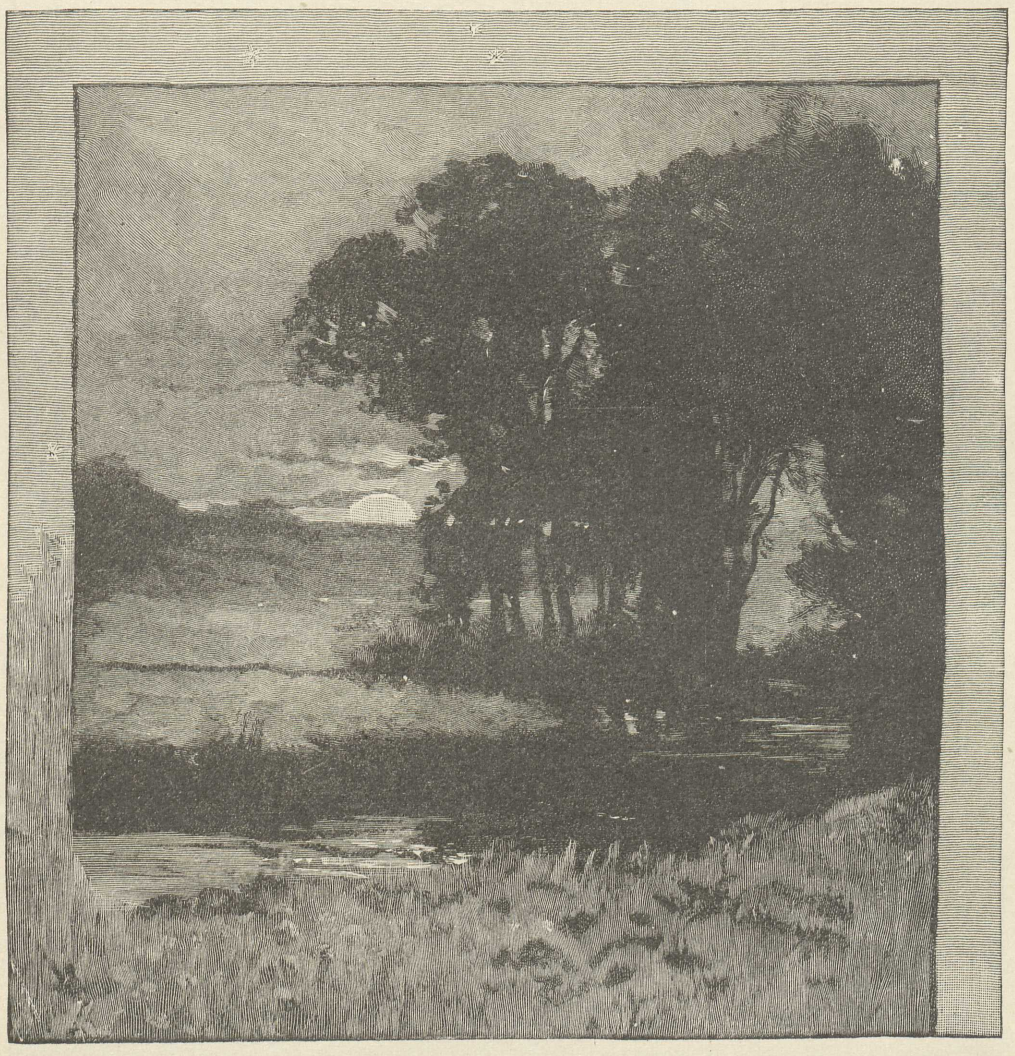


DOES MOTHER WANT ME? DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

willing and tractable, that she has taken on something of his image, and seems to radiate his presence." Peirce portrays such spots so admirably that one cannot quarrel with him, as we feel justified in doing with many American artists, for being blind to the beauties of their native land and seeking hackneyed subjects abroad. Moreover, his brush has also traced some excellent American landscapes drawn from the Massachusetts coast, not far from Boston. When his next exhibition of

pictures opened in that city, it was seen that the painter in his second foreign trip, had left the land of the blue blouse and wooden shoe for that of the white smock-frock and the "hobnail," exchanging the green fields of northern France for the still more fertile meadows of central England. A happy choice, indeed, for where could an artist find a spot more full of the charm of legend, history, and association than Warwickshire: —

"That shire which we the heart of England well may call," as old Michael Drayton, the poet of Agincourt, and himself a son of the ancient county, sings. Shakspeare, Scott, Tennyson, and George Eliot — four mighty ones — are among those whose writings have immortalized Warwickshire, and



MOONRISE. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

she can claim the first and the last as her own children; for the great woman-novelist was born in "Loamshire" (as she called it) about twenty miles from Stratford. The following pen-picture of some of her attractions was written by Charles Kingsley's daughter Rose.

"This midland county has a charm of its own. There is a peaceful beauty in the rolling grass-pastures as the sun catches the side of the 'lands,' the ridge and furrow that tell of cultivation hundreds of years old. Red and white shorthorn cows group themselves under the great elms and oaks, in whose tops the rooks are feeding their ravenous young. Down in the hollow the winding brook — some tributary of the Avon — runs, fringed with aged pollard willows and hawthorns, through whose branches the wild roses toss straggling shoots all flecked with pale pink shell-like blossoms. In the shallows the brown water races over bars of clay worn as hard as rock. In the



THE DOLL'S PARTY.

DRAWN BY H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.

pools beneath the banks the black moor-hen lurks, or a stately heron watches for his prey. Beyond the brook roll rich red fallows, now flushed with the pale green of growing wheat, or golden with ripening grain. The farmhouse and buildings make a point of vivid color in the picture, their crude red toned down by purple shadows and soft browns and yellows among the stacks in the rick-yard." There are some suggestions for pictures in Miss Kingsley's lines of which Winthrop Peirce would make delightful realities.



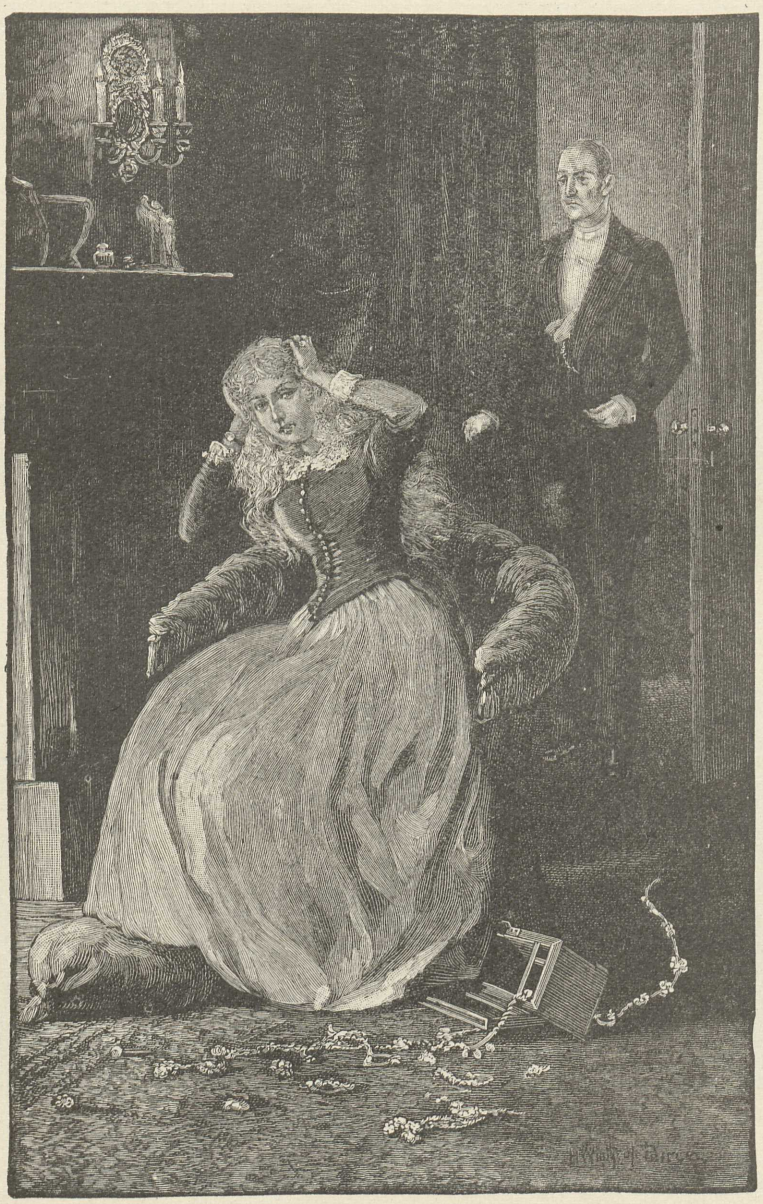
JOHNNY'S PICTURE. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

Tradition or trustworthy record has entwined the names of many famous personages in the annals of Warwickshire. To mention a few of these we find that Long Compton is associated with a wondrous miracle wrought by Saint Augustine, who had been sent from Rome by Gregory the Great as missionary to the Britons; at Long Itchington was born the great Saxon bishop, Saint Wolstan of Worcester, who defied the Conqueror; Coventry, as every one knows, was the scene of Lady Godiva's noble act; the deeds of the redoubtable hero, Guy, Earl of Warwick, have long magnified Guy's Cliff; and there is a not wholly unfounded claim that the bold outlaw Robin Hood was a native of Warwickshire. Though we hold with the poet in saying —

" Oh hallowed memories of the past,
Ye legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.

" In vain shall man deny
Or bid your mission cease,
While stars yet prophesy
Of love and hope and peace,"

we get on firmer ground when we speak of Kenilworth, linked forever with the names of Simon de Montfort and John of Gaunt, of Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, and Amy Robsart; Warwick, with those



GWENDOLEN DROPS THE JEWELS. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

of Richard de Beauchamp, " the father of courtesy," Richard Neville, the " Kingmaker," and Sir Fulke Greville, " the servant of Queen Elizabeth, the counsellor of King James and the friend of Sir Philip Sidney; " Blacklow Hill, where Piers Gaveston, the worthless favorite of Edward II., was beheaded by order of the Barons; Tamworth Castle, once the seat of the Murcian kings and later the property of the Lords of Marmion, ancestors of the hero of Scott's poem, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was once a prisoner; Middleton Hall, the home of Sir Hugh Willoughby, the first English explorer of the Arctic regions; Lutterworth, where Wickliffe preached, wrote, and died; Coombe Abbey, where Elizabeth of Bohemia, " the Queen of Hearts," spent her girlhood, and which her

chivalrous worshipper, Lord Craven, afterwards held for many years; Edge Hill, where the first battle between the Royalists and Parliamentarians was fought in 1642; and Sulgrave, of special interest to Americans, as the ancestral home of the Washingtons. But far more renowned than all these places, or those associated with the struggles of the first Charles and his fair queen, Henrietta Maria, the impetuous bravery of his nephew, Prince Rupert, or the wandering fortunes of his son, Charles II., after the battle of Worcester, is of course Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of William



AT THE GAMING-TABLE. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

Shakspeare, whose name, mightier than that of any king, makes this place of pilgrimage dear to all of English race. How many Americans have journeyed there and paid willing homage at the shrine of the immortal player-poet, drawn by that attraction which Robert Leighton's fine lines acknowledge: —

"To Stratford-on-the-Avon. And we passed
Through aisles and avenues of the princeliest trees
That ever eyes beheld. None such with us
Here in the bleaker north. And as we went
Through Lucy's park, the red day dropt i' the west;
A crimson glow, like blood in lovers' cheeks,
Spread up the soft, green sky and passed away;
The mazy twilight came down on the lawns,
And all those huge trees seemed to fall asleep;
The deer went past like shadows. All the park
Lay round us like a dream; and one fine thought
Hung over us, and hallowed all. Yea, he,
The pride of England, glistened like a star,
And beckoned us to Stratford."

In Stratford lived the ancestors of John Harvard, whose name is borne by America's greatest university; the genius of Washington Irving is intimately associated with the place; and in one of its open spaces stands the drinking fountain and clock tower given to the town in the year of the Queen's Jubilee, by George W. Childs of Philadelphia.

Amid these fair and famous scenes, Winthrop Peirce established himself, occupying a studio in a quaint old stone mansion in Warwick, known as St. John's House, because it occupies the site of the hospital of St. John Baptist, founded in the reign of Henry II., by William de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, to whose descendants it belongs. The present building seems to have been erected in the reign of Elizabeth and that of her successor, simply as a manor-house. Peirce painted the ruins of that great stronghold of Kenilworth, "which for a fayre and stately castle may



IN THE RIVER. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

compare with most in England," and "upon improving which," to borrow Sir Walter Scott's words, "and the domains around, the Earl of Leicester had, it is said, expended sixty thousand pounds sterling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money.

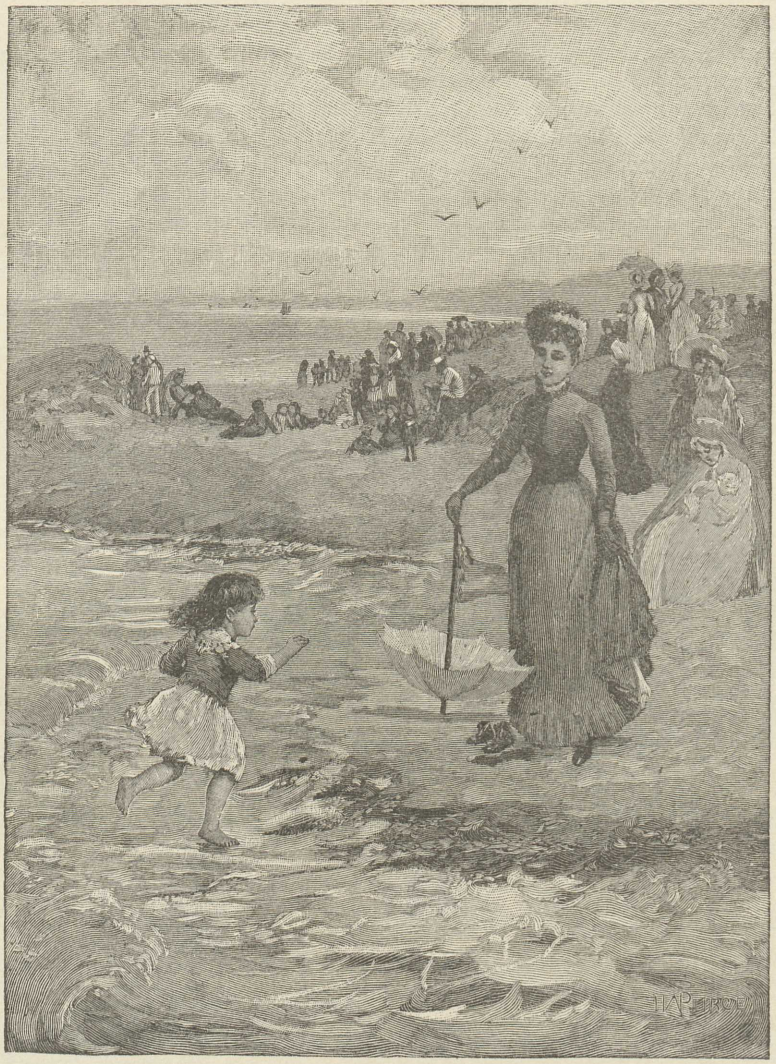
"The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbors and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history,



GRANDMA.

DRAWN BY H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.

could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favorite who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive Keep, which formed the citadel of the Castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. . . . Old John of Gaunt, 'time-honored Lancaster,' had widely extended the Castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which



On the Shore. Drawn by Peirce.

yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings, and Leicester himself, had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

"Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red-deer, fallow-deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from among which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and

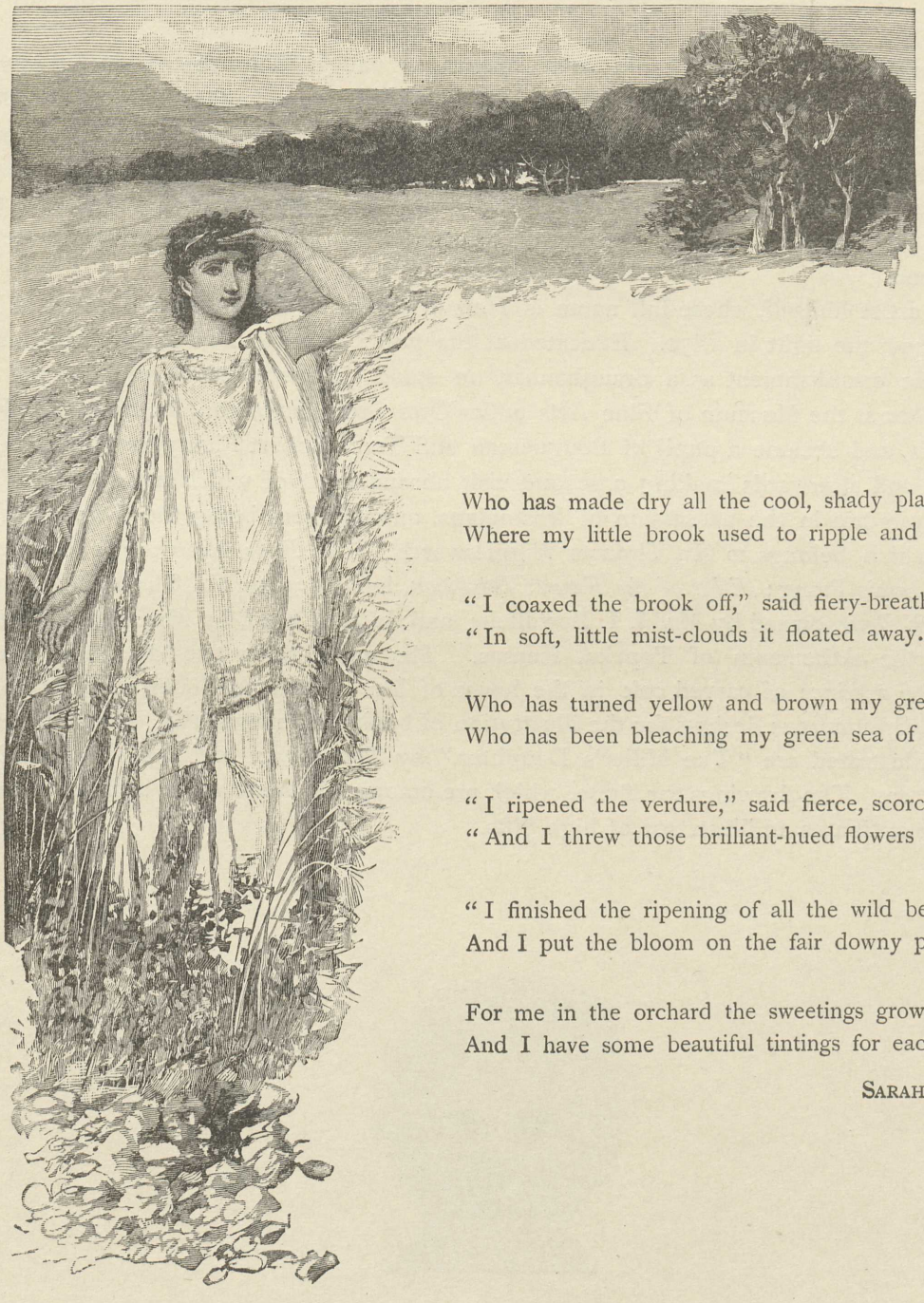
now in the games of chivalry, where Beauty dealt the prize which Valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment." Warwick, both town and castle, furnished material for other pictures, and some were found in the —

"Pleasant, pleasant woods of Warwick, when the shaws are thick with summer:
Green and golden, gloom and sunshine, leafy wealth of wilderness;
Velvet mosses plashing rainbows round the feet of any comer,
Lingering where the dew still lingers, branches droop, and odors press;
High above the castle towers; down below the wild brook brawling;
And across a dream of sorrow, hark! the nightingales are calling,
Far away in long-drawn depths of dusky dell and dark recess."



THE LITTLE CHAMPION. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

Nor was the gentle Avon left unpainted. "A placid stream," says Hugh Miller, "broadly befringed with sedges, winds in tortuous reaches through rich meadows; and now it sparkles in open sunlight, for the trees recede; and anon it steals away, scarce seen, amid the gloom of bosky thickets. And such is the Avon — Shakspeare's own river." According to Charles Knight, "All the great natural features of the river must have suffered little change since the time of Shakspeare. Inundations in some places may have widened the channel; osier islands may have grown up where there was once a broad stream. But we here look upon the same scenery upon which he looked, as truly as we gaze upon the same blue sky, and see its image in the same glassy water." Peirce also visited Derbyshire, where he painted Haddon Hall, and made an excursion to Scotland. Among the pictures brought back from the "land of the mountain and the flood," was one showing a clear sunset after a shower, in a highland glen. This fine landscape, which won the silver medal of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in 1887, is now in the art gallery of the Malden (Mass.) Public Library.



AUGUST. DRAWN BY PEIRCE.

Who has made dry all the cool, shady places,
Where my little brook used to ripple and play?

"I coaxed the brook off," said fiery-breathed August,
"In soft, little mist-clouds it floated away."

Who has turned yellow and brown my green pastures?
Who has been bleaching my green sea of wheat!

"I ripened the verdure," said fierce, scorching August,
"And I threw those brilliant-hued flowers at your feet."

"I finished the ripening of all the wild berries,
And I put the bloom on the fair downy peach;

For me in the orchard the sweetings grow mellow,
And I have some beautiful tintings for each."

SARAH E. HOWARD.

Whether painting thatched cottage, gray church or moated grange, —

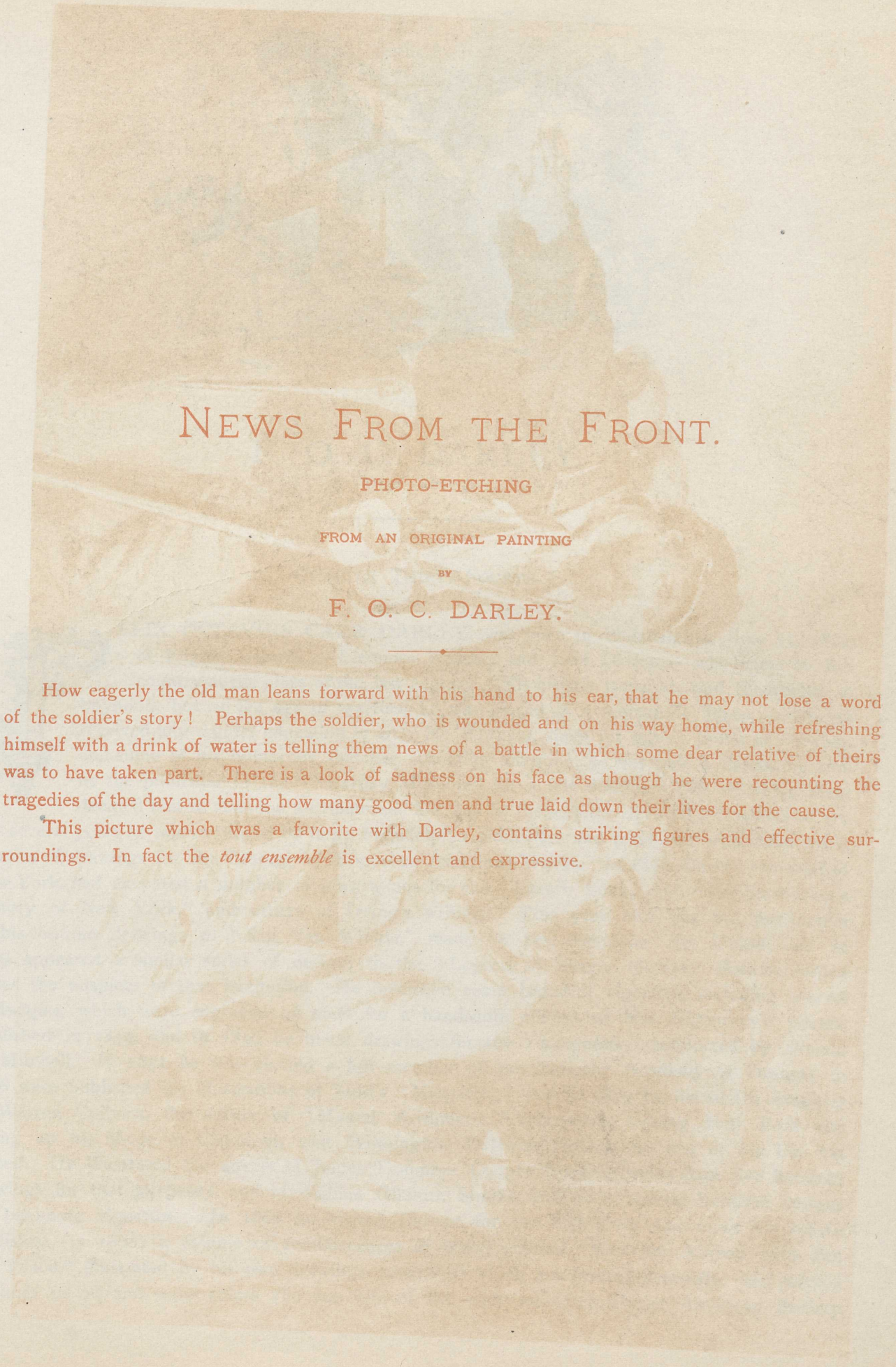
> " An English home, — gray twilight pour'd
> On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
> Softer than sleep, — all things in order stored,
> A haunt of ancient Peace," —

harvest-field, terrace-walk or river bank, wood, marsh, or valley, Winthrop Peirce invests all his work with the charm of beautiful color and poetic feeling. He has caught perfectly the character of the old English houses, and reproduces their picturesque exteriors or quaint rooms with the utmost faithfulness, giving the aspect of reality and at the same time preserving the peculiar charm of old romance and peaceful age which envelopes them. As a painter of figures, also, forming either the chief interest of a picture or introduced as accessories, Peirce holds a high place among our younger men.

As for the artist himself, whose full name is Heman Winthrop Peirce, he is a native of Boston, where he first saw the light in 1850. Educated at the public schools, he was for a time employed in a lithographic establishment as a draughtsman on stone. He studied drawing at the Lowell Institute, and later at the Museum of Fine Arts under Otto Grundmann and Dr. Rimmer. In 1881, he went to Paris, and became a pupil of Bouguereau and Tony Robert Fleury, remaining in France for some years and afterwards making a second visit abroad, most of which was spent in England. Many of his works are in the possession of Bostonians, among them being the *February*, *Forest of Fontainebleau*, which belongs to Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth; *The Busy Housewife's Evening Care*, owned by Mr. Louis Prang; *Edge of the Forest, Barbizon*, belonging to Mr. Thornton K. Lothrop; *The Day's Work Done*, owned by Mr. J. I. Bowditch; and *In the Chapel*, by Mrs. David Sears. His *Harvest* is in the Athenæum of Topeka, Kansas. He made thirty-two drawings, illustrating " Hiawatha," for a frieze of carved oak in the house of Mr. William A. Slater, at Norwich, Conn., and has furnished numerous designs for the illustration of books and magazines. The chief volumes which he has illustrated are " The Miller's Daughter," by Tennyson; and the sonnets of Louise Chandler Moulton. The drawings for these, which are among his latest work, cannot fail to largely enhance his reputation as an illustrator of high gifts.







News From the Front.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

F. O. C. DARLEY.

How eagerly the old man leans forward with his hand to his ear, that he may not lose a word of the soldier's story! Perhaps the soldier, who is wounded and on his way home, while refreshing himself with a drink of water is telling them news of a battle in which some dear relative of theirs was to have taken part. There is a look of sadness on his face as though he were recounting the tragedies of the day and telling how many good men and true laid down their lives for the cause.

This picture which was a favorite with Darley, contains striking figures and effective surroundings. In fact the *tout ensemble* is excellent and expressive.



F. O. C. DARLEY.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

FELIX OCTAVIUS CARR DARLEY, was born in Philadelphia, June 23, 1822, of English parents, — Eleonora Westray and John Darley, — who came to this country at the close of the last century. His artistic tastes showed themselves in boyhood, but at the age of fourteen he was placed in a mercantile house, and never received any regular education in art. He, however, spent his leisure hours in drawing, and some of his humorous sketches attracting attention, he was paid a handsome sum by the publisher of the "Saturday Museum" for a few designs. This encouragement decided him to abandon a commercial life, and he thenceforth devoted his talents to art. For several years he was employed by large Philadelphia publishers and produced, with other work, a series of drawings for the Library of Humorous American Works. In 1848, Darley removed to New York, and executed a number of illustrations for the "Sketch Book," and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and others of Irving's writings. This year also saw the publication of his outline drawings to "Rip Van Winkle," made for the American Art Union, and in 1849 appeared a similar series of designs to the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," likewise issued under the auspices of that institution. He furnished some beautiful vignettes, including several landscapes, which were engraved on steel for a handsome edition of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, published in 1849, and in 1850 he made drawings for the "Lorgnette," conducted by Donald G. Mitchell. In 1852 he was elected a full member of the National Academy of Design; in 1856 were published his illustrations of Judd's "Margaret;" and in 1859 he married a daughter of Warren Colburn, the author of "Mental Arithmetic;" afterwards leaving New York and taking up his abode at Claymont, near Wilmington, Delaware, where the rest of his life was passed. He illustrated the novels of James Fenimore Cooper (making more than five hundred drawings for that purpose), and of William Gilmore Simms, and made several hundred designs for banknote vignettes. In 1866 he visited Europe for the first time, and upon his return published (in 1868) a volume of reminiscences of travel entitled "Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil," illustrated by his own drawings, several of which are printed herewith. He painted at times in oil and water-colors (he was one of the early members of the American Society

of Painters in Water-Colors), made innumerable illustrations for books and periodicals, including five hundred sketches for Benson J. Lossing's "Our Country," and illustrated, among other works, Dickens, Shakspeare, Longfellow's "Evangeline," and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," the designs illustrative of the last named appearing in 1879. Darley died very suddenly on March 27, 1888, at the age of sixty-five, being then engaged on a second set of drawings illustrating



BORDER SETTLERS IN OHIO. DRAWN BY DARLEY.

Dickens's works. This seems but a bare outline of a life, but to use his own words, "I have neither met with accident nor adventure of any kind; mine has been neither a strange nor eventful history," and the full record of his existence will be found in his works. He lived a life of well-directed industry, full of high aspiration and earnest endeavor, and was singularly free from merely personal ambitions. His character was noble and lovable, and man and work alike deserving of high esteem. He rightly upheld the dignity of art, and we may well congratulate ourselves on the fact that the man, who for so many years stood at the head of our artists in his own line, was doubly worthy of his fame.

Darley was a thorough American, and his name is closely connected with some of the greatest creations of three of our foremost writers, — Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne. His delineations of Rip Van Winkle, Leatherstocking, and Hester Prynne deserve an immortality only



MRS. ROWLANDSON AND HER CAPTORS.

DRAWN BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

second to the works which called them forth. In early life, Darley had declined an advantageous offer from London, preferring to remain in his native land and trust to the support of his own people. A self-taught artist, he had won a high position many years before it became common for his young fellow-countrymen to seek instruction in the great Continental art-schools; and in fact when he first went to Europe, two-thirds of his life lay behind him and his talents were fully developed. In 1843, when our artist was barely twenty-one years old, a Philadelphia publisher issued a work peculiarly American in its nature. This was entitled "Scenes in Indian Life; Drawn and etched on stone by Felix O. C. Darley," and contained fifteen drawings portraying events in the career of an Indian chief. These spirited designs, treating a subject with which Darley was always especially successful, were highly praised in a review in "Graham's Magazine." His pencil was often busy with the red man, from this early period of his artistic labors until a third of a century later, when he furnished a number of designs illustrating "Hiawatha," for the great subscription edition of Longfellow. In the mean time, among many other aborigines, he had drawn those who appear in the pages of Cooper, and when in 1861 he received an order for four compositions from Prince Napoleon, — "Plon-Plon," who was visiting America on his yacht, with his young wife, the Princess Clotilde — among them was *Emigrants attacked by Indians on the Prairie*, one of Darley's most stirring pictures. He has depicted the Indian in numberless episodes, — as victor or victim in his bloody struggles with our Puritan forefathers, or the early settlers of the West; in his home life, on the war path, and in the hunting-ground. We see him in ambush, stealthily watching the emigrant train as it winds through the mountain pass, or swooping round it with levelled spear and ready bow as it toils across the open prairie; here he pricks along a herd of frightened cattle, the result of a raid on the cabin whose burning timbers light up the sky behind him; there his wiry steed pursues the panting buffalo, or swerves from the charge of the monstrous grizzly; while other designs show him engaged in dreadful massacre or deadly fight.



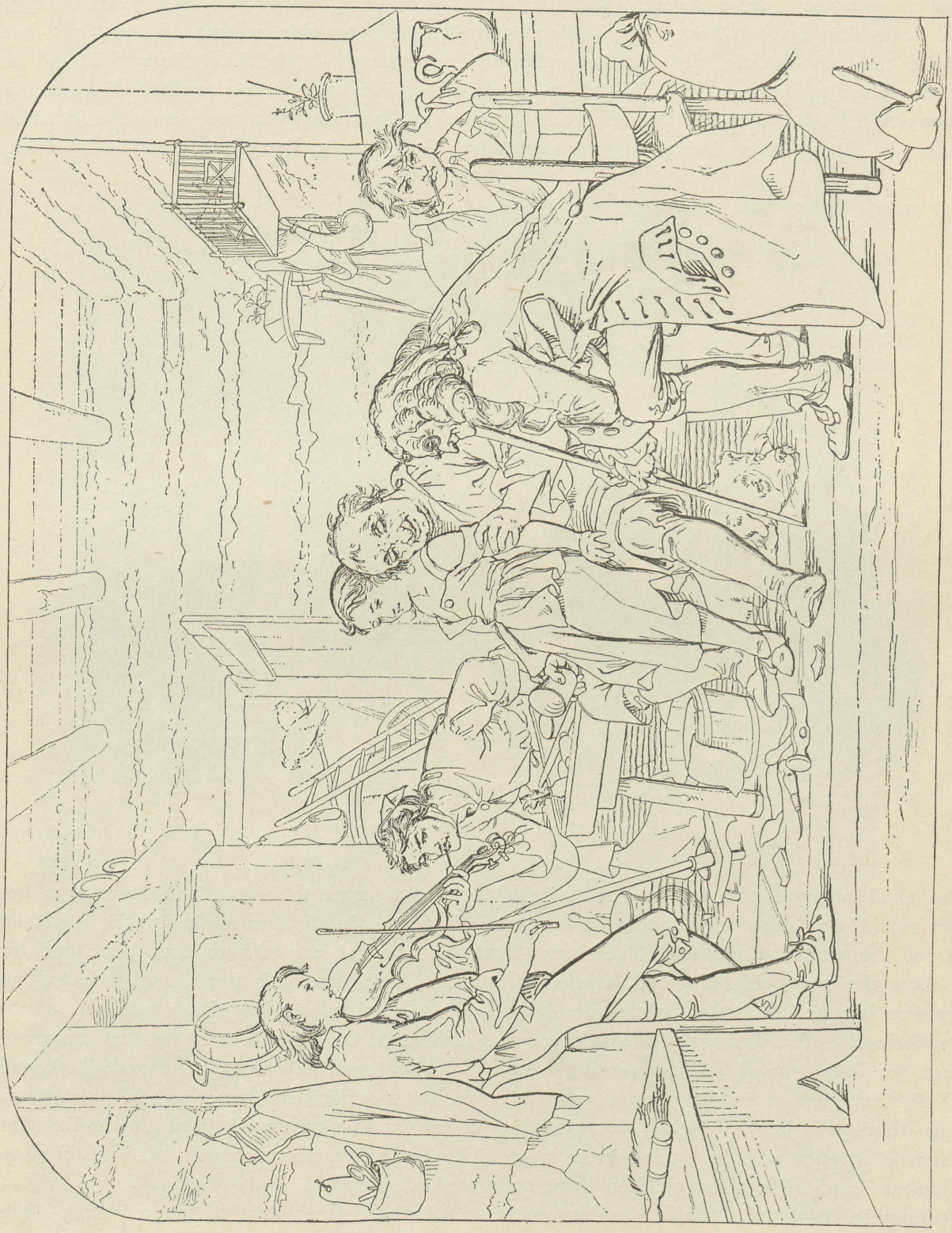
CLIMBING A SWISS MOUNTAIN. DRAWN BY DARLEY.

One of the most impressive of Darley's drawings of Indians is that which is herewith printed, showing Mrs. Rowlandson and her Indian captors. The story of this poor woman, taken from her narrative written after her ransom, is a most pitiful one. She was the wife of the Rev. Joseph Rowlandson, the minister of Lancaster, Mass., which town, on the 10th of February, 1676, was attacked by a large body of Indians. Mr. Rowlandson was away, having gone, too late, to Boston to solicit aid from the authorities in defending Lancaster; and his wife and

children, together with some of the neighboring families, gathered in his house, which was a fortified one. After resisting for some time the assaults of the Indians, it was set on fire, and its unfortunate inmates were forced to leave it or die in the flames. In Mrs. Rowlandson's own words: — "But the fire increasing and roaring behind us, we must of necessity go out, though the Indians were gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour the prey. No sooner were we out of the house than my brother-in-law (having before been wounded, in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, at which the Indians scornfully shouted and halloed, and were presently upon him stripping off his clothes. The bullets flying thick, one of them went through my side, and the same through the bowels and hand of my poor child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children had his leg broken, which being perceived by the Indians, they knocked him on the head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless savages, the blood running down at our feet. My eldest sister being yet in the house, seeing the Indians hauling mothers one way, and children another, and some wallowing in their blood, and being told that her son William was dead, and that I was wounded, she exclaimed, 'Lord, let me die with them!' No sooner had she said this than she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. The Indians now laid hold on us, pulling me one way and the children another, saying, 'Come, go along with us.' I told them that they would kill me. They said if I was willing to go along with them they would not hurt me." Of thirty-seven persons in the house but one escaped; twelve were killed, and the others, mostly women and children, carried into captivity. The prisoners were divided among their captors;



BETHIA WEEKS. DRAWN BY DARLEY.



CHILION PLAYING. DRAWN BY DARLEY.

and, having destroyed the greater part of the village, and darkness coming on, the assailants retired with their captives and booty, and spent the night in wasteful feasting, and in rejoicings over their victory. "Suffering from the wound in her side, Mrs. Rowlandson was obliged to carry her more severely wounded child, who, being upwards of six years of age, was a heavy burden for her. The Indians permitted her to ride a part of the time, but otherwise they showed no pity for her sufferings or those of her child. Snow fell, and at night the unhappy captive was obliged to sit down in the snow before a little fire, with a few boughs behind her to shelter her from the wintry blast, and hold her poor fevered child through the long weary hours, without sustenance, and with a heavy heart. The moaning



ROMAN MODELS. DRAWN BY DARLEY.

of the child annoyed the Indians, and one after another came to her and told her that her master would soon come and knock the little sufferer on the head; thus adding to the grief and terror of the wretched mother. The threat, however, was not carried into execution; and for nine days the poor child lingered, carried constantly in her mother's arms, and receiving no sustenance but a little water, while she daily grew weaker, till at last death put an end to her sufferings. The Indians buried the corpse, and had the grace to show the mourning mother the little grave." After enduring many hardships, especially from insufficient food, and much ill treatment from her brutal masters, and being separated from her fellow-captives, among whom was her daughter, Mrs. Rowlandson was at last ransomed from the Indians for the sum of twenty pounds, having been in captivity for nearly three months, and restored to her husband and friends, her children being redeemed afterwards.

Admirable, also, are Darley's drawings of those foes and supplanters of the red man, — the pioneer and the guide, the hunter and the trapper. Some of the best of these were engraved on steel for the early volumes of "Appleton's Journal," and a number were drawn for "Pioneers in the Settlement of America." What may be called his pictures of labor — many of them but small vignettes for banknotes, yet most excellent — represent the farmer, the lumberman, the



GOLD WASHING IN CALIFORNIA.

DRAWN BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

miner and the mechanic. To these are applicable the words which Whittier uses in speaking of his own "Songs of Labor": —

"Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain."



A Venetian Canal. Drawn by Darley.

Nor should be forgotten Darley's admirable characterizations of such types as the revivalist, the Fourth of July orator, the quack doctor, and many another, or his faithful rendering of animals. He produced a number of works drawn from our civil war, several of which have been widely spread in large engravings and photographs. These include *On the March to the Sea; Foraging in Virginia; Giving Comfort to the Enemy; Going to the War; Sheridan checking the Retreat near Winchester;* and *Dahlgren's Cavalry Charge at Fredericksburg.* The last named represented Darley at the Paris Exposition of 1867. His larger miscellaneous compositions comprise *The First Blow for Liberty; Washington's Entry into New York; Puritans Surprised by Indians; The Massacre of Wyoming; The Wedding Procession* (from "The Courtship of Miles Standish"); *The Village Blacksmith* (made for Prince Napoleon); *The Sheepfold* (belonging to the National Academy); *Mount Desert; The Schoolboy; Feeding the Pet,* and *A Cold Snack.* His water-color entitled *Street Scene, Rome,* was at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876, together with a crayon drawing of *Puritans barricading their Houses against the Indians.* It would be an almost endless task to enumerate even the titles of the volumes which were embellished by Darley's ready pencil, not to speak of the great quantity of work which he executed of a more commercial nature; — but it would be a pity to omit mention of the charming vignettes with which he illustrated Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," — drawings touched with an exquisite daintiness closely allied to those tender and delicate fancies, — or the designs which accompany Trowbridge's pathetic poem of "The Vagabonds."

A writer on art has said, "There is no department of art, in which true genius can be more strikingly displayed, than in that of drawing where few lines are used, and no color

and little shadow to conceal defects." In this branch of draughtsmanship Darley was a master, and has no superiors, and but few equals. An article in the "Encyclopædia Americana" speaks of his outline illustrations to "Margaret" and "The Scarlet Letter" as follows: — "These outline drawings very adequately represent Darley's genius, and, without disparagement to many other admirable designs executed by him, they may be said to constitute the most valuable portion of his lifework." "Margaret; a Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom," is "A remarkable story of New England primitive life; — it is intense in its pyschological phases, graphic in its details of still life, powerful and subtle in its grasp of character, and vivid in its sense of beauty; yet unfinished in style, with little dramatic harmony; crude in execution, though original and vital in material." Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," characterizes it thus:

"Margaret; the first Yankee Book
With the *soul* of Down East in 't, and things farther East,
As far as the threshold of morning, at least,
Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple and true,
Of the day that comes slowly to make all things new.
'T has a smack of pine woods, of bare field and bleak hill,
Such as only the breed of the Mayflower could till;
The Puritan's shown in it, tough to the core,
Such as prayed, smiting Agag on red Marston Moor:
With an unwilling humor, half choked by the drouth
In brown hollows about the inhospitable mouth;
With a soul full of poetry, though it has qualms
About finding a happiness out of the Psalms;
Full of tenderness, too, though it shrinks in the dark,
Hamadryad-like, under the coarse, shaggy bark;
That sees visions, knows wrestlings of God with the Will,
And has its own Sinais and thunderings still."

It was published anonymously, in 1845, but soon became known as the production of the Rev. Sylvester Judd, a clergyman settled in Augusta, Maine. The period of "Margaret" is the short interval lying between the close of the war of the American Revolution, and the first years of the present century, and the scene is laid in a township of Western Massachusetts. The chief event of the story is the killing by Chilion, Margaret's favorite brother, of one Solomon Smith, who had insulted her; and the subsequent execution of the (unintentional) murderer. These few explanatory words concerning a remarkable book which is too little known, should need no apology. In the group listening to Chilion playing the fiddle, which is here reproduced from Darley's outlines to "Margaret," are comprised several of the prominent characters in the tale, — Margaret's father, a drunken shoemaker, known as "Pluck"; her mother called "Molly" Hart; Mr. Bartholomew Elliman, the schoolmaster; the child-heroine herself; and Hash (abbreviated from Maharshalalhashbaz, which title his father chose because it was the longest name in the Bible), one of her brothers. How admirably shown are the characters of each person! jolly old "Pluck," "the glow of his red face would make you laugh"; his wife, wrinkled, faded, and gray, "she was a patient weaver, impatient with everything else;" the saturnine Hash, whose "thick locks of coarse black hair kept well with his dark, russet, sunburnt face;" the village pedagogue, his speech full of the longest and most uncommon words, and freely garnished with classic quotations, "inveterately attached to olden time;" Chilion, "the artisan of the family," quiet, reserved, with the soul of a musician; and lastly, the pretty little Margaret herself, "a good child as ever was; so feat and spry and knowing and good-natered; a marvellous wonderful gal." We must quote one of the author's charming pictures of Margaret's child-life: —

"Margaret played awhile with her canoe, and turned into a recess where the trees and rocks darkened the water, the surface of which lay calm and clear. The coolness of the spot was



IN THE MARKET PLACE.

DRAWN BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

inviting, and birds were merry-making in the underwood, and deep in the water she saw the blue sky and the white clouds. She urged her canoe up a flat rock on the shore, where she took off her hat and apron; and, simply dressed as she was, the process of disrobing being speedily done, she waded into the water. She said, 'I will go down to the bottom, I will tread on the clouds;' she sunk to her neck; she plunged her head under; she could discover nothing but the rocky or smooth sandy bed of the pond. Was she disappointed? A sand-piper glided weet-weeting along the shore; she ran after it, but could not catch it; she sat down and sozzled her feet in the foam; she saw a blue-jay washing itself, ducking its crest, and hustling the water with its wings, and she did the same. She got running mosses, twinflower vines, and mountain laurel blossoms, and wound them about her neck and waist, and pushing off in her canoe, looked into the water as a mirror. Her dark, clear, hazel eyes, her fair, white skin, the leaves and flowers, made a pretty vision. She smiled, and was smiled on in turn; she held out her hand, which was reciprocated by the fair spirit below; she called her own name, the rocks and woods answered; she looked about her, but saw nothing. Had she fears or hopes? It may have been only childish sport. 'I will jump to that girl,' she said, 'I will tumble the clouds.' She sprang from her canoe, and dropped quietly, softly on the bottom; she had driven her companion away, and as she came up, her garlands broke and floated off in the ripples. Wiping herself on a coarse towel her mother wove for her, she dressed, and went back to her brother. A horn rang through the woods, 'Dinner is ready,' he said, 'we must go.'"



AT THE WELL. DRAWN BY DARLEY.

The other outline here given, shows the plump figure and amiable face of the rustic belle, Bethia Weeks, who is the daughter of Esquire Weeks, of the town of Livingston, where the action of the story takes place. Darley was much impressed with the story of "Margaret," and soon conceived the idea of illustrating it, which congenial task he carried out, working on the drawings for years, without a commission from any publisher. In the introduction to his "Margaret" outlines, it is stated that "At this time Mr. Judd learned, with great pleasure of the illustration of 'Margaret' in a series of outline sketches by Mr. Darley of New York, and through the kindness of the artist, was favored with the loan of them. These, of course, he examined with avidity, and found great satisfaction in seeing his own ideals delineated with so much force, and, in general, with such truth to his own conception. He also looked forward with impatient desire to the publication of these sketches." This was about 1848, but the drawings were not issued until 1856, three years after the death of the author, when they had been much improved and augmented. The outlines are thirty in number, and represent, as in the examples shown, both the foremost scenes and characters of the story, among them the Camp-meeting and the Husking-bee, the Widow Wright, Tony Washington, the negro barber, Deacon Ramsdill and good old Parson Wells and his wife. Never were author and artist better fitted, and the united result of their labor of love is a work of true genius — American to the core.

More than twenty years after the publication of the "Margaret" drawings, Darley again appeared in a series of outline designs, this time in illustration of a still greater masterpiece

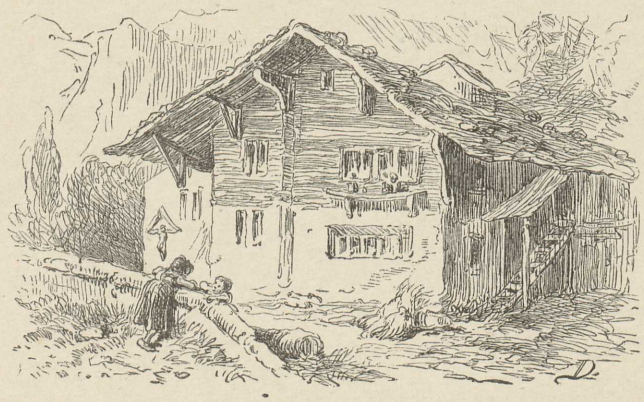
of fiction, — one whose more tragic and melancholy tone gave less opportunity for the display of his fine humor and wonderfully faithful delineation of eccentric character. This was Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," which he published in twelve large plates, dedicated to his friend Longfellow. The artist's success in this difficult undertaking was every whit as great as with the "Margaret" drawings. His ripened powers were adequate to the demand; and if anything was needed to prove the wide range of his genius, it will be found in these masterly illustrations to —

> "The book along whose burning leaves
> His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves."



MARKET WOMEN. DRAWN BY DARLEY.

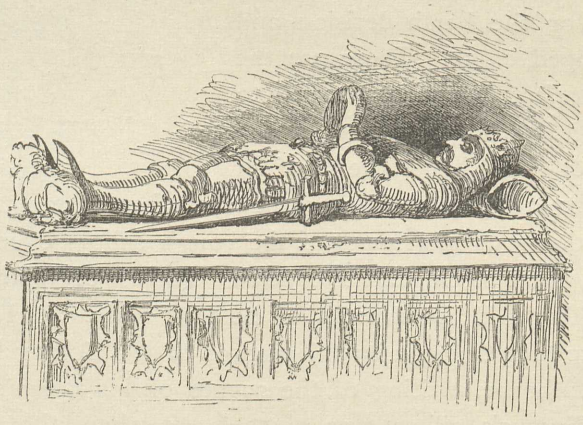
One of the best is here engraved, — that where Hester and Pearl encounter the gibing tongue of old Mistress Hibbins in the market-place on Election Day. It is hard to say which is the most worthy of mark among the many admirable points of this composition, — the elfish grace of little Pearl, the stately form and haughty features of Hester Prynne, or the harsh derision and eloquent forefinger of the aged crone. These are the principal actors in the scene; but one must not fail to appreciate the fine drawing and living action of the surrounding personages, — on one hand the Puritan mother drawing her shrinking children to her breast away from the near presence of the fallen woman; on the other the boisterous merriment of the rough sailors over their drink, while in the background are the pillory, the church, and the quaint gables of infant (and ancient) Boston. Samuel Adams Drake, in his "Old Landmarks of Boston," writes: "The 'Scarlet Letter' is no myth; Hawthorne had but to turn to the criminal records of the Colony for the dramatic incidents he has related." Julian Hawthorne, writing of the scenes of his father's romances, says that the market-place where Hester Prynne's pillory was erected was where the Old State House now is. And Anne Hibbins, a relative of Governor Bellingham, was denounced as a witch and executed in 1656, very possibly by hanging from a bough of the Old Elm on Boston Common. Perhaps the most striking of these dramatic designs are those showing Hester coming forth from the prison with her babe upon her arm; the scene in the house of Bellingham, where Pearl makes her first approach to Arthur Dimmesdale, with her mother and those reverend sirs — the Governor, the Rev. John Wilson, and Roger Chillingworth — looking on; Hester walking by the shore, with Pearl "pattering along the moist margin of the sea;" and the last one of the series, the scene upon the scaffold, with old Roger watching his victim, now escaped, dying in the arms of the woman whom both had loved, little Pearl standing by with awakening soul, and the wondering populace forming a fitting frame for the impressive picture. A pity 't is that the great novelist did not live to see these illustrations of his great masterpiece. Upon them, and upon his compositions

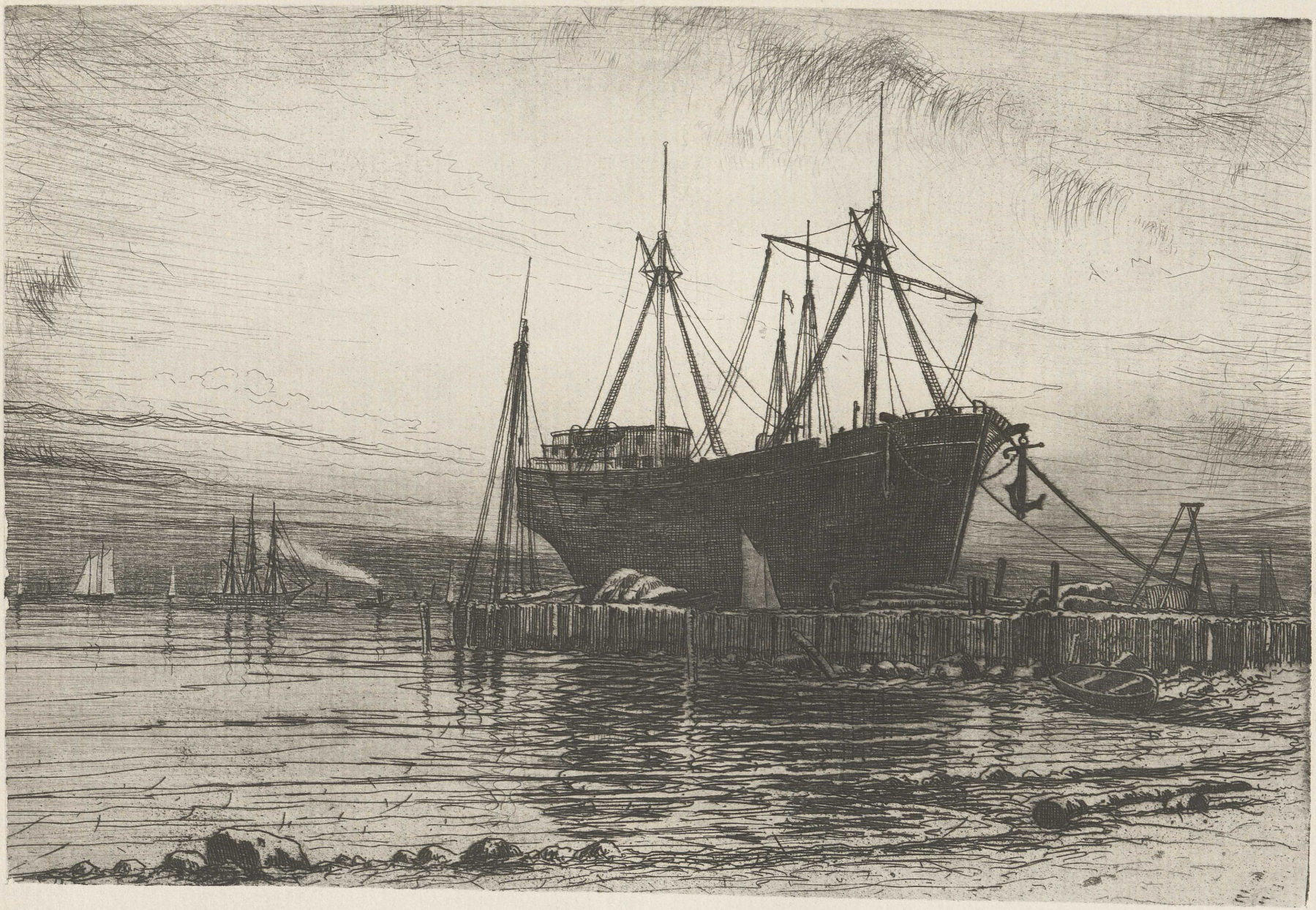


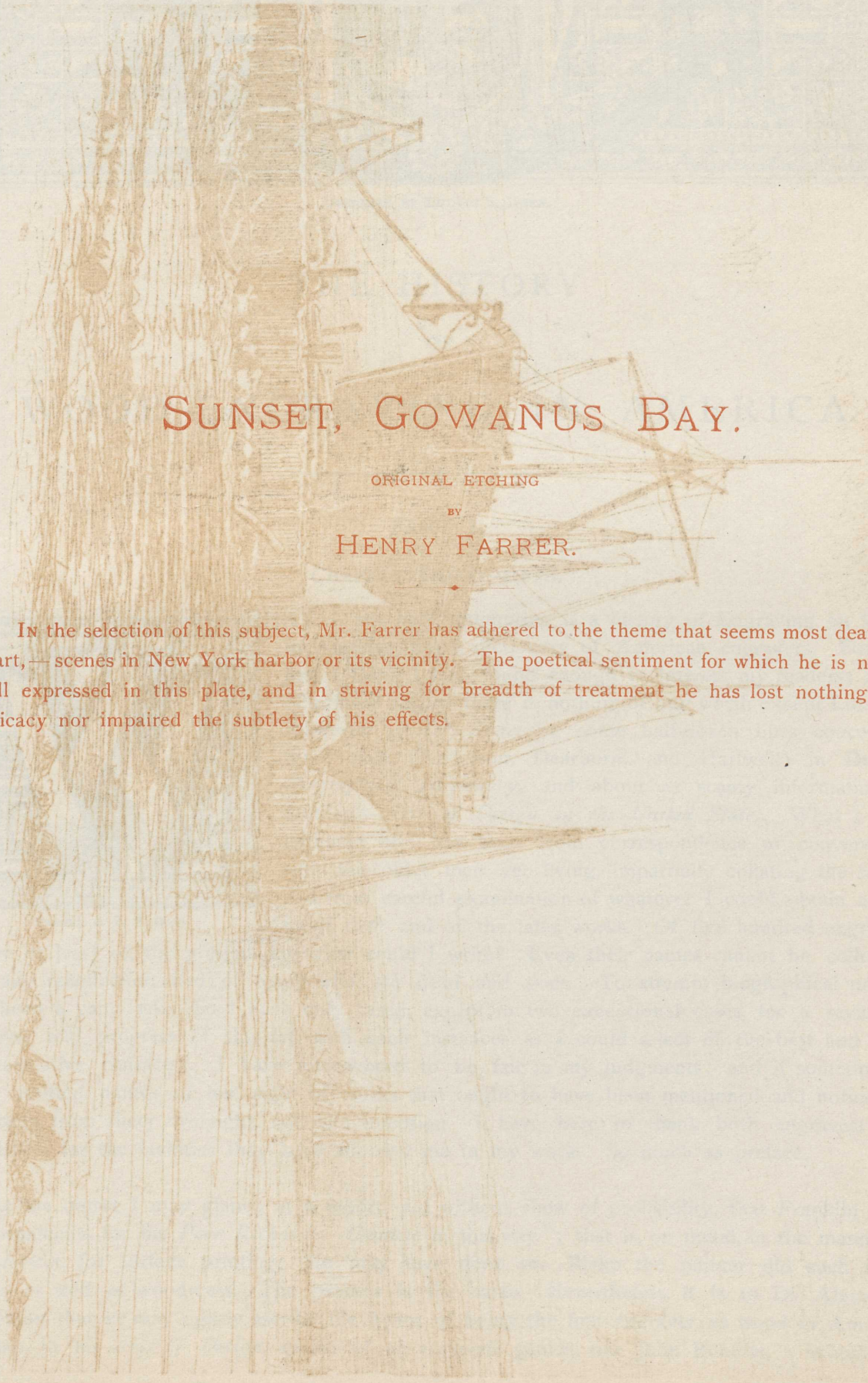
A SWISS CHALET. DRAWN BY DARLEY.

of a similar nature, Darley's fame may safely rest. They alone entitle him to rank among the first of American artists.

Before closing this inadequate — but the author trusts not unappreciative — sketch of Darley's work, mention should be made of the help he received from Thomas Sully. That charming painter, and generous gentleman, took a warm interest in the young artist and his advice, freely given, was of the greatest assistance. One of Darley's brothers, — of whom two were portrait painters of considerable local reputation, — married Sully's daughter. The writer wishes to thank Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for giving permission to reproduce one of the "Scarlet Letter" outlines, and Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son for a similar courtesy in the case of the "Margaret" drawings.







SUNSET, GOWANUS BAY.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

HENRY FARRER.

IN the selection of this subject, Mr. Farrer has adhered to the theme that seems most dear to his heart, — scenes in New York harbor or its vicinity. The poetical sentiment for which he is noted is well expressed in this plate, and in striving for breadth of treatment he has lost nothing of his delicacy nor impaired the subtlety of his effects.



DESIGNED BY LUDVIG S. IPSEN.

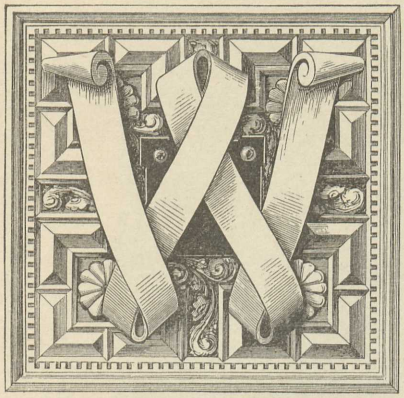
THE HISTORY

OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

PART I.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.



DESIGNED BY L. S. IPSEN.

WHAT I am here attempting is a history of Engraving on Wood in America, not a dictionary of American engravers. For the first I think I have found enough to interest my readers; albeit of printed record there is nothing of any worth except Lossing's *Memorial of Dr. Anderson*, some half-dozen lines concerning three men (Anderson, Dearborn, and Hartwell) in Drake's *Biographical Dictionary*, and about as scanty information in Dunlap's *Arts of Design in the United States*. What I have gathered else has been from correspondence or conversation with the older men yet living, impartially collating the same; and from careful examination of whatever I could obtain access to of their and of the later works. Of five hundred engravers (more or less) of the present day what could I write? Even their names cannot be collected, nor any recollection had of many who are dead and gone. To attempt biographical notices had been a vain task. So I have only cared, except in two exceptional cases, for a review of the rise and progress of the art, with such instances as I could select of the best and most representative character. I have endeavored to be fair in my judgments; and if sometimes I have omitted names or lost sight of works that ought to have been mentioned and noticed, it has been from sheer oversight, not with intention. I have here to thank both engravers and publishers for the facilities they have afforded me in my work. So much as preface.

At the outset I may glance at a report, not without show of probability, that Franklin "cut the ornaments for his *Poor Richard's Almanac* in this way"; that is, on metal, in the manner of a wood-cut, for surface printing. He may have done so. Blake the painter did such metal plates as well as wood-cuts. The process is the same. Nevertheless, it is to Dr. Alexander Anderson that we may rightly ascribe the honor of being the first engraver on wood in America. Dunlap, in his *Arts of Design*, speaks of an eccentric genius, one John Roberts, a Scotchman,

of whom Anderson might have learned the art. I believe this also to be only rumor, based on the fact of Anderson's having been acquainted with the man, a miniature-painter and copper-engraver, and having engraved on copper with and for him. The first knowledge of box-wood being used for engraving may perhaps have been gained from Roberts, the date of his arrival in this country being that of Anderson's first attempts upon wood. It would not subtract from Anderson's merit. Lossing does not intimate even the likelihood of such a beginning. To Lossing I am mainly indebted for the biography of Anderson. Nearly all I can give concerning him, except some dates of books, and of course my own criticisms (only applied to work I have seen), I have learned from his *Memorial*, prepared for the Historical Society of New York, read to the members on the 5th of October, 1870, and printed for the Society in 1872, — prepared from materials gathered from Dr. Anderson himself, from his daughter, his grandson, and other friends.



ALEXANDER ANDERSON, AGED 92.

DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL. ENGRAVED BY ELIAS J. WHITNEY FOR THE "CHILD'S PAPER," 1867, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON was born on the 21st of April, 1775, two days after the battle of Lexington, in the same year that Bewick (then twenty-two years of age) received the premium of the Society of Arts, in London, for his engraving of *The Huntsman and Hound*, afterwards printed in an edition of Gay's *Fables*. Anderson's father was a printer, a Scotchman, but a



ON THE AMAZON.

DRAWN BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

stanch supporter of the Colonial side, and a sufferer for the cause. Young Anderson's taste for art he himself attributed to his mother, who was in the habit of drawing for his amusement when he was a child. Prints also came before him (Hogarth's and others) through his father's business. "These prints," he writes in one of his letters, "determined my destiny." Such determination, one can see, was also helped by his getting hold of some type-ornaments, which gave him a notion of at least one kind of print-production.

At school he amused himself by copying engravings. Then, reading in Rees' *Cyclopædia* of the process employed, he got a silversmith to roll him out some copper cents; and with a graver made of the back-spring of a pocket-knife, ground to a point, started himself as amateur engraver on copper. He was twelve years old when he began; and proud enough, there is no doubt, when he had scratched out a head of Paul Jones and — he tells of it himself in a brief autobiographical paper — "got an impression with red oil-paint in a rude rolling-press" of his own constructing, — the same used by him two or three years later in taking impressions of his engraving of a head of Franklin. Afterwards a blacksmith made him some tools; and he engraved ships and houses and the like, for newspapers, of course in relief. In this way he soon earned money, only one other person being so engaged in New York.

On leaving school, his father not approving of his choice of engraving as a life-business, he was placed to study medicine under Dr. Joseph Young, going to him on the 1st of May, 1789, the day after the inauguration of Washington as first President of the United States. With Dr. Young he remained five years, occupying his leisure hours with engraving, of the most miscellaneous character, — anything from a dog-collar or card to a book frontispiece. So that before he had eighteen years of age he was employed by all the printers and publishers in New York, occasionally by others also, in New Jersey, in Philadelphia, and even as far as Charleston. At first his artist work was only on copper or type-metal, — on the latter I suppose in wood fashion, to be printed from the surface. But in 1793, being then eighteen, he had sight of certain works by Bewick (then claiming some attention in England, and of course the echo of his notoriety reaching here), learned what material he used (that perhaps from John Roberts), and, from the cuts themselves, of Bewick's method. He made trial of box-wood, and changed his course.

Some discrepancy occurs here in Lossing's dates. He says (page 32) that Anderson was ignorant of the use of box-wood until "early in 1794," when he was favored with a sight of Bewick's *Birds* and *Quadrupeds*. In the same page he writes: "The first mention of its use for gain in his Diary is under the date of the 25th of June, 1793, when he engraved a tobacco-stamp. *A few days afterward* he agreed to engrave *on wood* one hundred geometrical figures for S. Campbell, a New York bookseller, for fifty cents each, Campbell finding the wood. This was procured from Ruthven, a maker of carpenter's tools, who at first charged three cents apiece for the blocks, but finally asked four cents." To properly face the wood was a new, and no doubt a difficult, kind of work for him. "Campbell," Lossing tells us, "was not well pleased, but concluded he must give him that. It was *more than a year after that* before Anderson ventured to engrave elaborate pictures on the wood." The first of these were for Durell, the date of which Lossing gives as 1794, showing that the previous statement of 1794 as the time of his first acquaintance with Bewick and box-wood must be wrong, — most likely a misprint. Bewick's *Quadrupeds*, however, Anderson himself tells us in his Diary (this quoted too by Lossing) he first saw on the 17th of August, 1795. The book first seen may have been *The Looking-Glass for the Mind*, an earlier work of Bewick.

In 1794 then, at the age of nineteen, having given a year to experiments on the wood, he was actually, for William Durell, a New York publisher, copying these *Looking-Glass* cuts still upon type metal, when, the work about one third done, he felt satisfied that he could do them better upon wood; and in September of that year attempted one of them in the new material. Here are extracts from his Diary: —



FROM THE "LOOKING-GLASS OF THE MIND."

"*Sept.* 24. — This morning I was quite discouraged on seeing a crack in the box-wood. Employed as usual at the Doctor's. Came home to dinner, glued the wood, and began again with fresh hopes of producing a good wood-engraving."

"*Sept.* 26. — This morning rose at five o'clock. Took a little walk. Engraved. Employed during the chief part of the forenoon in taking out medicine. Came home after dinner and finished the wooden cut. Was pretty well satisfied with the impression, and so was Durell. Desired the turner to prepare the other twenty-four."

The remainder of the book was done on wood. [In 1800 a new edition, brought out by Longworth, was altogether on wood.] Thenceforth type-metal was discarded, and Anderson became an ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

In 1795 he was licensed to practise medicine. When, soon after, the yellow-fever prevailed in New York, he was appointed by the health commissioners of the city as resident physician at Bellevue Hospital, three miles out of town: his salary twenty shillings a day. He was there three months, from August to November, 1795, for part of the time the only physician, at one period with from thirty to forty patients under his care. Notwithstanding this heavy charge, he found time for his favorite engraving. Yet not neglecting his hospital duty, as is sufficiently proved by the offer to him shortly afterwards of the post of Physician to the New York Dispensary, which his passion for art forbade his accepting. In the next year he received his diploma as Doctor of Medicine. He was now a physician, a designer and engraver (on both wood and copper), and (having taken a store for the purpose) a bookseller and publisher of small illustrated works. The bookselling, not bringing profit, had to be given up. Not so the engraving, which still alternated with his practice as a physician, a practice successfully continued by him, though against the grain, — for he was not only conscientious, but "morbidly sensitive," — until 1798. In 1798 the yellow-fever again visited New York. Anderson's infant son died of it in July; and in September his wife, his father and mother, his brother, mother-in-law, and a sister-in-law, had all fallen victims. Utterly desolate, one can understand how he had no heart left for the active medical life. He voyaged next year to the West Indies, and two or three months spent with an uncle, who was "King's botanist" in the island of St. Vincent, stirred in him some care for botany, — a consolation in his sorrow; but we cannot wonder that henceforth he preferred the quiet seclusion of an engraver's work. The early delight became his sole occupation and his solace. Seventy years remained for him. He married again, a sister of his wife. But it is time I turned from the personal history of the man (well worthy of more amplification, for he was a man of extraordinary character and talent, at once physician, engraver, designer, botanist, musician, and verse-maker) to the special subject of my writing, a consideration of the engravings produced by him.

I may omit, beyond mention of a few, those executed by him in copper, as well as those upon type-metal. In 1793 he had not only acquaintance, but employment, with John Roberts, before spoken of; helping him in his work and also engraving plates for him, among them a portrait of Francis I. as frontispiece to Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*, published in New York in 1800. Numerous other plates he engraved for various publications: his last important works of the kind in 1812, a copy of Holbein's *Last Supper*, six inches by eight, to illustrate a quarto Bible; and some allegorical designs of his own, the *Wheel of Fortune* and the *Twelve Stages of Human Life — from the Cradle to the Grave.* I pass now to his engravings on wood, to which after 1812 he chiefly devoted himself.

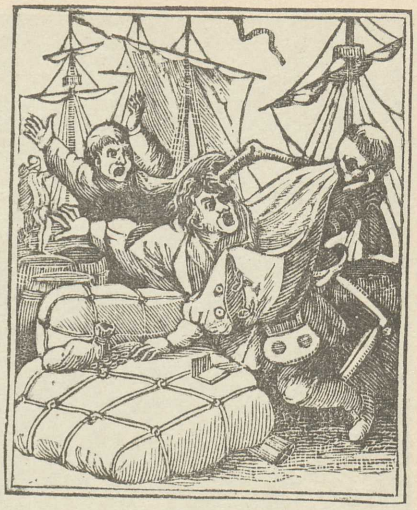
His first, as before said, were those for the *Looking-Glass of the Mind*, done for Durell, — poor cuts certainly in manipulation, but not without an artist's feeling; his originals were poor.



THE MURDER OF LA SALLE IN TEXAS.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

Durell, writes Lossing, "became an extensive reprinter of English works, small and great, from toy-books to a folio edition of *Josephus* and more than a hundred volumes of *English Classics*. He employed Anderson to reproduce the pictures in these works," (seldom, I imagine, more than a single frontispiece, — the custom then,) "and they were done with great skill considering his opportunities." For Hugh Gaine, the eminent journalist during the Revolution, he engraved "on type-metal" illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress;* for Brewer, cuts for *Tom Thumb's Folio;* for Harrison, pictures for a book of *Fables;* for Babcock, of Hartford, fifteen cuts for fifty shillings; for Reid, Campbell, and Wood, portraits and cuts for their several editions of Dilworth's *Spelling Book;* for Philip Freneau, the poet, cuts for a *Primer;* and in 1795 began engraving the cuts for an edition of Webster's *Spelling Book* for Bunce & Co. (afterwards published by Cooledge). So Lossing, from whose words it would seem that all these works except the *Pilgrim's Progress* were engraved on wood. I incline, however, to think that some, if not all but the Webster, were early works, and on metal. There is no finding out without sight of the metal or wood blocks themselves. After all it matters not: his type-metal work, speaking *Hibernice*, was only wood-engraving on metal.



From "Emblems of Mortality."

Of some later works I can speak with more certainty. In 1796 he drew and engraved his great cut of the human skeleton, a cut three feet high, enlarged from Albinus's *Anatomy*. Of this cut, which he was justly proud of, (he showed it to me the only time I saw him, not long before his death,) but two or three impressions were ever printed, the block being broken by the pressure. It was indeed a remarkable work, especially for that time. He also drew and engraved, on wood and copper, illustrations for an early edition of Irving's and Paulding's *Salmagundi;* copied fifty cuts done for *Emblems of Mortality* (Holbein's *Dance of Death*) by Thomas and John Bewick, published in 1810 by John Babcock of Hartford, Conn., and republished by Babcock & Co., Charleston, and S. Babcock, New Haven, in 1846, on which occasion "three of the cuts, representing Adam and Eve in various situations, it was thought advisable to omit." The last cut was also omitted, "being apparently obscure in its design to an American reader." In 1802, for David Longworth, he undertook the reproduction of Bewick's *Quadrupeds*, three hundred cuts.



From Bewick's "Quadrupeds," as Re-engraved by Anderson.

I have not been able to obtain a sight of Anderson's book; the one copy I heard of in the Society Library, New York, having been taken away and not returned. But I have seen the cuts, the electrotype plates having fallen into the hands of another publisher, T. W. Strong, who made use of them, with the Bewick letter-press also, for a series of children's toy-books. Comparing them with the English originals, I find that they are all directly copied from Bewick,



FROM THE SHAKSPERE. — AFTER THOMPSON.

appearing in the Anderson edition reversed. No doubt this was done, transfer of prints not being then understood, to facilitate the work of the draughtsman, though thereby the engraver had to follow back-handed the lines of his master. Considering the little practice *on wood* which Anderson had then had, they are wonderfully close copies: varying in excellence, but all very faithful in drawing and good in engraving; tamer certainly than the originals, as must be expected, and much inferior to them, yet showing a real artistic perception of their best qualities. About this time also he may have engraved for Longworth the *Fables of Flora:* head-vignettes on copper, tail-pieces on wood. He speaks too (in the very brief sketch of his own life, written by him in 1848, in the seventy-third year of his age) of Mr. Samuel Wood as one of his "most constant employers," — I suppose at about this period of 1800, or later. Wood was still in business twenty years afterwards. "I did," says Anderson, "an infinity of cuts for his excellent set of small books."

In 1812 he engraved a dozen cuts for a Shakspere for Monroe & Francis: copies from cuts by John Thompson, after Thurston's designs. They are noticeable as the chief of his very few departures from the style of his favorite Bewick. Yet not altogether a departure. Thompson's work was, I have no doubt, in the usual manner of Thurston, a rich crossed black line; Anderson, keeping the general order of lines, has cut out the crossings, doing the work rather in white line, though the feeling and drawing and much of the character of the original engraving are preserved. He copied in similar style a series of the *Seven Ages*, also by Thompson. About 1818 he appears at his best. That date is given by Lossing to four large engravings after the German artist, Ridinger, engravings (Lossing says) $12\frac{1}{2}$ by $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, illustrating the *Four Seasons*. Lossing adds: "He also engraved on a little smaller scale the same subject from paintings by Teniers." After a long search I came to the conclusion, in which a conversation with Dr. Lewis (the grandson) has since confirmed me, that Lossing's statement is incorrect. Only two, instead of eight subjects, were engraved by him, copied, it would seem, from copper plates, only using white line instead of black: one by Ridinger, *Returning from the Boar-Hunt*, its measurement slightly different from that given by Lossing; the other after Teniers, *Waterfowl*, a square subject $11\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. I suppose he may have executed these as a trial of strength, or as a speculation, with hope of having the series taken up by some publisher; and that, disappointed in this hope, he did not care to complete the sets. The Ridinger (a very large cut) speaks for itself. No more vigorous piece of pure white line work has been done outside of the Bewick circle. By pure white line I mean a line drawn with meaning by the graver. The Teniers, a reedy lake with wild ducks in the water and others flying, and some rabbits under trees on a bank, is scarcely if at all inferior to the other. The date of 1818 is engraved on this.



FROM THE "FABLES OF PILPAY."



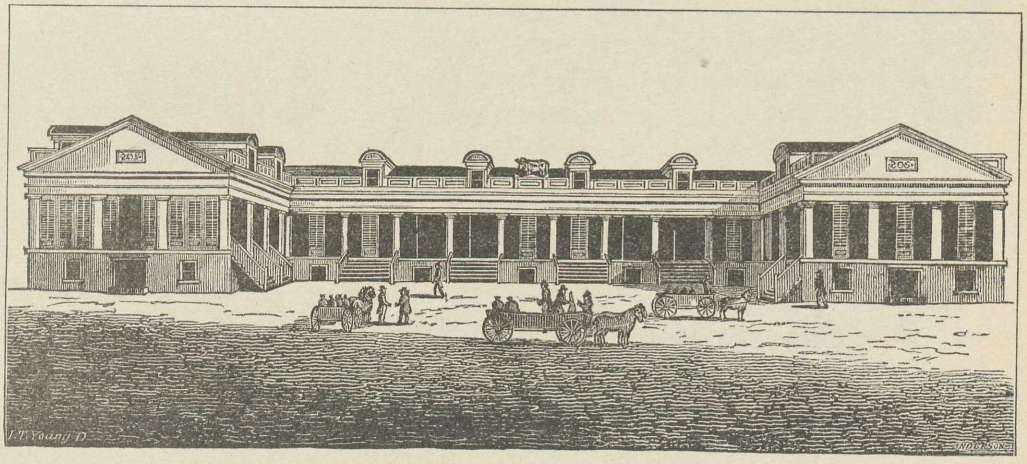
BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

I find no date for the *Fables of Pilpay* (republished by Hurd and Houghton), some fifty or more small cuts following the designs of an English edition, but "better engraved," says Lossing. They are of Anderson's best work, better in command of line and finer than his ordinary work; and may perhaps be placed about this time, but I only hazard a guess. Somewhere at this date also I would look for a *Paul and Virginia*, of which I have only seen four or five cuts, copies of course, but with delicacy of line and touch not usual with him. For the twenty years following the two Ridinger and Teniers cuts I can find nothing certain. Lossing, not very orderly or regular in his list of works, has that width of gap. I am disposed, however, to place here some illustrations to *Peter Parley's Magazine* and other publications of the same author, and a series of large and rather coarse Bible cuts. (See next page.) There seems to have been no encouragement for such work as he proved himself capable of when he did the Ridinger and Teniers. The next noticeable work I find is in O'Reilly's *Sketches of Rochester*, 1838, which contains cuts by him, and Hall, and J. W. Orr, generally street views or buildings, very stiff and formal; Anderson's the best, with an exactness and evenness of line hardly to be expected after his earlier free-handedness. Of the same character, and about the same date, or it may be somewhat earlier, is a series of larger cuts of old buildings in the city of New York, done for the *New York Mirror*. He engraved also initial letters for Mrs. Balmanno's *Pen and Pencil;* the illustrations to Downing's *Landscape Gardening*, 1841; and some forty designs by T. H. Matteson for a *Shakspere* published by Cooledge & Brother in 1853. Later in life his handiwork appeared in Bentley's *Spelling Book;* and yet later in a series of Revolutionary portraits. For many years he engraved for the American Tract Society small cuts, easily distinguished, to be found in their early publications. For many years also he was in the habit of engraving a larger and coarser class of work, chiefly illustrations of the life of the B. Virgin Mary, for Spanish printers in the West Indies, Mexico, and South America. Of these and of the Matteson series (neither worthy of his best powers) sufficient specimens are given in the Lossing *Memorial*. Some of his latest works, if not his last, were from drawings by H. L. Stephens, done for T. W. Strong. He was at work for his own amusement, I believe, to within a few days of his death. He died on the 17th of January, 1870, in the ninety-fifth year of his age.



From "Paul and Virginia."



From "Sketches of Rochester."

Considering the vast amount of work accomplished by him, the many thousands of cuts he engraved, it is surprising how little can be met with even after a very careful and persistent search. Of the many cuts in Mr. Lossing's earnestly admiring *Memorial* there are not five that



BALAAM AND THE ANGEL.

would establish Anderson's pretension to be even a good engraver. In the collection privately printed by Mr. Moreau, 1872, "one hundred and fifty engravings executed after his ninetieth year," we of course do not look for anything of much importance. The best there is a copy from a tail-piece from Bewick (not by Bewick's own hand, but Clennell's), which I have no hesitation in attributing to much earlier years. Some others also seem to me very dubiously dated. Most are very small, many mere inch-square trifles done for his own pleasure, evidences that he retained his artistic perceptions, with some very notable amount of his old manual skill also, — proofs of the man's indomitable perseverance and unfailing love for his occupation; but in themselves, as engravings, without thought of him and his age, not very remarkable. One little cut (here poorly reproduced) shows an exceptional minuteness and delicacy. But there is not enough in any of them to command much admiration simply as graver-work. And the same may be not unfairly said even of the work of his prime. The copies of Bewick (the staple of his best work) are wonderful, having regard to the circumstances in which they were produced; but no appreciator of Bewick could speak of them as worthy of comparison with the originals. They are curiously good copies, valuable pioneer work, helps toward better. After these early things there is little improvement. I find only the two large cuts standing out as marks of a capacity which had not corresponding development. Such cuts as are given in the *Memorial*, not copies, but altogether his own work, (allowing that there may not have been much opportunity for choice,) bear out this judgment. The *Lear* and *Twelfth Night*, from Matteson's drawings, page 38, where



FROM THE MOREAU COLLECTION.



YAMATO.



TAIL-PIECE. — AFTER CLENNEL.

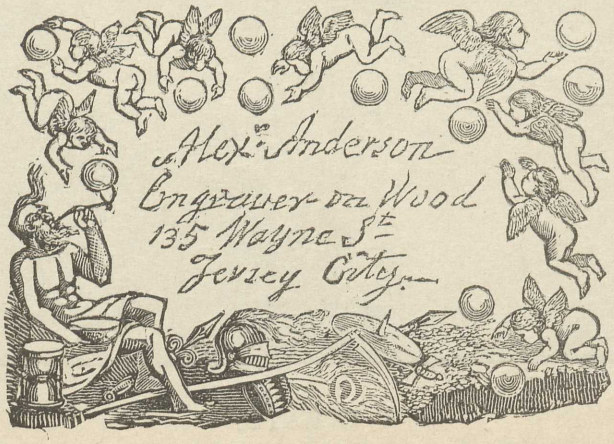
the line is his own, the *Holy Family*, page 65, the *Embargo*, page 70, are but common cuts. Probably his life through he was working for low prices, and there was neither demand nor appreciation for better work. None the less, however excused, he has to suffer the reproach of inferiority. It is an ungrateful task to pick out faults. It is part, though, of the critic's duty. He has to distinguish — let it be generously, yet truly — between the good and the bad, the better and the worse. In truth, except within the limitation of hindering circumstances entitling him to credit for overcoming so much of obstacle, a close study of all of Dr. Anderson's engraving on wood that I have been able to get sight of fails to draw from me a recognition of his special genius as *an engraver*. Had his work been original, like Bewick's, it had, indeed, been great; but, practised as he was on metal, and with Bewick's work before him, one thinks that, with his undoubted artistic feeling, conscientious study, and constant industry, he should have done more. He never equalled his master, nor have I seen anything of his (except the two large cuts) to compare with the work of Bewick's pupils, Nesbit, Clennell, Hole, Hughes, or Harvey. It must be owned, however, that we never see him at his best. Bad printing is not favorable to an engraver's reputation, nor does good printing avail on worn blocks. The only specimens we are able to give are but phototypes from ill-printed impressions. After all deductions, his is the honor of being the first wood-engraver in America.



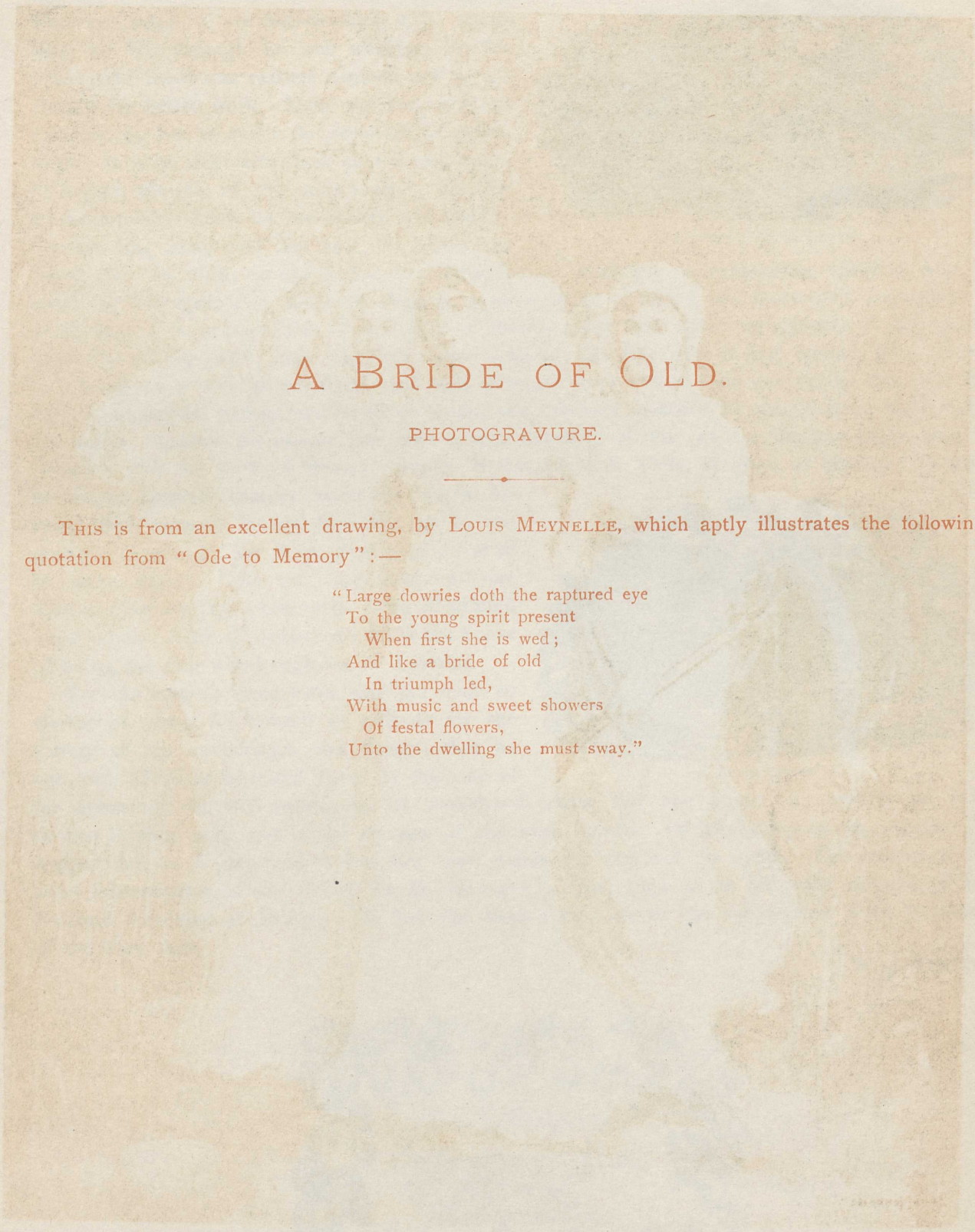
AFTER BEWICK.

For the rest, so remarkable was the man, so worthy of honor for himself as well as for the variety of his knowledges and doings, that he can well afford to be rated lower in this one of his endeavors, can well submit to be considered under this one aspect of *engraver on wood* as first in time only, not in the average of the work he did. Of his faculty as an engraver on copper and as a designer, it has not been within my province to speak. The esteem of his artist contemporaries was shown by his election, in May, 1843, as an honorary member of the National Academy of Design. He had also been a member of the earlier New York Academy of the Fine Arts.

W. J. LINTON.







A Bride of Old.

PHOTOGRAVURE.

This is from an excellent drawing, by Louis Meynelle, which aptly illustrates the following quotation from "Ode to Memory":—

"Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway."

THE HISTORY

OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

PART II.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE beginning of engraving made by Anderson others followed. He himself had only four pupils: Garret Lansing, — I quote from Lossing, — "of the old Lansing family of Albany; William Morgan, of New York; John H. Hall, of Albany; and his (own) daughter Ann, who became the wife of Andrew Maverick, a copperplate-engraver. LANSING received instructions in the year 1804, and was the second wood-engraver in America." He returned to Albany, and began business, depending for employment on Anderson, who sent him box-wood and drawings "by the Albany sloop." In 1806, (still from Lossing,) "he was married to a young lady of wealth, as fortunes were estimated in those days, and went to Boston for the purpose of practising his art there," but was so little encouraged that he went back, and afterwards made his home in New York. He was "skilful in the engraving of machinery." I cannot recover anything of his work. MORGAN "engraved well," but abandoned the graver for the pencil. Though spoken of as Anderson's favorite draughtsman, he seems to have made no particular impress. Hall I shall have to speak of later.

NATHANIEL DEARBORN, a stationer and printer and engraver on copper, whose card in 1814 bore the words, "Engraver on Wood, School St., Boston," is said to have brought wood-engraving to Boston in 1811. Drake calls him "one of the first" engravers. He was the publisher, so late as 1848, of *Boston Notions*, projected in 1814 and part-published in 1817, containing (says Lossing) his earlier engravings. I believe, however, that he was only a letter-engraver; and that the first engraver on wood in Boston, entitled to that distinction, was Abel Bowen.

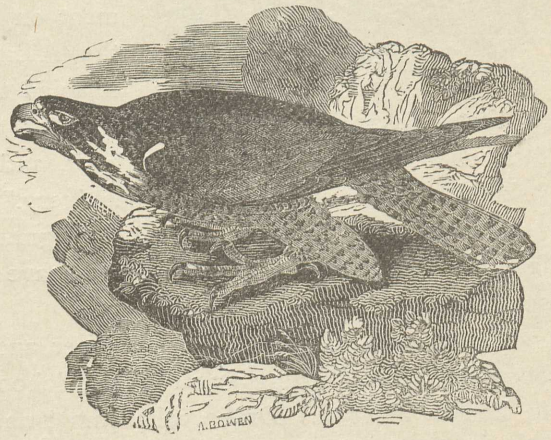
ABEL BOWEN (Abel C. according to Lossing, only Abel on books published by him, A. Bowen on his cuts), was born at Greenbush, opposite Albany, New York; and, after serving an apprenticeship at Hudson, began business for himself as a printer in Boston. He was also an engraver on copper, where or of whom learning the art I do not find, — probably also at Hudson. No doubt his work on copper led to relief-work on metal (in the manner of wood-engraving) for surface-printing, and thence to engraving on wood, which he began to practise in 1812, I believe self-taught. Lossing speaks of "his style" as "more like the English engravings of our day than like Bewick's"; but this must be taken to mean only that he copied later works as well as Bewick's. Style can hardly be called his: he was the faithful imitator of the various works which in the course of his business he had to copy. I have before me some cuts for an American edition of the *Young Lady's Book* (published by him in 1830), containing over seven hundred engravings (including small initial letters), copies of cuts by Thompson, S. Williams, Bonner, and others. Three of them, after those three very different engravers (that after Thompson here given — unfortunately only from a process reproduction, which fails

to render its delicacy), are very remarkable for their fidelity to the originals. The distinguishing manner of each engraver is so exactly preserved that I was with difficulty convinced the cuts were not done from transfers. Besides this *Young Lady's Book*, his most important work in engraving, he published several books: the *Naval Monument*, in 1816, copyrighted in 1815, with one hundred and twenty-five engravings, one by Anderson, the rest Bowen's own, the book also compiled by him; *A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, in 1817, with cuts from drawings by S. Dearborn; a *History of Boston*, with engravings on wood and metal; also Bowen's *Picture of Boston*, with two copperplates, beside wood-cuts, by himself, and other copperplates by Joseph Andrews, in 1829. The work through all these is very much of the same character as Dr. Anderson's earliest cuts.



After Thompson. — By A. Bowen.
From the "Young Lady's Book."

In 1810, William Mason, a native of Connecticut, introduced the art to Philadelphia. He was soon followed by his pupil, Gilbert. Later I come upon the names of Fairchild, in Hartford; Horton, in Baltimore; Barber, in New Haven. Of the last, who lived for years in New Haven, I am able to give some brief notice.



After Bewick. — By A. Bowen.

John W. Barber was born at Windsor, Conn., on the 2d of February, 1798. When he was but thirteen years old, the death of his father left him as sole support of his family. He worked on their small farm, learned to hoe and dig and plough, to cut wood, milk a cow, drive a yoke of cattle, also to "turn up brick in a brick-yard, and to pound clothes for the women on washing-days." Before then, a studious, thoughtful boy, fascinated by the pictures in his books, he had begun to imitate them, — "at seven years of age" trying his hand on a pen-and-ink design for Nelson's victory at Trafalgar. At East Windsor the then best letter-engraver in the United States, Mr. Abner Reid, had a bank-note engraving establishment, and to him the young farmer was apprenticed. Philadelphian Mason, also an apprentice of Reid's, must have been there not long before him. In 1823, he came to New Haven and took an office for engraving. Since then he has been at once draughtsman, engraver, author, editor, and publisher. The first of his publications was a series of wood-cuts on a half-sheet: *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress exhibited in a Metamorphosis, or a Transformation of Pictures.* Of his many works the principal have been topographical and historical: *History and Antiquities of New Haven; History of New England; European Historical Collections; Collections of Connecticut;* etc. For the Connecticut history, published in 1837, he travelled in a one-horse wagon, collecting materials and making sketches for the two hundred illustrations to the book. From 1856 to 1861 he was preparing *The Past and Present of the United States*, for which he engraved some four hundred cuts from original drawings by himself. I may speak in this place even of his latest works, for they are all of the style and character of the earliest days, without change or improvement. His chief ambition has been, not success in engraving, but to "preach the Gospel



THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

by means of pictures": toward which end he has issued, in addition to his historical, various emblematic books, since combined in a thick octavo volume known as the *Bible Looking-Glass*, of which it must be owned that the pious intention asks more praise than either the designs or the engraving. The cut here given, from *Easy Lessons in Reading*, New Haven, 1824, is a fair sample of his work. He could not be neglected in a history of American engraving.



From "Easy Lessons in Reading." — By Barber.

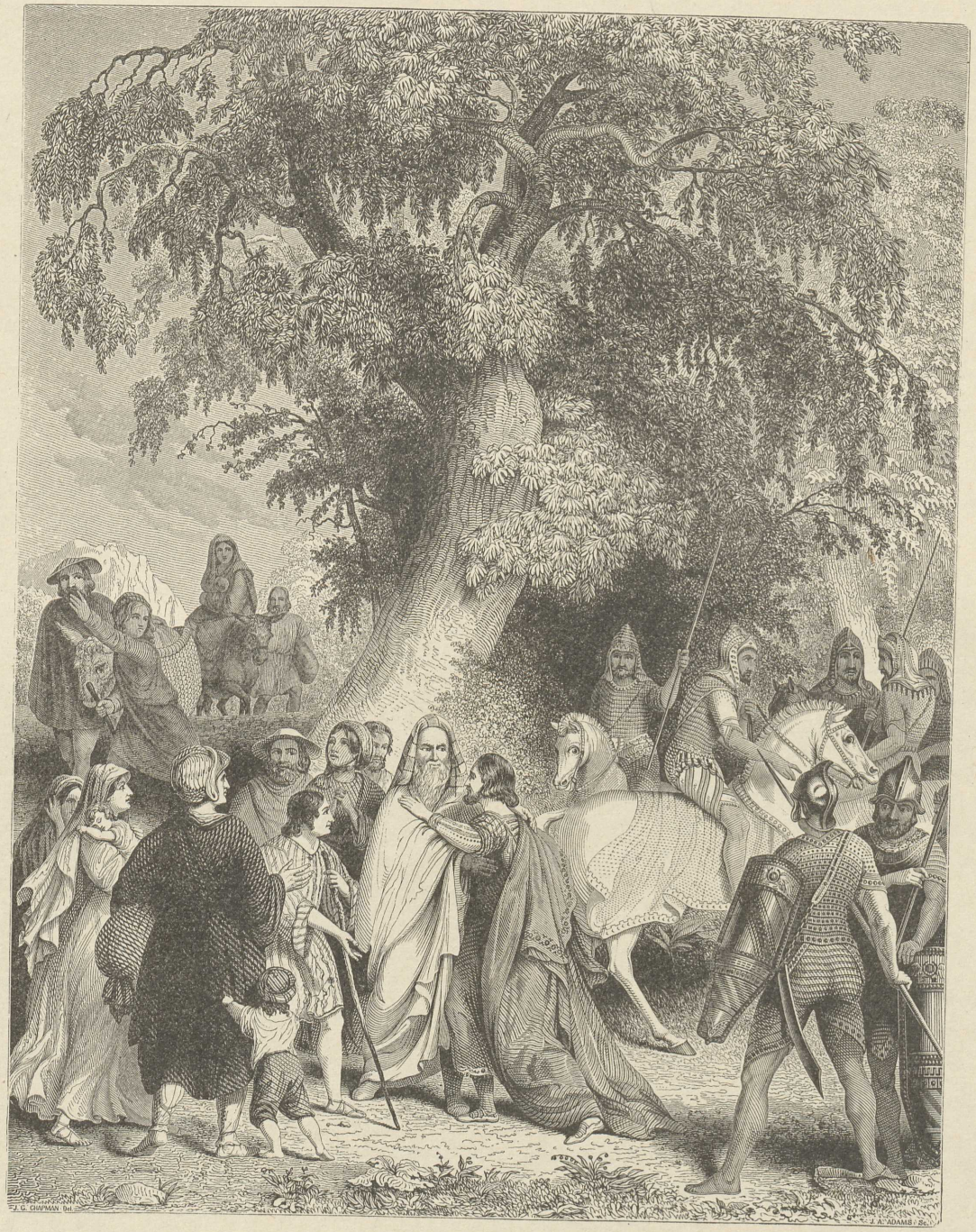
Joseph Alexander Adams, next of importance in order of time, stands out also as first in talent in our historical course. Nearly all I know of him (self-taught like Anderson and Bowen) I have learned either from his letters to me or in recent conversations with him. He had been so entirely forgotten that I had difficulty in finding that he was yet alive: his name on the books of the National Academy of Design, of which he became an associate in 1841, being only retained because the Academy had not been notified of his death. He was born at New Germantown, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, in 1803; and was apprenticed at an early age to the printing business, having successively three masters, the first failing and the second giving up business. At the age of twenty-one he went to New York, and for three weeks worked there as a journeyman printer. During his apprenticeship he first tried his hand at engraving. A cut of a boot was wanted for some shoemaker's newspaper advertisement, and the printer's foreman attempted to engrave one. Engravers were scarce in those days: only three, I think, in New York, — Anderson and his pupils, Lansing and Morgan. The foreman unsuccessful, young Adams made attempt, and so far succeeded as to satisfy the immediate need and to stimulate himself to further essays, though without any instruction, and knowing absolutely nothing of the ordinary process of engraving. In his own words, he proceeded as follows: — "I intensely blackened the block with India ink, then marked the outlines of the subject with a point, and cut away at it. I had not then even heard of finished drawings being made on the wood. I worked in this manner for about six months. One day Mr. Samuel Wood, a publisher of juvenile books, advised me to go to see Dr. Anderson. I told him I was afraid he might think I wanted to steal his art; but he replied that the Doctor was not a man of that kind. I mustered courage, and, after walking several times to and fro in front of his house, ventured to knock at the door, entered, and saw him for the first time. I found him very pleasant and communicative. He showed me the block he was then working on; and, to my astonishment, I found the whole design was neatly washed on the block, complete, with India ink alone. This was entirely a new idea to me. I went home, and the next day adopted the same plan, which I pursued ever after. The Doctor was very kind to me; gave me many hints, such as lowering parts of the block after the manner of Bewick, so as to print faintly. He also sent me customers occasionally. He laid before me several of Bewick's works which I had never heard of before, and also showed me many other specimens of cuts done by English and old German artists." The cuts done in those days were few, the principal for toy-books and similar juvenile works, published by Samuel Wood, Mahlon Day, Solomon King, and other New York publishers. Now and then a frontispiece or a few cuts in the text of a book would be wanted; but most of the work required was for labels for cotton goods, or soap-stamps, hand-bills, playing-cards, and such like. Books were not profusely illustrated as now, — what illustration was used was generally copperplate; and the young engraver knew what it was to be out of work and at times without a cent in his pocket. But he persevered. In 1831 he was able to make a voyage to England, probably incited to that by the coming to this country, in 1829, of Abraham J. Mason, an English wood-engraver, from whom he may have had introductions to Thompson,



PAOLO VERONESE IN VENICE.

BY THOMAS JUGLARIS.

PHOTOTYPIC REPRODUCTION OF A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.



MEETING OF JACOB AND JOSEPH.

ENGRAVED BY J. A. ADAMS.

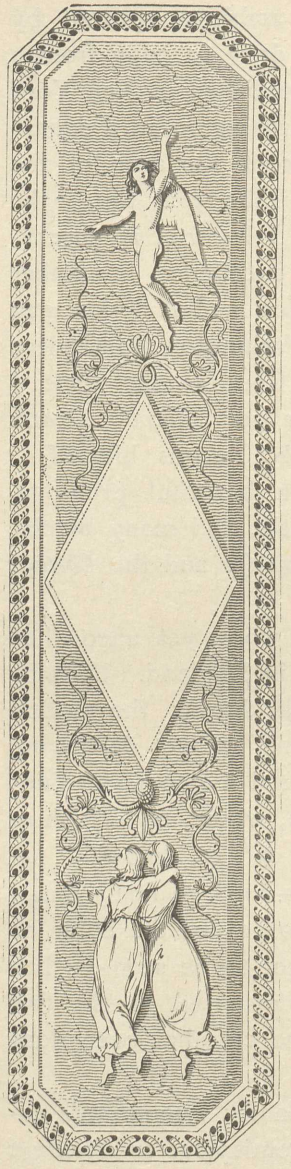
FROM HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.

Bonner, and others. He was gone four months, seeing, learning, and his ambition spurred by what he saw to higher effort. Two or three years after his return he drew (a copy from a copperplate) and engraved a frontispiece for the *Treasury of Knowledge*, published in New York by James Conner: on a small duodecimo page a full-length portrait of Washington, in a square $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, surrounded by circular subjects rather less than a nickel cent, the arms of the thirteen States of the Union enwreathed with oak and laurel, a figure of Liberty at top, — the minuteness and delicacy of which may challenge comparison with anything I know of in engraving on wood. This was executed in 1834. Not so minute, but of equal excellence, is another frontispiece, of the same size, with figures representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and views of Paris, Rome, Calcutta, Cairo, London, and Buenos Ayres. The Washington frontispiece was followed by two cuts for the *Cottage Bible*, also published by James Conner, long since, I believe, out of print. Impressions of these, the *Massacre of the Innocents* and *Jacob's Dream* (the latter after a picture by Washington Allston), drawn on the wood by Adams himself, — not burnished proofs, but prints on hard paper by the hand-press (his own beautiful printing), — I have in my possession, given me by him. His own collection of proofs, and many blocks, were lost in the great fire of 1835. The cuts for the *Treasury of Knowledge* and the *Cottage Bible* were also destroyed by fire some two years later.

The two last-named engravings are of his best, if not his very best work, yet unequalled in this country, and worthy to rank beside the best of the great old time in England. Nothing more sweet or tender has been done than the *Dream:* the figures well drawn; the distant angels rendered more aerial by an almost imperceptible white line, lightening but not destroying the first cutting; the clouds pure in line and fine in tone; the foreground a rich white line; the whole cut as good as if it had been done by Thompson, or Branston, whose style it most resembles. The *Massacre*, after Coignet, also drawn by himself, a bolder cut, is almost if not quite as good. A little figure of a soldier coming down the steps is cross-lined so finely that I did not at first observe the cross work. The intention had been simply to reduce the color, to give air and distance; but with true artist feeling, though the lines were not to be seen, he had been as careful with them as with the first cutting, and they were as well disposed as the first and in harmony with them. No better work, I would repeat, than these two cuts has been done even in the best time of England. Their size is about $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Of about the same date, I imagine, is a vase that I would have taken for Thompson's engraving: I can give no higher praise. A cut of *Canute's Reproof*, and a frontispiece to *Evenings at Home*, both drawn by Chapman, and several other cuts printed on a delicate gray ground, with high lights of white, are equally beautiful and as highly finished. A small cut of *Joshua* commanding the sun to stand still, drawn by Chapman, and engraved for some Scripture story-book, deserves especial notice for the daring use he has made of solid black. In the early part of 1835 he began to copy a series of *Bible Illustrations* published by Seeley, of London, chiefly landscapes about the size of an octavo page, engraved by Thompson, S. Williams, Orrin Smith, Powis, and others. Some eight of these were transferred and engraved by him. One copied from Powis, one of Powis's best landscapes (no man then engraved better landscapes), is so exact to the original, even in character and value and vigor of line, as to be easily mistaken for it. He was to engrave the whole series, but was prevented by the sudden death of his employer. The eight were, I believe, afterwards published along with the originals of the remainder of the series (by arrangement with the London house) by Van Nostrand & Dwight, of New York. I would also note a landscape, of his own putting on the wood, from an oil-painting by Morse, the first President of the National Academy, which in its clearness and purity of line reminds me again of Powis.

One other of his principal works is the *Last Arrow*, engraved in 1837 for the *New York Mirror*, and afterwards printed (Mr. Lossing tells me) in the *Family Magazine*. The drawing is by Chapman; the subject is the pursuit of an Indian by some settlers, — the Indian, on a rock



PART OF PAGE BORDER.
From Harper's Illuminated Bible.

in the foreground, aiming his last arrow at his enemies; a woman with a child in her arms is at his feet. The size of this engraving is $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It is bolder in treatment than the *Jacob's Dream:* the two I consider his best productions. I have an impression given me by Mr. Adams, and he has a proof of it. I know not where else it may be seen, except badly printed in the *New York Mirror*, or in Vol. VI. of the *Family Magazine*, wherever those obsolete works may yet be preserved. Proofs and blocks burned, there is little to be got at, unless by chance at some old bookstore, by which the real worth and extent of his work can be fairly estimated. As in the case of Anderson, scarcely anything is accessible even to the most perseveringly curious. Besides himself I have found but one man having any proofs of his cuts. To him, an engraver, of Hartford, Mr. S. H. Clark, I am indebted for sight of some things of which even Adams has not impressions. More may be scattered here and there, and copies may yet exist of the *Treasury of Knowledge* and the *Cottage Bible;* but who can tell where? He is to be known now only by the cuts in the Bible published by Messrs. Harper.

This was projected in 1837, at a time when he wanted employment for his pupils. He thought that an octavo Bible, with a number of small illustrations, would command a sale; and for this he took transfers of some forty English cuts after designs by Martin, Westall, and others. These engraved, it appeared worth while to add to the number. So the project grew; and, being taken hold of by the Harpers, resulted in the larger quarto edition so well known, which yet keeps its ground as the best illustrated American Bible. Its first appearance was in 1843; and it has retained to the present day its original form, "embellished with sixteen hundred historical engravings by J. A. Adams, more than fourteen hundred of which are from original designs by J. G. Chapman." The exceptions are the transfers before mentioned, square cuts, for which, when the intended size was enlarged, Chapman drew a set of elaborately ornamented borders; and the half-page landscape vignettes, also transferred or copied, from cuts after Harvey, these last better engraved than the bordered cuts, as copies from better originals might be. There is none of Adams's own work in these transfers; and the numerous small figure and landscape illustrations by Chapman are all from the hands of his pupils, John Gordon and Robert Roberts, or of other engravers employed by him, — as may be expected, of very unequal



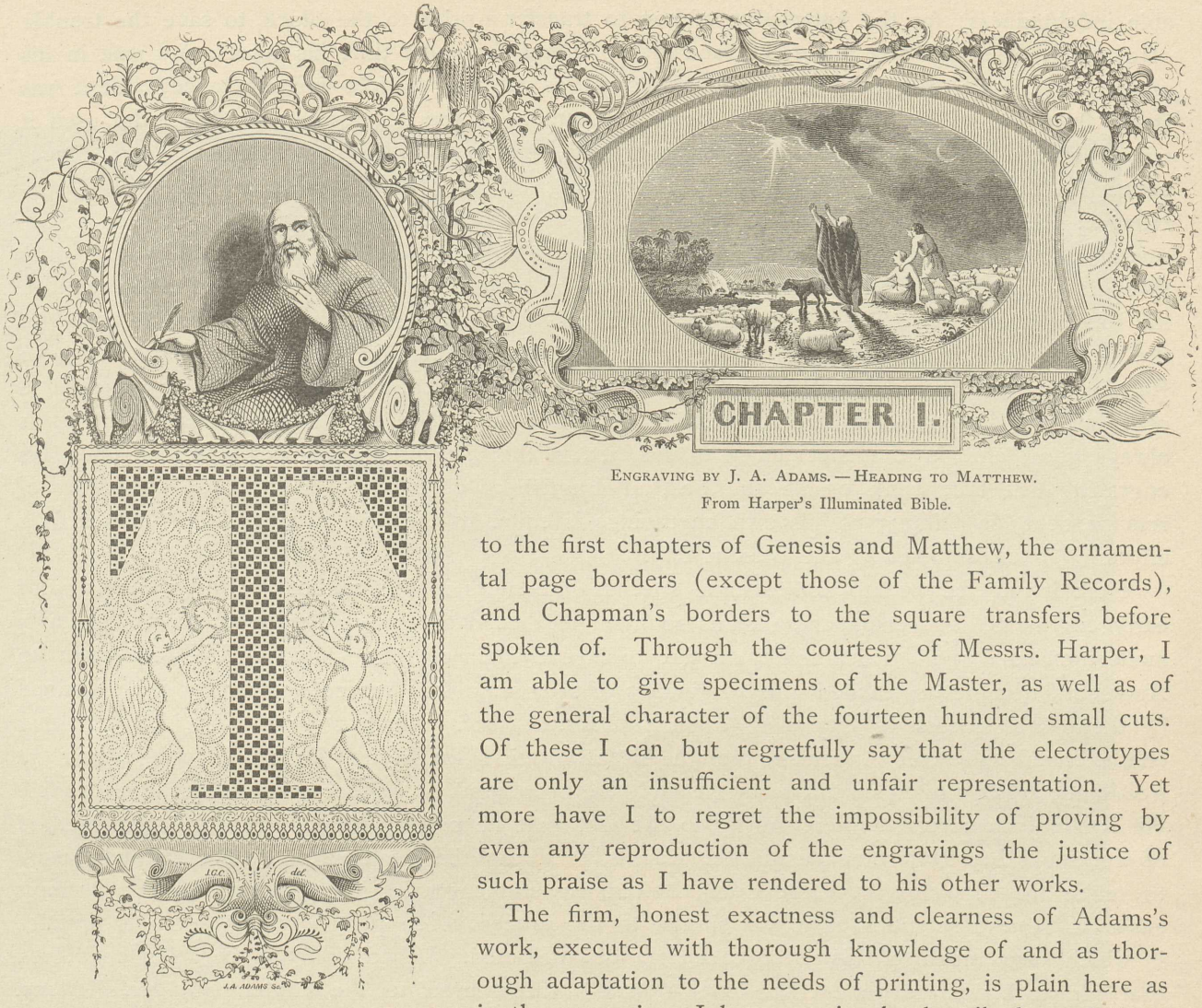
FROM HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.

merit, done under his direction only, with perhaps here and there some manual assistance in touching — correction of drawing or improvement in tone or effect. All actually and entirely of his own work are the frontispieces and titles to the Old and New Testaments, the initial headings



WHIPPING QUAKERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



ENGRAVING BY J. A. ADAMS. — HEADING TO MATTHEW.
From Harper's Illuminated Bible.

to the first chapters of Genesis and Matthew, the ornamental page borders (except those of the Family Records), and Chapman's borders to the square transfers before spoken of. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Harper, I am able to give specimens of the Master, as well as of the general character of the fourteen hundred small cuts. Of these I can but regretfully say that the electrotypes are only an insufficient and unfair representation. Yet more have I to regret the impossibility of proving by even any reproduction of the engravings the justice of such praise as I have rendered to his other works.

The firm, honest exactness and clearness of Adams's work, executed with thorough knowledge of and as thorough adaptation to the needs of printing, is plain here as in the engravings I have previously described; and if we miss somewhat of the variety of line and richness of color and tone which I have claimed as belonging to his other works, that is certainly attributable to Chapman, whose precise and mechanical drawing, in formal imitation of copperplate, every line, however delicate, set down with perfect distinctness, required an almost slavish following, which must have sorely tried the patience of the engraver. In objecting, however, to this style of mock copperplate, I must not do injustice to Chapman. His freest drawings were very beautiful. I have one lying before me, the initial heading for the first page of some child's book. It is most delicately, yet firmly drawn, the faintest line sharp and clean, as in an etching, — only some little light tint rubbed in in the background. It would furnish an excellent lesson for the but too often hasty and sloppy draughtsman, a sufficient answer to those who would speak slightingly of "only a draughtsman on wood." Drawing, engraving, and printing were all marvels at the time of this book's production; and it well deserved the popularity it immediately obtained, and which it yet holds. It has a special value for the student of American engraving.

In our judgment of Mr. Adams, as of Dr. Anderson, the difficulties he encountered, not only in his first essays in engraving, but when he had reached his full success, must be borne in mind. When his Bible went to press, he had to prepare (technically, to overlay) his own blocks. There was no printer capable of that. Certain improvements, yet in use, in the press itself are also his work. He was the first electrotyper in this country, the inventor also of several improvements in that process. And to him engravers are indebted (though it be but a question-

able indebtedness) for the knowledge of how to transfer a print to the block, to save the trouble of drawing, or to procure a perfect fac-simile. It was for some time his secret, and safe in his power, sure to be only well used, not employed as an aid to idle incompetence; but it was stolen from one of his pupils, and so became common, to the depravation of those who used it out of sheer laziness or for the sake of cheapness, and to the injury of unfortunate apprentices compelled to travel in such fashion (like swimming on corks) to the destruction of all self-reliance. Adams was an artist, — so unharmed by any process. In his early days he was a conscientious and diligent student, drawing from casts and from the life, knowing well that only through artistic study can the engraver claim to be considered an artist, or perfect himself in his special profession. The Bible was published in 1843. The sale was such that his share of the profits gave him means to travel and a competence for life. He made three visits to Europe, and was there altogether eight years. Since his return, his inventive genius engaged in other matters, the world of Art has unfortunately lost him. To sum up, his graver drawing is always good, and in the mechanism of his art, in the disposition and perfection of lines, his engraving will take rank beside the best of English or other work. I may add as worthy of remark, that his printing of his own engravings is equal to the best of any time, — better than anything to be obtained at the present day.

Here it may be well to notice some special differences in the methods of procedure of our early engravers. Anderson and Adams soon found the advantage of having the drawing fairly made upon the wood, which left them free to invent their own lines, and which gave even to Anderson, who never reached the originality of Adams, a free-handedness not to be obtained by their first process of engraving upon *a blackened block*. Adams's work has a distinguishing character of its own. Anderson, though his admiration for Bewick limited his range, was yet free-handed. In Bowen's work what we find, however good, is neither original nor free-handed. He is simply a careful copier: owing to the fact that he never departed from the first method of working. In 1831, some years after Adams, following the example of Anderson, had begun to make his drawings upon the wood, Bowen was still engraving on the black block: perhaps easier to him, in so much as it was similar to the process of copper-engraving, — to his practice in which also much of his excellence may be attributed. I had difficulty in being convinced that his work was not altogether from transfers, till assured to the contrary by Mr. Mallory. He writes to me of the *Young Lady's Book:* "All the cuts were done on a black ground; and all that was done in Boston was executed in that way." "In working on the black ground the copy was reversed by a mirror, and constantly under the engraver's eyes." Mr. Crossman and Mr. Kilburn (with Mr. Mallory pupils of Bowen) confirm his account of the then usual procedure. General outlines being traced, the engraver had but to closely follow, line by line, the original before him, — a method insuring mechanical exactness, but fatal to the individuality of genius, fatal to anything to be called art. Adherence to such a course accounts for Bowen's inferiority to Adams and Anderson. He was, however, a notable man, not only for his own work, so qualified, but also for the pupils who came from him, — Hartwell, the brothers Devereux, Greenough, Croome, Childs, Crossman, Mallory, and Kilburn. George Loring Brown, the painter, and Hammatt Billings, the architect, began life also as wood-engravers with him.

W. J. LINTON.



A. J. WIERTZ, PINX. T. COLE, SC.

ON SE RETROUVE AU CIEL.



THE MAIDS OF CASHMERE.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM DRAWING

BY

WILL. H. LOW.

THIS picture represents a bevy of maidens at "the feast of roses," a charming oriental fête which Moore has pictured to us in his poem of "Lalla Rookh," as follows, —

"Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 't was night!
And all were free and wandering,
And all exclaimed to all they met
That never did the summer bring
So gay a feast of roses yet;
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which blessed them there,
The roses ne'er shone half so bright
Nor they themselves looked half so fair."

THE HISTORY

OF

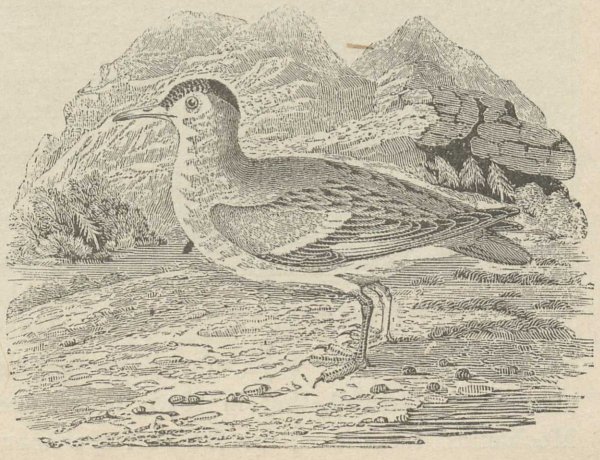
WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

PART III.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

ENGRAVING on type-metal, and occasionally on brass, in relief for letter-press printing has been practised for many years in the United States; and is often as well executed as are wooden cuts, for the same purpose, on the other side of the Atlantic. So writes Isaiah Thomas in his *History of Printing*, dated 1810. I take note of it, because in the course of my inquiries I have stumbled upon a little book, "with nearly five hundred *cuts*," published by this same Thomas, at Worcester, Mass., in 1788: five years before Anderson's first attempts on wood. The title of the book is as follows: — *A Curious Hieroglyphick Bible; or select Passages in the Old and New Testaments represented with Emblematical Figures, for the Amusement of Youth, designed chiefly to familiarize tender Age in a pleasing and diverting Manner with early Ideas of the Holy Scriptures: the first Worcester Edition.* It is impossible to say with certainty whether these "cuts" (generally about an inch square, frontispiece and some few larger) are on wood or not. But they are so rude that they might easily have been done upon type-metal. The book is a reproduction of an English work. The "first Worcester edition" does not prove that it was *printed* at Worcester, while it does imply an earlier appearance elsewhere. Thomas speaks of *books* sent to England to be printed; and this may have been printed there, even with the American title-page. Without further evidence I hold to Dr. Anderson's right to be considered the first engraver on wood in America. No less the *Hieroglyphick Bible* demanded a passing notice. I resume the course of my history.

JOHN H. HALL, born at Cooperstown, New York, "Anderson's third pupil" (I suppose taking some few lessons from him — else self-taught), began engraving in 1826, afterwards practising at Albany, and in 1830 finding employment with the firm of Carter, Andrews, & Co., at Lancaster, Mass., whence he removed to New York. I find his best engraving in a *Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada*, by Thomas Nuttall, published by Hilliard, Gray, & Co., Boston. The date of the first edition I do not know; the second is 1840. I have before me, in a book lent to me by Mr. Mallory, proofs of these cuts bearing date of 1832–3. Some of them, drawn in pencil by Hall himself, are copies from Bewick or from Wilson's *Ornithology;* some were drawn from nature by William Croome. The two specimens here given (though



FROM THE "MANUAL OF ORNITHOLOGY." — BY HALL.



FROM THE "MANUAL OF ORNITHOLOGY. — BY HALL.



AFTER BEWICK. — BY HALL.



AFTER BONNER. — BY HALL.



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY CROOME.

but poorly phototyped from badly printed impressions) may still serve to show the character of these cuts: done in the manner of Anderson, — the white line of Bewick, — and, I think, in every respect as good as Anderson's, — of greater merit in so far as Hall's engraving of Croome's drawings had to be of his own invention. He did good work also for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. From Mr. Mallory's book I am able to give two other small cuts: the copy of one of Bewick's tail-pieces, and a reduction from a cut by Bonner, drawn by Harvey. I note also some copies, dated 1834, of cuts by S. Williams, very true to the peculiarities of the master. In 1849, stricken with the gold-fever, Hall went to California, and died there.

WILLIAM CROOME was a pupil of Bowen. His engraving is of the same character as Hall's. In the Mallory book are a few fair copies from Harvey (cuts by Jackson, I think); some cuts from drawings by Tisdale and Johnston; very many of his own drawing: cuts of fables, animals, landscapes, figures, etc., very little inferior to the generality of Hall's work. Later in life he gave his time to designing for bank-notes. He drew well on the wood, and is said to have been a good painter in water-colors.

In this same Mallory collection also I find proofs, bearing dates from 1830 to 1835, of cuts by Ezra Atherton (copies from Bewick, Harvey, and others); by Alonzo Hartwell, said to have been the best of Bowen's pupils, but the cuts here not answering to that; by Fairchild of Hartford, Alden, Wright, Greenough, and Minot (none requiring particular notice); and by George Loring Brown, the painter, whose engraving seems to have been not below the average of his contemporaries, with some promise of possible later excellence. In 1832 he went to Paris, and worked for a while on the *Musée de Famille*. Few engravers were there then: the best, Charles Thompson, brother of John. Some cuts by G. Thomas Devereux, also in the Mallory collection, should not be disregarded: two or three, engraved (Mr. Mallory informs me) on the black block, very accurately and with much feeling, copied from cuts in the second series of Northcote's *Fables* (London, 1833); and a large cut (here given) after Thurston and William Hughes, which, whether on a black block or from a transfer, has almost as rich a line as the original (however feebly represented here), and is nearly as good as the best work of Anderson himself. I ought not to omit, against my own depreciation of Hartwell, that in 1850 he received the silver medal of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Institution, for the best specimen of engraving on wood. I do not know who were his judges or who his competitors. I go back again to 1829.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND THE CHIEF OF PASPAHEGH.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



After William Hughes. — By G. T. Devereux (1835).

In this year Joseph Andrews, an engraver on copper, also a pupil of Bowen, joined the firm of Carter, Andrews (his brother), & Co., already in business at Lancaster, Mass., as printers and binders; and so began there an establishment for engraving and general book-work. *Peter Parley* was then having a wide circulation, the books all illustrated, more or less. Hall came to work in the house; Atherton, Mallory, Minot, were taken as pupils; Croome was employed as designer. Others, draughtsmen and engravers, Nutting, O'Brien, Worcester, joined afterwards. So many as fourteen engravers, on wood and copper, were at one time employed, — so many as seventy hands in all, type-founders, stereotypers, printers, bookbinders, &c.: till the establishment failed and broke up during a financial panic in 1833.

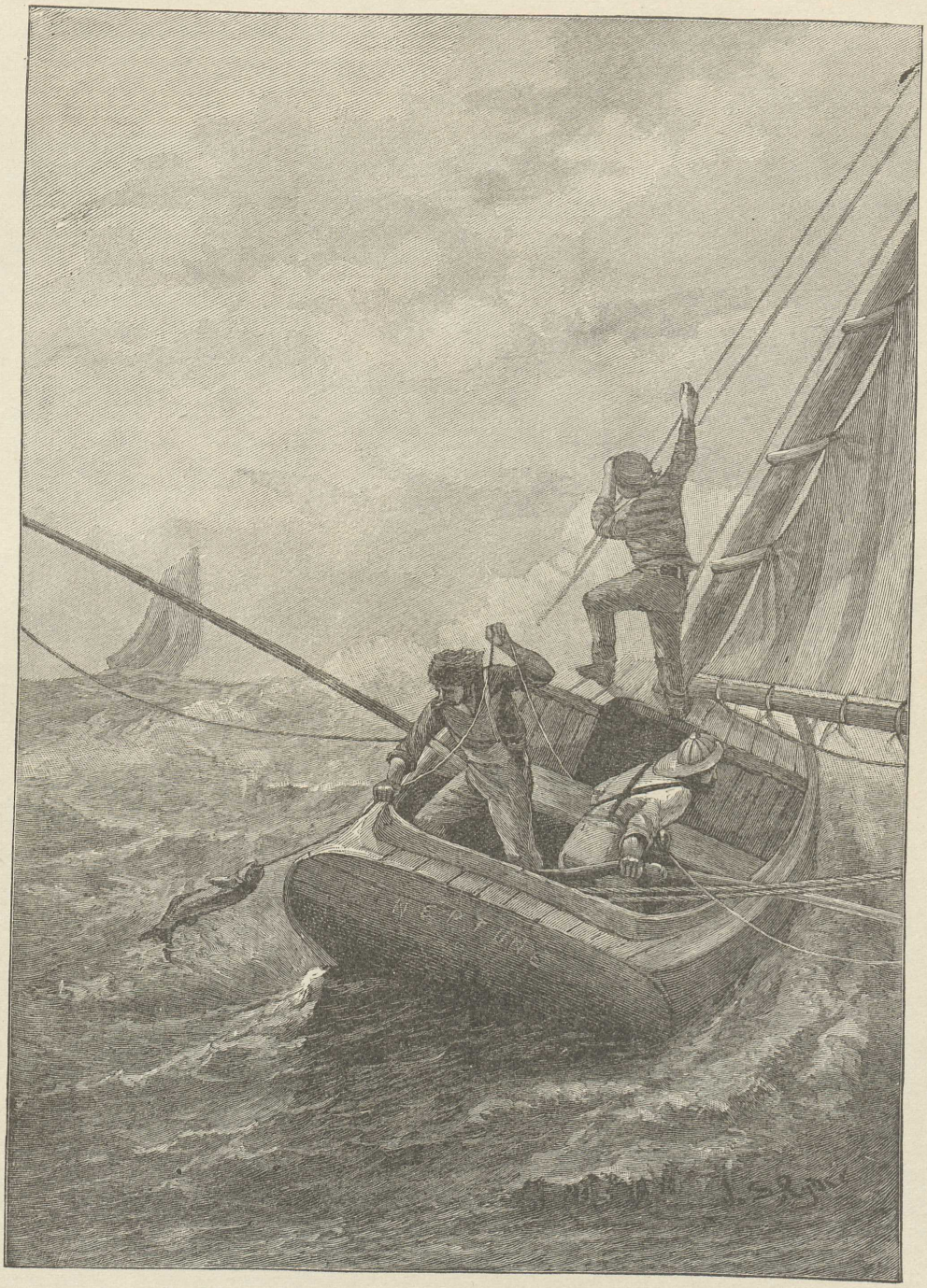
In 1834 Bowen, Hartwell, and John C. Crossman formed the "American Engraving and Printing Co.," afterwards altering their style and obtaining a charter of incorporation as a joint-stock company under the name of the "Boston Bewick Co." Mallory, Croome, and others, joined them. They published the *American Magazine*, of similar character to the London *Penny Magazine*, of which at that time two editions were in course of republication in this country, — one in New York from imported plates, one in Boston with re-engraved cuts by B. F. and J. J. Greenough. The two volumes of the *American Magazine* contain some five hundred illustrations, poor in execution and coarse. In 1836 the company's premises were burnt down, and the company failed. "There was," writes Mr. Mallory (to whom I am indebted for information as to these experiments), "another dispersion of the engravers"; new combinations and arrangements, — some removing, others quitting the business altogether.

In 1829 (again looking back) Abraham J. Mason of London, a man of some versatility and a good engraver, came to New York, well introduced by Lord Brougham and others to scientific and professional Americans. His work, though wanting the power of his master, Branston, was refined, and likely to attract notice. In 1830 the National Academy of Design,

perhaps moved by his introductions, paid him the compliment of electing him as an Associate; and afterwards appointed him their Professor of Wood-Engraving, — a professorship which did not result in much, notwithstanding the delivery of a course of lectures on the art. Listeners, I should think, were not numerous, however novel the subject: I count six or seven engravers at that time in New York. Still, though he in his business of engraving found so little employment that, even with the aid of a bookstore, in Canal Street, he was unable to command a sufficient income, and so after ten years' endeavor returned to England, in the spring of 1839, the prominent if not profitable position accorded to him may have led to some increase of interest in the art, and given some impulse to it. But there was yet too little work for the workmen, and that was of not very artistic character. Mr. T. W. Strong, the publisher, who began life as an engraver, has told me some anecdotes which may serve to show the condition of engraving at this period. On one occasion a man came all the way from St. Louis and stayed at the Astor House till such time as his work (some show-card or label for a new medicine) could be done for him to take home with him. On another, the drawing on the wood being sent for approval, they ran the unengraved block through the press, and were utterly astonished at obtaining only a black result. Surely Mason's lectures might have been wanted.

"So limited was the demand for wood-engravings in this country down to the time when Mr. Mason returned to England," writes Lossing, "that when, late in the year 1838, I engaged in the vocation in this city (New York), Dr. Anderson, Mr. Lansing, and his son, Mr. Adams, B. F. Childs, and R. N. White (who was also a good draughtsman), were the only engravers here. Mr. Bowen and his pupil Hartwell" [not a few others also, as already shown] "were yet practising the art at Boston; and Gilbert was engraving in Philadelphia. Linton Thorne and William D. Redfield, young engravers in New York, had lately died" [Linton Thorne must have been alive at that date. It was certainly later than 1838 when a bright pleasant fellow of that name called upon me in London], "and the elder Lansing and also Morgan were just withdrawing from the business. The younger Lansing then engraved only the large coarse theatre-bills, using mahogany for that purpose." Joseph W. Morse, at that time with Strong, was, I believe, the first who engraved these on pine with an open graver, about 1840; and Strong first produced them, from designs by George Thomas, in combination of colors.

"My first acquaintance with the art of wood-engraving," writes to me an American friend who has made his mark both as draughtsman and engraver, "dates back to the beginning of my apprenticeship in 1843," the date of the copyright of Harpers' (Adams and Chapman's) Bible. "Little use before then had been found for engraving" (he is speaking of New York) "beyond illustrating some new invention, some improvement in the thousand and one articles of household use, or farming utensils, or machinery; or in counterfeiting foreign labels for perfumery, and for one thing or other that would not sell except as foreign produce. Gradually the practice of having English wood-cuts recut was introduced by daring publishers, who thus reproduced the foreign book at a greatly reduced price, and, it must be acknowledged, in a very inferior manner, both in the engraving (generally the work of apprentices) and in the printing, at that time at as low an ebb as the engraving. After a time the publishers began to put in their books an occasional attractive frontispiece; sometimes even two or three additional cuts, generally transferred from English engravings, though already there were artists drawing on wood, — certainly in an inferior manner. Nevertheless it was a beginning, and illustrated books were preferred. I recollect the remark of a publisher, of the conservative type, as he handed to me a couple of duodecimo-page cuts to carry to my employer, to be transferred and re-engraved for a book he was about to publish, — that he supposed 'he would have to do them, as people now-a-days would not buy a book unless there were pictures in it.' The two cuts were to cost the enormous sum of twenty-five or twenty-eight dollars, I forget which, drawing and engraving of the two; and the enterprising publisher seemed to feel that the outlay, merely to gratify a new popular whim, was a great waste of money. The leading house in those days



BLUE-FISHING.

was that of Harper Brothers. They published a series of *English Poets*, the reissue of a series on the other side: well engraved there, here reproduced by apprentices in such fashion as you can easily imagine, — perhaps as good as the prices then paid for such things. Then came the publication of Adams's *Bible:* a wonder for its fine engravings and beauty of printing, issued in



ENGRAVED BY WHITNEY.

From "The Child's Paper." Published by the American Tract Society.



ENGRAVED BY ANNIN.

From "The Child's Paper." Published by the American Tract Society.

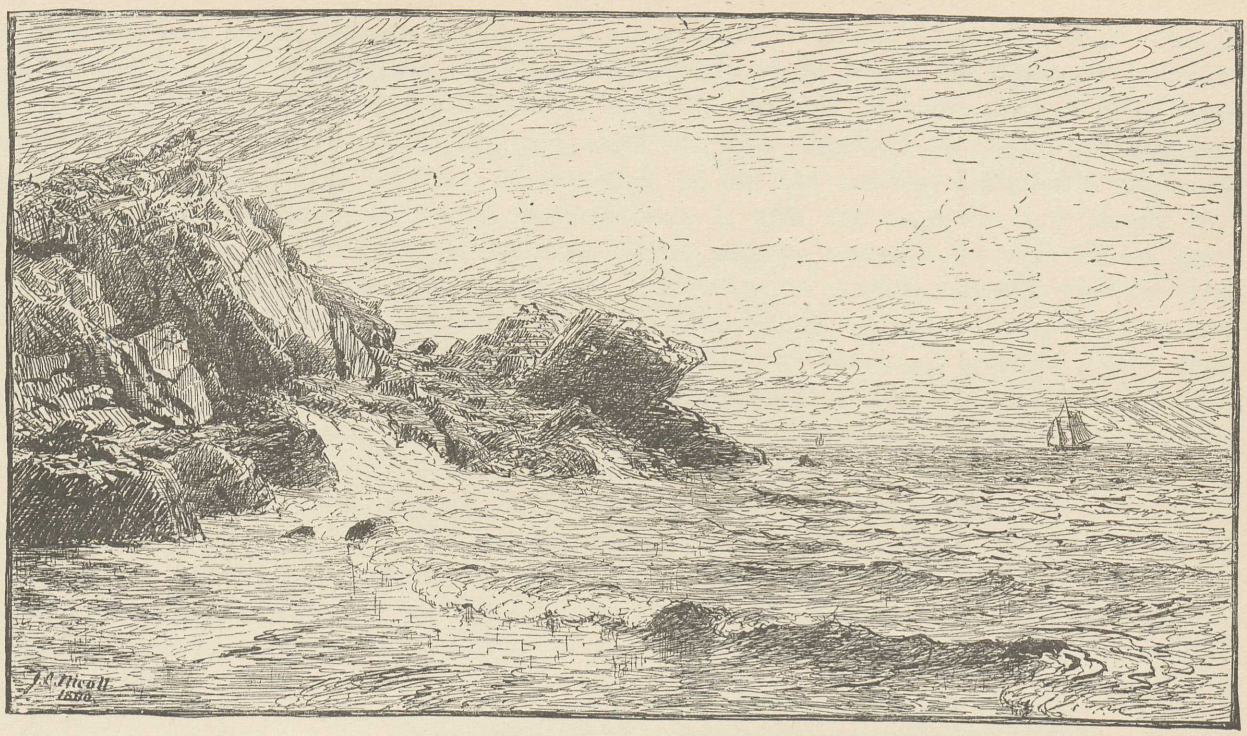
the finest style possible at that day. It was a great success. From this date we may reckon the rise of wood-engraving in this country."

About this time, prominent in New York as engravers, after Anderson and Adams, were B. F. Childs, E. Bookhout, A. Kinnersley, William Howland, (all of whom worked on Adams's Bible,) beside J. H. Hall and his pupil, N. Orr. There were others, also, of less account. Darley now came to the front, with his designs for Washington Irving. About this period, too, came an English immigration, — Alfred Bobbett, John Andrew, and Robert Carter (known here as Frank Leslie), — to stir the native engravers to more activity. Then the American Tract Society took a new departure. Unknown as a publishing house, except for tracts and religious books, a few for the young illustrated with cheap cuts, wretchedly printed, they now launched out more widely; bought better presses, obtained artistic management, and aimed at better work. The general quality of wood-engraving began to improve as the demand for it increased. A notable alteration took place in the style of work. If there was nothing to equal the freedom of handling and boldness of Anderson's best white line, or of so high and perfect a character as in Adams's engravings, there was a bettering of the general quality: a care for purity and delicacy of line, a clearness in fac-simile, and an attention to tone as well as smoothness of tints, which, helped by the improvement in printing, placed the cuts for the Tract Society's



ENGRAVED BY CHILDS. — DRAWN BY HERRICK.

From "The Child's Paper." Published by the American Tract Society.



CLIFFS AT PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT.

BY J. C. NICOLL. — FROM THE ARTIST'S OWN SKETCH.



SEA-WEED GATHERERS.

BY S. EMIL CARLSEN. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

publications very much beyond the mass of earlier work, and on a fair level with average English work of that same period. Much of this was no doubt due to the study and imitation of English engraving, much also to Adams's example. Gilbert's drawings, too, seem to have helped towards this result. Some of them, especially some engraved by Childs and Whitney, will bear comparison with anything of the kind in the old country. Whitney's engraving (he was and is designer also, but my business here is with the engraver) is, I should say, the best of that class. The average work of Childs perhaps comes next; but, indeed, there is a pretty even quality running through the productions of Childs, Whitney, Herrick, Kinnersley, Annin, Hayes, Richardson, Bookhout, the elder Bogert, Jocelyn, Bross, Bobbett, and Edmonds, whose names I find in the many children's books published by the Society: their work all fine, careful, generally good, but timid, and very much dependent on the draughtsman; the general family likeness owing perhaps partly to that, partly also to imitation of the style of engraving at that time in vogue in England. Some of this monotony, as well as of the improvement, might be also due to the influence of Childs, who in 1850, on the death of R. Roberts, took charge of the engraving department of the Tract Society. I find it difficult, unhelped by names, to distinguish the work done for the Society; and, looking through the *Child's Paper*, begun under the same direction in 1852, I trace the same hands, the same general ability, the same characteristics, — except as regards fineness, the paper requiring a larger — I



ENGRAVED BY KINNERSLEY. — DRAWN BY HERRICK.

From "The Child's Paper." Published by the American Tract Society.

can hardly say a bolder — treatment. I select, as favorable examples, with richer and bolder handling than usual, two cuts (1852), *Peace* and *War*, by Whitney and Annin, — Annin's I think the better; and some birds by Childs and Kinnersley (1862), drawn by H. W. Herrick (designer and engraver), — feathery and with a good graver-drawn line, not so much like to Bewick as to Powis, a later English engraver. Childs's, as will be seen, is the more refined; Kinnersley's firmer, good solid work. Coming down to recent times, I may take a small cut by Hayes, from the *Women of the Bible* (American Tract Society, 1868), as specimen of the Society's best work. The later issues of the Tract Society are so mixed, from the constantly increasing use of transfers and electrotypes of foreign cuts, that, even if there were more to deserve notice in them, it would be impossible to keep track of American work. It has been convenient to follow the whole course of the Tract Society, owing to which some of the cuts here given are of a comparatively recent date; but the choice was fair as regards the engravers themselves, and they are not less characteristic of the earlier times, thirty years ago, of which Hall (already spoken of), Childs, and Whitney may be taken as representatives.

BENJAMIN F. CHILDS, born at Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1814, apprenticed to his brother (with Henry Kinnersley and Joseph W. Morse), afterwards with Alonzo Hartwell, of Boston, began business in New York in 1838. I have seen his work so far back as 1843, from Darley's designs. It shows, as before noticed, considerable technical advance on what I find of previous work, — again excepting that by Adams. In 1850, on the death of R. Roberts, Childs took his place as superintendent of engraving for the Tract Society; and both by his attention to printing and by his capacity as an engraver seems to have been mainly instrumental in improving the appearance of their books, and in directing and encouraging the greater carefulness in engraving. "I knew Mr. Childs," says a contemporary well able to give judgment concerning him, "when he was a young man. He was then distinguished for industrious habits, drawing with his friend O'Brien at the National Academy at night, and trying his hand at other times in water-colors and crayons. He was an enthusiastic student of the English school of book illustration of that period": unfortunately a period rather of delicate manipulation than of artistic vigor. "The engravers of his time universally accorded him the foremost rank; and his influence on those working



ENGRAVED BY CHILDS. — DRAWN BY DARLEY.

From "Knickerbocker's History of New York." J. B. Lippincott & Co.



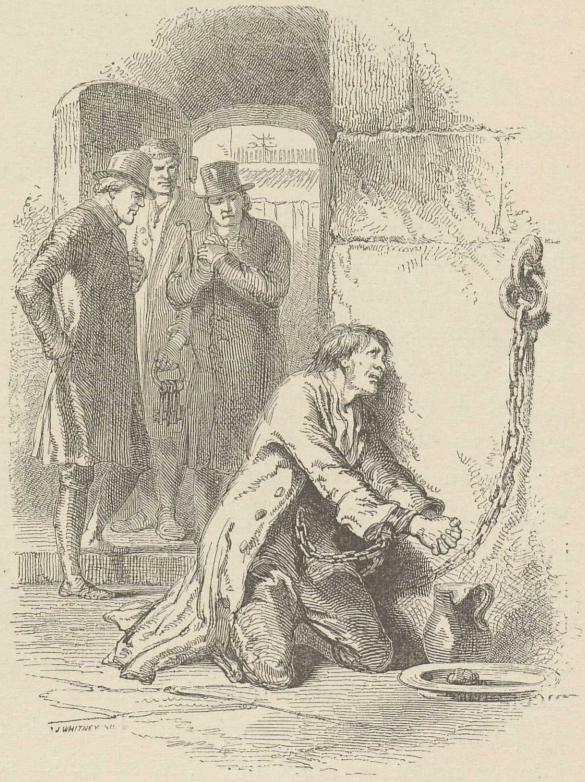
ENGRAVED BY HAYES.

From "Women of the Bible." Published by the American Tract Society.

for him was such that his criticisms developed a degree of refinement and excellence in others that eventually surpassed his own. The best American engravers of to-day are such as received their impulse directly, or indirectly through others, from him." He died in 1863. The best engraving I can find of his is that given on the opposite page, drawn by Darley, from *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, Wiley & Putnam, New York, 1852.

ELIAS J. WHITNEY, a pupil of E. Bookhout, on the death of Childs took his place in the Tract Society. His engraving is generally superior to that of Childs, and appears to me the best of all which I may call early work, — work before 1867. His engraving of the drawings of the English designer, Gilbert, stands beside the best Gilbert work in England; and is, I think, more intelligent as well as more faithful than most of the old country engraving. I would not insult him by any comparison of his work with the mass of that put out with the name of Dalziel. His rendering of Gilbert's best drawing is equal to the best of Orrin Smith's or Gorway's; and closer to the feeling of Gilbert's younger and less careless time. The general character of Whitney's work is shown in the cut here given. Gilbert himself writes: "I have never seen engravings from my drawings that have given me more pleasure." Mr. Whitney was for a long time manager of the engraving department of the Tract Society. The Society is not, artistically, as enterprising as of old, — probably finding it more economical to import electrotypes and exploit new processes, phototypic, or photogalvanic, or whatever they may be called. Nevertheless, the American Tract Society must have credit for what it did, in the teeth of prejudice, at a time when good printing and good engraving were but beginning.

The late Mr. Putnam also deserves mention for similar venturous liberality in those younger days. Irving's *Sketch Book*, produced by him in 1852, was the most beautifully got up book that had then appeared: paper, printing, and margin, of the best and handsomest, with figure designs by Darley and Hoppin, and landscapes, simple or with figures, by William Hart, Bellew, and others, — most, if not all, engraved by Richardson. The landscapes have more of tone in them than had been usual before; the figure subjects are clean and firm, but generally poor in line, without much feeling of the pencil. A few have more color and a richer line. Some minute and very delicate outlines will also be found here, excellently printed. The book is worth referring to for these, and also as fairly representing Richardson's work. *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, of the same date, by the same publisher,



ENGRAVED BY WHITNEY. — DRAWN BY GILBERT.

From "The Child's Paper." Published by the American Tract Society.



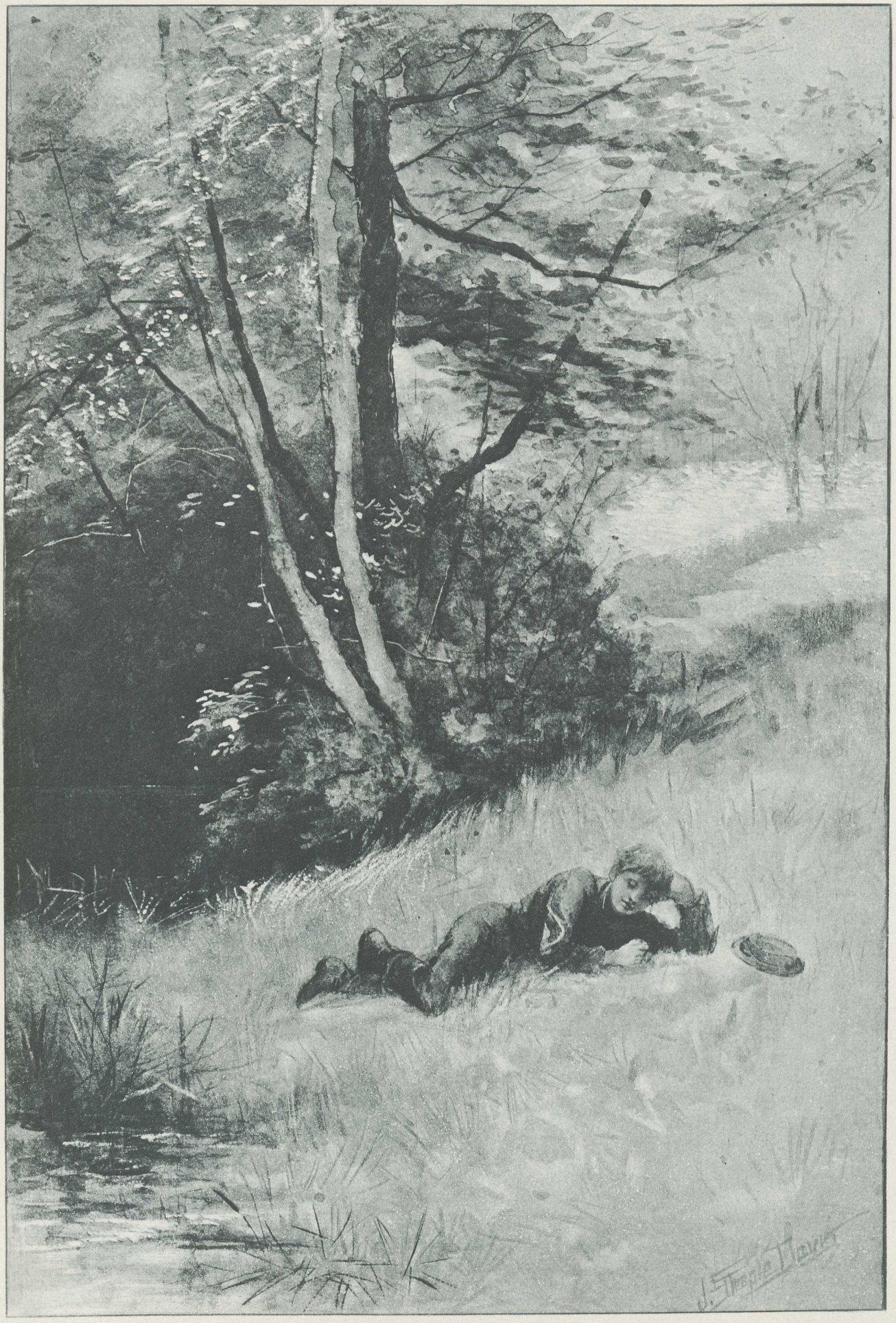
ENGRAVED BY HERRICK. — DRAWN BY DARLEY.
From "Knickerbocker's History of New York." J. B. Lippincott & Co.

(both books now the property of Messrs. Lippincott,) is not so handsomely produced, but has larger engravings (from Darley's drawings), by Childs, Herrick, Harley, Richardson, Lossing & Barrett (Barrett's, I suppose), J. W. Orr, Orr (N.) & Andrew, and Bobbett & Edmonds.

In 1855, referring to date of copyright, Messrs. Harper published Abbott's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, two volumes, with designs by Doepler, and engravings chiefly by J. W. Orr, Richardson & Cox, Whitney, Jocelyn & Annin, J. A. Bogert, Roberts, and Edmonds: Orr's and Richardson's perhaps the best. The book is worth notice, not for the merit of the individual engravings, certainly not better than the average work of the time, but for the number of illustrations given. The Putnam books and this *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* may fairly be considered the first illustrated books (with original cuts), after the *Bible*, that appeared in America: the *Sketch Book* most remarkable for its getting up, the *Knickerbocker* for the excellence of the engravings, the *Napoleon* for the quantity of illustration. I may here close the record of what may be called the earlier engraving: not but that of course much of the same character continues even to the present time, many of the engravers I have named yet living and at work in the old manner.

Yet I must not pass unnoticed the *American Drawing-Book*, "a manual for the Amateur and basis of study for the professional Artist, by J. G. Chapman, N. A.," published in 1847 by J. S. Redfield, of New York. The cuts, so far as I can trace names, are by Kinnersley, Herrick, Howland, Wright, A. Bobbett, Bookhout, (there may be others): heads, feet, hands, some in outline, some in complicated cross-line like copperplate, some small, some (heads, hands, feet) half life-size. Besides these there are trees and parts of trees, leafage, etc. Say they are but fac-simile, and purely mechanical, all drawn line for line by Chapman, still they are wonderfully well cut, as clean and firm as if engraved on steel: it is the very perfection of mechanism; and what tints there are are equally pure and clear. There is a bit of scroll-work by Howland at the beginning of the book that might, with the beautiful printing, pass for steel. I know no other book like this, so good, so perfect in all it undertakes.

W. J. LINTON.


J. Steeple Davis

BUILDING AIR CASTLES.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

J. STEEPLE DAVIS.

MR. DAVIS, a painter of well-known merit, having made many illustrations for "The Aldine," is a resident of New York. He is noted not only for his landscapes, but for his figure paintings as well, having made a number of the "Century" War Pictures. He but recently returned from abroad, where he has been studying for several years to enlarge his scope both as a book illustrator and painter.

In his "Building Air Castles" the artist pictures a scene that probably has had its place in every boy's life; for what boy is there who has not spent many hours during the warm days of summer in "building castles in Spain"?



FREMONT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.

THE HISTORY

OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

PART IV.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

IN the history of wood-engraving in America we cannot omit to notice the influence of illustrated newspapers and magazines. The earliest in the country, according to Lossing (*Memorial* of Anderson), was a weekly illustrated sheet called the *Family Magazine*, of which the first number appeared in April, 1833, published in New York by Justus S. Redfield (the same who published Chapman's Drawing-Book), a brother of the engraver Redfield. It was, says Lossing, "wholly and profusely illustrated by engravings on wood," and "held the field almost without a competitor through eight annual volumes, issued in monthly parts." Adams's *Last Arrow*, writes Lossing to me, "was published in the *Family Magazine*. He had just completed it for another purpose," [for the *New York Mirror*,] "and was printing it with a slightly tinted ground, in the autumn of 1837, when I was taking a fortnight's lessons of him, to enable me to illustrate a little literary work I was then editing at Poughkeepsie, New York." In 1839, Lossing himself edited the *Family Magazine*. His account should, therefore, be trustworthy, yet is not altogether correct. The *New York Mirror* began in July, 1823, and at the close of the fifth volume, July 5, 1828, I find stated, "Engravings shall be continued as heretofore." Vol. VIII., 1830-1, has a list of seven engravings on wood, poor cuts certainly, but engravings for all that; Vol. XIV., 1836-7, has five engravings on wood, one by Adams, the *Studious Boy*, after a picture by Mount; Vol. XV. has no fewer than twenty-one, four by Adams, including the *Last Arrow*, his best work. The *New York Mirror* clearly, therefore, antedates the *Family Magazine* as an illustrated paper; and the "profusely illustrated" may be taken with some salt. The *Mirror* also is a volume "adorned with numerous engravings"; and the "almost without a competitor" from 1833 to 1840 will not stand in competition with the fact that not only the *New York Mirror*, but the Boston *American Magazine* and two reproductions of the London *Penny Magazine*, had existence within those dates.

Two years later (1842) the only illustrated newspaper in New York [and I believe there was none elsewhere in the country] was the *Sunday Atlas*, illustrated to the extent of a small portrait, four inches square, on the front page of the paper. The *Mercury*, not to be outdone, thereupon embellished its Sunday issue with a series of outlines about twice the size of the *Atlas* cuts, illustrating a sort of travesty of a play, "Beauty and the Beast," then being acted at the Bowery Theatre. The character of these cuts may be judged of from their cost, — from two to four dollars each. I believe the *Herald* followed suit, indulging in an occasional embellishment. Then there was a yearly illustrated broad sheet called *Brother Jonathan*. In 1843 a certain Chevalier Wykoff started his *Picture Gallery*, a large open monthly sheet with a few coarse and very common cuts. This lasted only some three months; but was the occasion for

bringing out an English engraver, George Thomas, so well known afterwards for his designs for bank-notes, before he returned to England to make a reputation as draughtsman on the wood, and painter. In June, 1850, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* made its first appearance, soon followed by the *International Magazine* (surely an unfortunate name in those days), published by Stringer and Townsend. *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Graham's Magazine* had also cuts occasionally.

The first volume of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* bears date "from June to November, 1850." It was not profusely illustrated at first, and the few cuts in the early numbers, by Lossing and Barrett, are very poor in quality. The first cut in the Magazine, a portrait of Alison, appears at page 134. Two other portraits, Macaulay and Prescott, follow, at pages 136 and 138. A few fashion cuts complete the illustration-list of No. 1. No. 2 has five small landscapes and three fashion cuts. No. 3 has half a dozen cuts copied from the English *Art Journal;* a fair portrait, after Brady, of Zachary Taylor; and fashion cuts. By the time we reach Vol. X., 1854–5, there is a tolerably numerous array of cuts, by the old hands and others: some good figure subjects, of his best, by Richardson; and neat landscapes, with and without figures, by John Andrew, Richardson, Bobbett & Hooper, and N. Orr & Co.; some good animals also, copied I imagine from Harvey. Thence to 1871 the engraving preserves a dead level. The Magazine had obtained a sale of fifty thousand in the first six months. I shall have to give a special notice of the improvements in later years.

In 1851, T. W. Strong, engraver and publisher, projected the first American illustrated newspaper worthy to be so called. Strong had been a pupil of Elton, but had been taught so little during his pupilage, that, when on a visit to Paris he sought employment from Quartley (an English engraver in business there), his specimens were only laughed at. With true American pluck he asked leave to practise unpaid in the atelier of Andrew, Best, & Co., and so worked till they were glad to pay and desired to keep him. His work, honest and bold, may be seen in the frontispiece of the *Illustrated American News*, drawn by Dallas, the first number of which he brought out on the 7th of June, 1851. The drawings for the paper were principally by George Thomas, Wallin, Hoppin, Bellew, and Hitchcock; the engravings by Strong himself, Anthony (then his pupil), the Orrs (N. and J. W.), and two newly arrived Englishmen, "Frank Leslie" and John Andrew. The engravings cannot be called better, or much worse, than the mass of "engraving" done at the present day for cheap newspapers. The attempt continued for only a few months, the last number appearing on the 12th of March, 1852.

In the following year an endeavor to revive it was made by the great show-man, Barnum, and Beach of the *Sun*. This second *Illustrated News* of New York lasted from the 1st of January, 1853, to November 26th of the same year. Failure again. The cuts were much like those in the earlier paper.

Strong's failure with the newspaper had taught him something of popular requirements. *Diogenes — his Lantern* was brought out by him, making a six months' volume, from January to June, 1852, edited by John Brougham, with cuts in imitation of *Punch* from drawings chiefly by Bellew. That not taking, Strong in the same year started his *Yankee Notions*, which reached a sale of forty-seven thousand, and was profitable to the enterprising publisher for fifteen years. McLenan (a designer of much originality and spirit and a good draughtsman), Hoppin, and Howard drew for it; Brougham and Artemus Ward wrote in it. It may also be worth telling, in connection with the *Notions*, that Edison, the telephone inventor, began life under its auspices, hawking it for sale. The success of the *Notions* prompted Strong to another imitation of *Punch*, — *Yankee Doodle or Young America*, — in 1856. This lived but six months.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper came out in December, 1855, and *Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilization* began its career in January, 1857. An unsuccessful rival, under the conduct of Anthony, with drawings by Eytinge and Nast, begun in November, 1859, collapsed after a few months. *Gleason's Pictorial*, in Boston, was in competition with these, — followed by



HOLY CROSS MOUNTAIN.

Ballou's illustrated publications. *Vanity Fair* was begun a little while before the late war, but did not last, — the times too serious for jesting.

All these endeavors, successful and unsuccessful, I chronicle on account of their influence on engraving. Most certainly, as demand creates supply, (so it is said, though it is the supply that creates demand in many cases,) these publications, even the most short-lived, summoned forth a numerous array of young or new engravers. The influence upon the art, as distinguished from benefit to the professors, is another matter. It ought to have been educative and good. It was good to this extent: it took men away from the tendency to mere fineness of work, which, following the decadent work of England, seemed threatening destruction to everything like artistic excellence. But while doing this, the advantage to be gained from a larger treatment — testing an engraver's knowledge of drawing and his power of line — was neutralized by the necessity of unstudious haste to meet the requirements of rapid publication. It may be indeed a question whether the amount of slop-work, almost necessitated by a newspaper, has not done more to deteriorate the character of engraving than even the pursuit of mere mechanical excellence into which the art was falling. "Anything good enough," so that it was first in the market, did not help to elevate the art. Some little attempt was made by Leslie, in 1867, when I first came to this country, to improve the work in his paper; but the effort lasted only a few months. I suppose it did not pay. The unknowing public did not demand improvement. Of Leslie's other numerous illustrated publications there is no need to speak: they were and are of the same description as the newspaper. Nor of *Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilization* up to the same date, 1867, and even for some years later, can I as an artist speak with more satisfaction. I find there only a few good cuts, much very common work (I speak simply of the engraving), a certain general improvement crawling through the first dozen years; but nothing to which I could refer an engraver for his learning or to stir his emulation. The earlier newspapers (Strong's, Barnum's, Anthony's), following the example of the London *Illustrated News*, were at least not sparing of illustration, such as it was. The cuts in the early numbers of *Harper* are few and far between, of no great importance either.

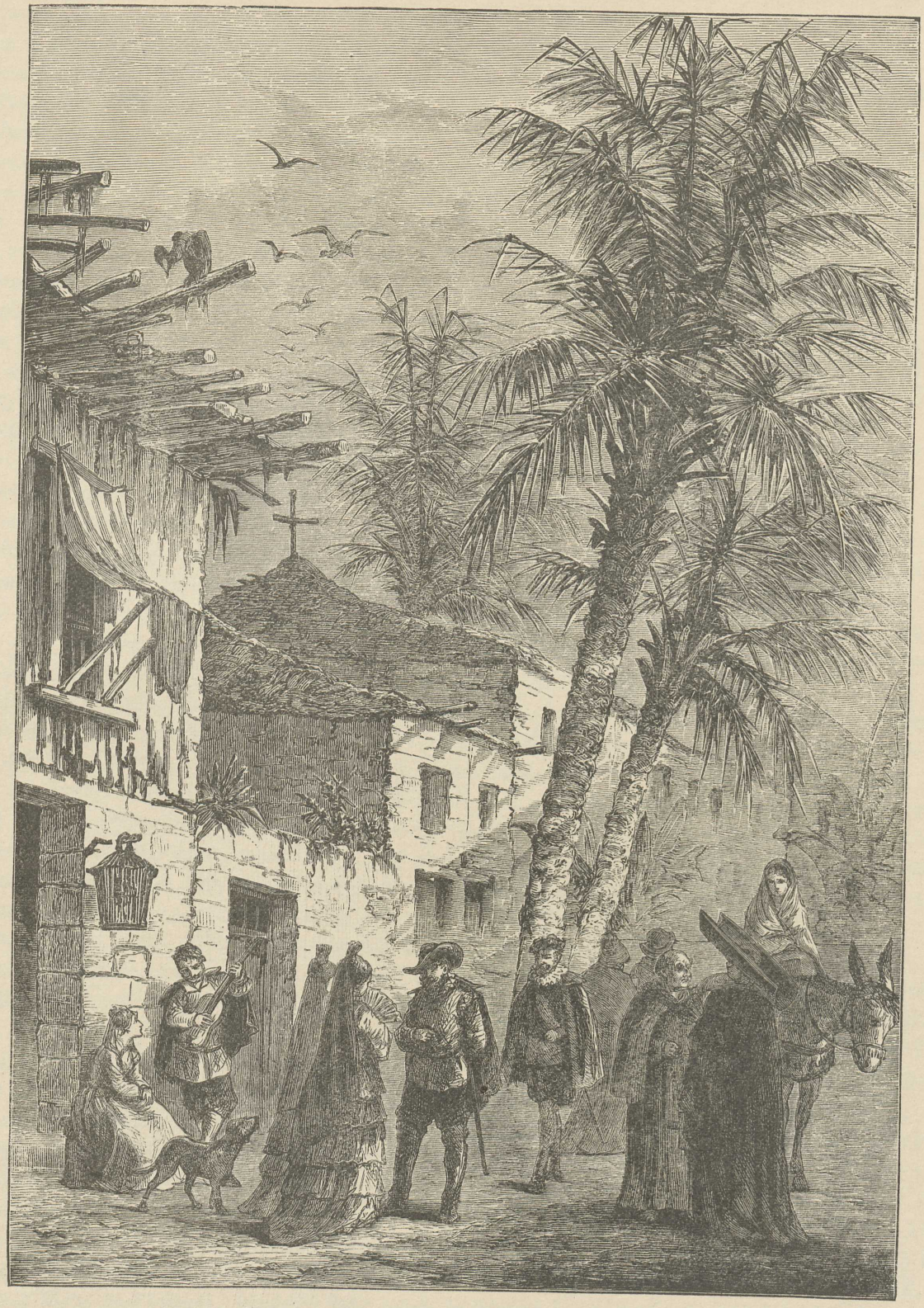
The first number of the *Journal of Civilization*, January 3, 1857, contains four two-column cuts about three inches high, and two comic cuts, one a column and a half, the other three columns wide. This is all, except the well-known heading, in the "illustrated" paper. No. 2 affords a yet poorer lot of illustration, — eight small cuts, not one of them three inches square. No. 3 ventures on a cut across the top of the four columns, two nearly three-column cuts, and a column portrait. No. 4 really makes a show, — eleven cuts in the two centre pages, nothing elsewhere. Thenceforth there is a gentle increase of embellishment, mostly common cuts, such as might illustrate cheap octavo and duodecimo books: landscapes, portraits, with occasional comic cuts, social or political, of the usual excellence. By the time we come to No. 16 there is a beginning of newspaper work, representations of events, a good portrait of the then Governor of New York, and three half-page cuts of *Hon. E. Everett in the Assembly at Albany*, and *Miss Rothschild's Wedding;* besides two pages of small cuts of news from Nicaragua, — fairly engraved and well printed; and a batch of comics. A later number has a portrait of Palmerston and half a page of English news, suggestive (perhaps incorrectly) of importation of casts. Before the six months are out we have a full front-page engraving, portraits of Prince Frederic William of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England; and soon after there is a full-page royal Victorian "drawing-room," and proper newspaper complement of portraits, scenes, fashions, and caricatures. A two-page cut of the Collins steamship astonishes us in No. 39. But neither engraving nor printing improves at the same rate. Indeed, in this first volume there is little to notice as *engraving*, except some good portraits from drawings by S. Wallin. It may be worth remarking that Homer and Hennessy seem to have here made their beginnings as draughtsmen. As the years go on, larger cuts, with necessarily bolder work, are ventured on. There is daring, if little art: evidence of a certain mastery of the graver gained through the larger practice, —



ENGRAVED BY HARLEY. — DRAWN BY DARLEY.

From "The Riverside Magazine." Published by Hurd & Houghton.

evidence also of always haste, that enemy of perfection. During the War much attention to art was not to be expected: the earliest news had to be cared for. Again my criticism refers only to the engraving. The sketches of Waud, Homer, and others, do not come into my province, except so far as I may remark, while recognizing their originality and vigor, that the drawings on the wood could only be hurried, and the engraver also had to work against time. Exceptions of course may be found. A masterly portrait of Martin Van Buren, drawn I suppose by Wallin, whose portraits are always good, appears in No. 293, Vol. VI., vigorously and beautifully engraved and as well printed. There is no engraver's name to it. In 1863 (Nov. 21) I find another good piece of large work, — the *Great Russian Ball*, drawn on the wood by Winslow Homer. By 1871 the improvement is very noticeable. Designs and engravings assume a more



AN OLD-TIME SCENE IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

ambitious character, both in size and in effect. But the engraving is not much improved. Allowing for exceptions, I would rather call it more careless than ever. And by this time so great a proportion of foreign work occupies the paper that it is impossible, unless led by names of known engravers (seldom allowed to assert themselves in an engraving establishment), to place anything as really native talent.

Anderson and Adams — it cannot be too often repeated — drew with the graver. Had Anderson's Ridinger and Teniers prints been taken as exemplars, [but it would seem that these had passed out of sight, disregarded and forgotten,] the large work required in the newspapers had been a noble education for the engravers. Even in Anderson's rudest work every line is the line of an artist, a line with meaning: the ordinary newspaper cutting had no meaning. Except in the portraits, the one object appeared to be to keep color. Form might take care of itself. Certain conventional lines, a little rougher or a little smoother, not always that, served for skies, walls, ground; a flatter line passed for water, and a short dig with the graver for trees. It was conventionality of the worst kind, not formality respecting some recognized rules, but formality without perception, the work of sheer ignorance and absence of mind. Men for so much a week got into the way of "engraving," knowing and caring nothing for it as an art. Even the better class of work suffered from this habitual slovenliness and want of drawing. Bad habits cannot be acquired with impunity. It was with some hope of remedying this state of things that in 1871 I brought out an eight-page folio of large engravings, called *American Enterprise*, the drawings chiefly by Hennessy, the engraving by W. J. and H. D. Linton and Alfred Harral (a pupil of Orrin Smith). The largest, *Bacchus in America*, 25 × 16 inches, drawn by Hennessy and engraved entirely by me, I may notice as I believe the largest wood-engraving ever done as a studied work of art, [larger cuts not artistic there certainly are,] and also because it was an endeavor to recall attention to the old white line of Anderson and Bewick.

Almost simultaneously with this, *Every Saturday* (Fields, Osgood, & Co., Boston) came out as an illustrated newspaper, promising attention to art, and looking to a successful competition with *Harper's Weekly* by means of better paper and printing. Its early numbers were filled with electrotypes from the London *Graphic*, on the use of which, indeed, the speculation was based. As opportunity offered, American work supplemented the foreign; but when the Franco-Prussian war began, news again took the place of art: quite right perhaps from a publisher's standing-point, but in this instance not advantageous even to the publisher. *Every Saturday* did not live through a second year.

Our Young Folks (Ticknor & Fields, Boston) an octavo monthly magazine, begun in 1865 and continuing to 1873, may be referred to as showing the average ability of that period: including the names of Davis & Speer, Morse, Redding, Matthews & Robins, N. Orr, Kingdon & Boyd, Richardson, Kilburn, Cullen, Anthony, and Linton, as engravers; and Eytinge, Fay, Fenn, Hoppin, Homer, Hennessy, Champney, Davenport, Barry, Herrick, Darley, Forbes, Sheppard, Waud, White, Mary A. Hallock, Jessie Curtis, and Lucy Gibbons, as designers.

Hurd & Houghton also, in 1867, '68, '69, '70, issued a monthly, the *Riverside Magazine;* the cuts in the letter-press generally inferior to those in *Our Young Folks*, but with more ambitious effort in the larger unbacked page designs. Chief of these are some designs by John La Farge, engraved by Henry Marsh. The engraving I reserve for future consideration. There is also a series of subjects by H. L. Stephens, illustrating Nursery Rhymes, to be noticed both for the fancy of the designer and for Harley's excellent engraving, — only too much refined, and so losing force and effect. Harley's best work in figures is, however, to be seen here; his best of all, more vigorous than the rest, but equally careful, is one cut of *Jack of the Mill*, from a drawing by Darley, in Vol. IV. p. 332. An excellent cut of *Robinson Crusoe*, by Marsh, from an unusually careful drawing by Nast, is borrowed from Vol. II. p. 145. (See next page.)

Scribner's Magazine, begun in November, 1871, demands with *Harper's* after same date more distinct attention.



DRAWN BY NAST. — ENGRAVED BY H. MARSH.

From "The Riverside Magazine." Published by Hurd & Houghton.

In 1872 another monthly, *The Aldine Press*, for four years before an illustrated advertising sheet, developed into *The Aldine, the Art Journal of America;* larger than *Harper's Weekly*, aiming at more careful engraving than the usual staple of the newspaper, with better paper and good printing. The early numbers may be spoken of as tentative. The printing was good, though on the wrong French principle, of polished paper and brilliant ink, contrasts of color preferred to tone; the engravings also were creditable, notwithstanding the difficulty of suddenly escaping from a newspaper style. And the importation of French and German engravings was certainly useful for educational comparison. I may mention my own work here: *Pines of the Raquette* (1872), and *White Birches of the Saranak* (1873), from drawings by John Hows;



CINDERELLA.

ENGRAVED BY JOUNARD.

FROM "THE ALDINE."



PORTRAIT.

BY ROSINA EMMET. — FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.

Blood Money (1872), after Victor Nehlig; and *River Creek*, after T. Moran, and *On Long Island Sound*, after M. F. H. de Haas (both in 1873). I think I have done no better work than these. There are good cuts also by Bogert, Davis & Spier, and Quartley. Early work of Cole and Juengling will also be found in the *Aldine*. The drawings show the names of Thomas and Peter Moran, Woodward, J. S. Davis, Whittredge, Casilear, De Haas, Hows, Hubbard, Nehlig, Laurie, McEntee, Homer D. Martin, Van Elten: a sufficient variety, not counting English, French, and German. The most numerous engravings are by French hands, Maurand and Jonnard: Maurand for some years working in this country. Maurand's landscapes are capital, daring, and with more drawing as well as decision than is usual in American or English engraving; failing nowhere from the engraver's lack of confidence in himself, but wanting grace and tenderness and respect for the individuality of the drawing. They are all clever, but they are all Maurand. And the best of them is not so good as the *Valley of the Babbling Waters* by Bogert, a full-page cut in Vol. VII., 1874–5. In figures Maurand is excelled by Jonnard. His engraving also is generally too hard, of the metallic school of Pannemaker; but, when he steps beyond that, worthy of study by whoever is desirous of seeing how the boldest lines may yet be harmonious and refined. His engraving of *Inspiration* (No. 1, Vol. VIII., 1877) is a masterpiece of vigorous yet perfectly finished work. His *Cinderella* (here given) is very expressive of his best style. Other work in the *Aldine* would also claim notice, but the "Aldine Co. Sc." or the "Aldine Co. Xylo." cut across the engravers' names warns us off from further comment. For the rest, by the work it has given to both foreign and native artists, by its importation of good engravings, and by its good printing, the *Aldine* has undoubtedly helped to a considerable extent the progress of engraving in America.

Some few words as we pass on our way may not be out of place in mention of the Engraving School for Women, generously established, in 1859, by the benevolence of Mr. Peter Cooper, at the Cooper Institute, in New York. The school, indeed, had its first beginning from the energy of a few ladies, and was for some time supported by voluntary subscriptions collected among their friends. These means, however, being insufficient, Mr. Cooper was persuaded to make it a part of the gratuitous system of instruction at the Institute. Before its incorporation with that, Mr. Herrick had been engaged as instructor. Mr. O'Brien succeeded him at the Institute; and afterwards I for a time endeavored to supply his place. The school has since been under the superintendence of Miss Cogswell, and deserves every possible aid and encouragement from those who care to help a fair opportunity for appropriate and profitable occupation for women. No great artist with the graver may have yet proceeded thence; but Miss Powell's conscientious work has earned a place in Scribner's *Portfolio*, and many women have found employment after there qualifying. It was at the Cooper Institute, too, in the School of Design, under the able tuition of the late Dr. Rimmer, that Mrs. Foote (then Miss Hallock), the best of our designers on the wood, began her art studies. In the same school Miss Curtis, Miss Gibbons, and Miss Ledyard had their first lessons.

W. J. LINTON.



OPHELIA.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

ANNA LEA MERRITT.

THE painting from which the etching was made was shown at an exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, and was bought by Lord Walter Campbell. Previous to exhibiting it, the artist made special studies among the inmates of an insane asylum, and altered the character of the face, giving it more of the expression which we should look for in the features of the unfortunate Ophelia.

Both painting and etching are excellent, and there can scarcely be a question as to the high rank of this work in point of *technique*.

THE HISTORY

OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

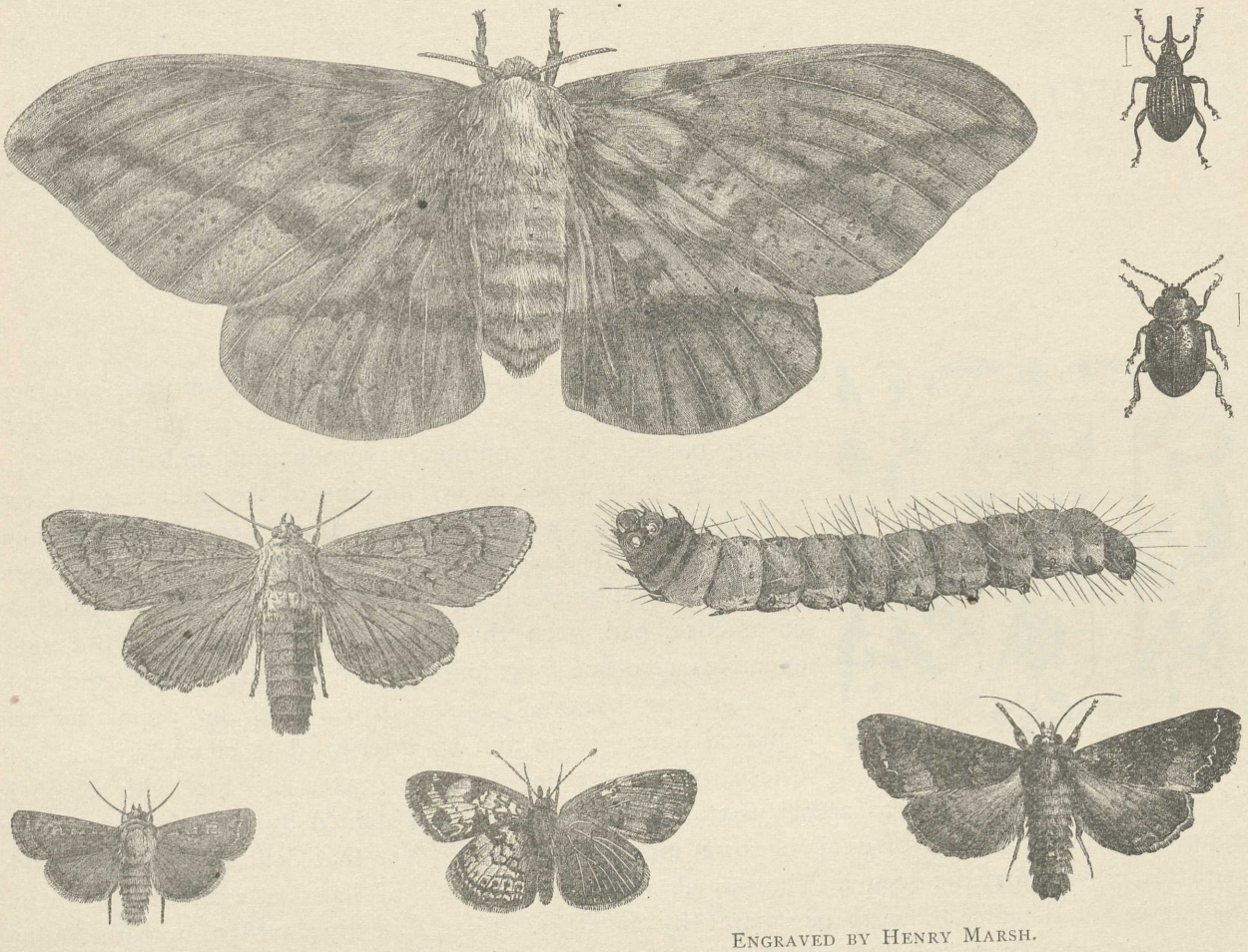
PART V.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

RETURNING from the newspaper history to resume our consideration of book-work, I go back again to the period of Putnam's Irving books. The continual reproduction and imitation of current English works, to say nothing of the influence of English engravers (not a few here since Mason), could not but affect the character of American art. Anderson, as we have seen, adhered to the method of Bewick. Adams, had he continued in practice, had been the Thompson of America. But their examples were not long followed. When the emasculated style of engraving became popular in England, its popularity was repeated here. I can find no fitter word to characterize a style whose users, forgetting that the graver is a tool with which *to draw*, lose all their vigor as artists, content with effects to be obtained by smooth and delicate tones and multiplication of weak because meaningless lines. Not that delicacy is incompatible with force, — as may be seen in Thompson's work (no delicacy of line has exceeded his); but that it is not the first thing to be sought by an artist. Even so early as 1850, notwithstanding all I have not too praisefully said of the work of Childs and Whitney, and their fellows of the Tract Society, the tendency was toward imitation of steel. A generation had arisen in England, unmindful of the artist engravers, and whose new aim was only refinement, the perfection of mechanism. "As fine as steel" was taken as a compliment. The prettiness of such English work became the fashion elsewhere. Fine they called it: but it was only minute, mean and feeble, and pretty.

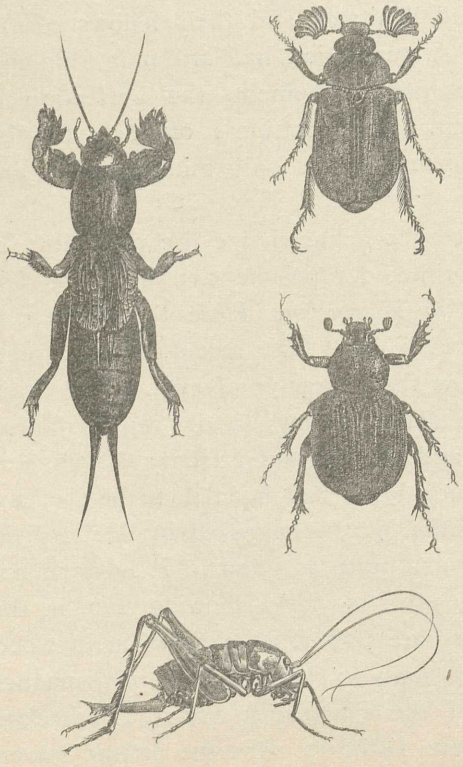
To so sweeping a condemnation of fineness let me at once acknowledge the possibility of exceptions, taking special note of one, a book *sui generis*, printed for private circulation in 1862 by the State of Massachusetts, — Harris's *Insects injurious to Vegetation*. Here the fineness is not a weak endeavor to hide bad work, nor from ignorance of what was meant. The insects (of which I can give but a few, enough though to show the character of all), drawn from nature by Sonrel and Burckhardt, needed most absolutely exact rendering, to the representation not only of form and color, but of difficult textures also; and the engraver, Henry Marsh, was therefore fully justified in his microscopic treatment. No such book had been done before, nor will it ever be surpassed [though some similar cuts, — moths, etc., — engraved by Mallory, in 1869, for the St. Louis *Entomological Journal*, are nearly if not quite as good]. It is work not only of patience and remarkable eyesight, but also of true artistic skill; showing, too, in the comparison of the steel plates with the wood-cuts, that there are powers of expression in wood which cannot be equalled by the rival process. The book is unique; and, printed in a manner worthy of the illustrations by the late A. K. P. Welch, of the University Press, Cambridge, Mass., proves what can be accomplished when care and time faithfully subserve artistic talent.

Surely, when I exclaim against fine work, it is not such fine work as this. But everything has its place. My censure is aimed at the fineness that superseded healthier art (in England first,



ENGRAVED BY HENRY MARSH.

From Harris's "Insects injurious to Vegetation."



as before said) in that era of commonness out of which arose the gift-books, "*éditions de luxe*," books illustrated, not because the text required it, but merely for the sake of pseudo-adornment and embellishing: a trade endeavor to produce something more attractive than ordinary. No fault this of the publisher, whose business is not so much to educate or encourage the producer as to sell the produce. Nor do I blame the artist so employed for meeting the market requisitions. It is not stipulated by his employers that he shall neglect the higher things in art while caring for the saleable refinement. Fine and small work, beyond the insect world, may be good, and need not be weak. I do but take note of a too prevailing tendency, and even noting it have praise to give.

Earliest of these art-luxuries in this country were the Irving books, already credited with talent. Then there was Dr. Holland's *Bitter-Sweet*, brought out by the elder Scribner: designs by E. J. Whitney, engravings not above the level. A more important work was Palmer's *Folk*



A SKETCHING TRIP IN ENGLAND.

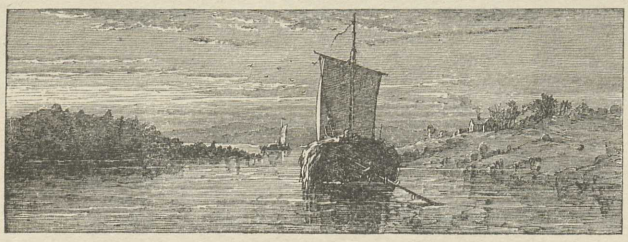
DRAWN BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

Songs (Scribner, 1866–7), important in the opportunity afforded, by a long array of designers, for the engravers to display themselves. The list of engravers upon it is a long one also; but there is little variety of treatment. Despite the publisher's liberality, the book rather marks the ebb of engraving talent, at best an average of creditable mediocrity. This may be in part owing to the unpractised draughtsmen. Not a few were young hands upon the wood. The same apology may be made for *Enoch Arden* (Ticknor & Fields, 1865–6). The drawings there are by Darley, Vedder, La Farge, and Hennessy; and queer enough, except those by the accustomed hand of Darley, they must have been. The engravers — Marsh, J. A. Bogert, Anthony, Davis, Berlett, Kilburn & Mallory, Morse, and Annin — may be forgiven for any failure. Nevertheless, the book is worth notice for some originality of treatment, at least an endeavor to escape from the bondage of routine, by closer attention to the peculiarities of the draughtsmen. Other gift-books followed in swift and regular succession. Those of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Fields, Osgood, & Co., and James R. Osgood & Co., daintily produced under the tasteful supervision of Mr. Anthony, were not without useful influence on the art, — better drawings helping toward better engravings. Appleton & Co., as well as the houses just named, had their share in fostering a higher class of design; aiding it also, so far as glazed paper would allow, by good printing. I need but passingly notice these books, all probably well known to my readers. From the Boston firm issued, in 1866–7, Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, with ten small designs by Eytinge, engraved by Anthony; in 1868–9, Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, with nineteen cuts by Anthony, after Hennessy; and in 1869–70, Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, I think the daintiest gift-book of them all, — some forty small drawings by H. Fenn, his early careful work, a few engraved by me, but most by Anthony and of his best, — subjects and drawing well suited to his graver, — honest while refined. I would especially point out those on pages 11, 17, 123, the lower one on page 28, and others on pages 51, 57, and 69. Dickens's *Christmas Carol* (Anthony again) appeared in the same year; followed in 1870–1 by *Winter Poems*, illustrated by Fenn, Homer, Griswold, Hennessy, Eytinge, Martin, McEntee, and Fredericks. Then came a large quarto, Hennessy's drawings of Edwin Booth in his principal characters, some of the cuts in which had previously appeared in *Every*



ENGRAVED BY ANTHONY.

From "Snow-Bound." Published by Fields, Osgood, & Co.



ENGRAVED BY ANTHONY.

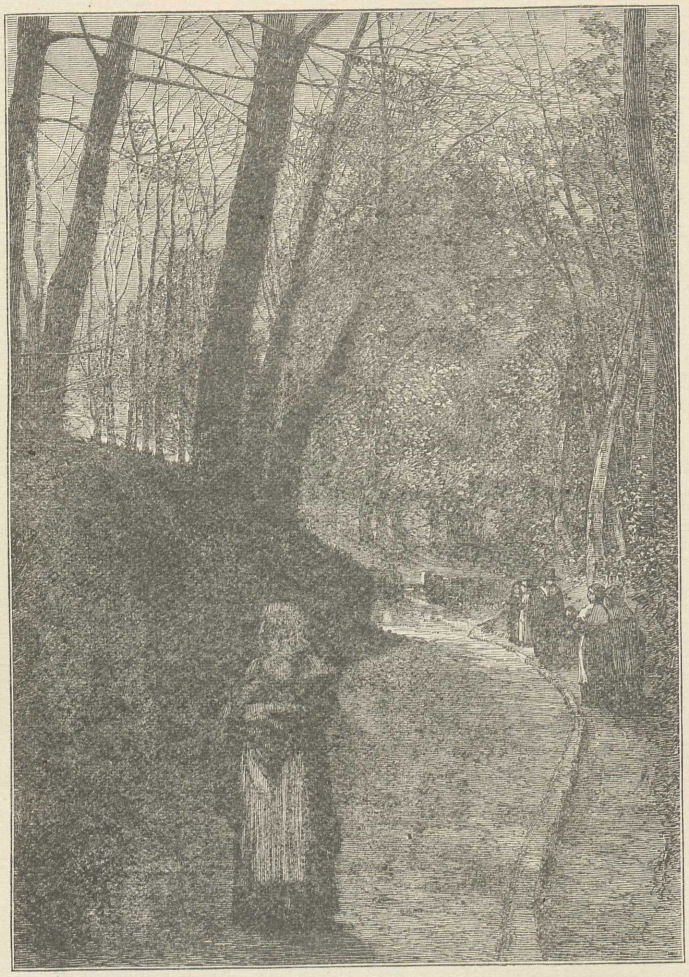
From "Snow-Bound." Published by Fields, Osgood, & Co.



ENGRAVED BY ANTHONY.

From "Mabel Martin." Published by James R. Osgood & Co.

Saturday, hardly therefore to be classed in the series I am chronicling; and in 1875–6 and following years Whittier's *Mabel Martin*, Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armor* and *Hanging of the Crane*, and Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter:* the figure subjects in these four by Mary A. Hallock (now Mrs. Foote), the landscapes by Waud and T. Moran, the initials and ornamental work by Harley and Ipsen; the engraving chiefly by Anthony. In the early part of the same gift period, before the beginning of their *Magazine*, Scribner & Co. brought out Dr. Holland's *Kathrina* (1868–9) and Mrs. Browning's *Lady Geraldine* (1869–70), both numerously illustrated by Hennessy, the *Kathrina* having also some landscapes by Griswold. In both books the engraving goes under my name. In the *Lady Geraldine* I had the help, for almost all the landscape part, of Alfred Harral, my fellow-worker in early years. The *Kathrina* was entirely my own. In it I may point out some difference of style, the white-line method being followed throughout. In 1868 the American Tract Society produced the *Women of the Bible*, already referred to, with drawings by F. A. Chapman, some of them of excellent feeling and finish engraved by Hayes. Nor were Messrs. Appleton & Co. idle. I find between the above-given dates, published by them, Bryant's *Song of the Sower* (1870–1), with forty-two engravings; Bryant's *Story of the Fountain* (1871–2), forty-two engravings; Bryant's *Little People in the Snow* (1872–3), with designs by Fredericks; and by Fredericks also, *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* — the last two engraved by Bobbett, with tint behind the black-line work, — very effective. The *Dream* is altogether an imposing book.



ENGRAVED BY ANTHONY.

From "The Scarlet Letter." Published by James R. Osgood & Co.

These gift-books, produced with much care and at great cost, however differing in merit, and whatever of demerit the critic may impute to them, certainly afforded practice and encouragement to both designers and engravers. If full advantage were not taken by commensurate improvement, whether in drawing or in engraving, the fault lay not with the publishers. For a further great incentive to good work we are indebted to the enterprise of Messrs. Appleton in the issue of the most important book of landscape that has appeared in this country, their *Picturesque America*, now complete in two handsome volumes, but first published in monthly parts, in 1872, '73, '74. The imperial quarto size of the page gave scope to the engraver; and there was no more need either for the weakening refinement of small book-work or for the haste of newspaper requiring. The best landscapes engraved in this country (and nothing of later years in England will equal them) are to be found here. I have gone carefully through the two volumes, picking out without reference to names what seemed to me the best, — the most artistic, the most effective, the best also in manipulation, — and it may be well, if only for the sake of any of my readers desirous of perceiving differences of treatment, to make some attempt at classifying these. I take the first volume.



AN OLD-TIME WEDDING PARTY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.
From "Kathrina." Published by Scribner & Co.

I think nothing more satisfactory is to be found in this than the work of F. O. Quartley, an Englishman, but I suppose sufficiently acclimated to be noticed in the history of American engraving. Always firm and honest (terms to be repeated because expressing the first qualifications of an engraver), his cuts are sure to print well. They are also to be commended for artistic attention to differences and for careful gradating of color. I would rank him first among the Picturesque Americans. The cuts I signalize as his best (there are none bad, though of course there is a perceptible difference of merit, of carefulness, of success in rendering his subject) are *Castle Head, Mount Desert* (page 1), the *Tennessee* (page 52), *Chattanooga* (page 57), the *French Broad* (page 133), the *Entrance to Weyer's Cave* (page 212), the *Yellowstone* (page 292), and *Niagara* and *Under the Falls* (pages 432, 437): all admirable for both mechanism and feeling. These are all from drawings by Harry Fenn. Harley, I think, stands next to Quartley for general excellence: his engraving not so strong as Quartley's, but with more variety as well as feeling, and always, from the cleanness of his line, easy for the printer. Of his I select the *Lovers' Leap* (page 139), *Cliffs above Dismal Pool* (page 170), the *Date Palm* (page 189 — rich in line), *Entrance to Watkins Glen* and *Fairy Arch* (pages 240, 285 — of the same richness), *Soda Springs* (page 313), *Luna Island in Winter* (page 448), and *Ice Forms* (page 449): all very good, the last especially as an accurate representation of nature. These Harleys, also, are all by Fenn. Morse, whose general work most resembles Quartley's, — not so decided, but with more sense of tone, — has a good cut, *Interior of Natural Tunnel* (page 337), drawn by Sheppard, and one more characteristic of himself, *Main Street, Buffalo*, by Woodward (page 513). Filmer's best, I would say, are *Cliffs on the Yellowstone*, and the *First Boat on the Yosemite* (pages 301, 308), by Fenn, *Sentinel Rock* (page 475), by J. D. Smillie, and *At the Mouth of Russian River* (page 554), by R. Swain Gifford. There is good engraving, also, not too wearisomely to particularize, by Bogert, (page 84) the *Natural Bridge, Virginia;* by Langridge, (pages 54, 113) *Lookout Mountain* and *Mauch Chunk*, (page 454) *Trenton Falls*, and (page 379) *Hills near Moorfield* — exceptionally good; by Karst, (page 257) *Grist-Mills at East Hampton*, and (pages 347, 350, 351) the *Peaks of Otter, Natural Towers*, and *Jump Mountain;* by N. Orr, (pages 177, 225, 377) *Boat-Landing, Powder Mills*, and *Arched Strata;* by Richardson, (pages 224, 433) *Rising Sun* and the *Brink of the Horseshoe;* by Halliwell, (page 277) a *Planter's Home;* by Bobbett, (page 429) *Willamette Falls;* by Anthony (pages 441, 457) the *Whirlpool*, and *High Falls, Trenton.*

I need not spend so many words upon the second volume, though in no respect inferior to the first. Enough to mention a few of the cuts that first strike me: *Sinking Run above Tyrone*, and *Monument Rock* (pages 144, 181), by Quartley; *Dial Rocks, Laramie Plains* (page 171), by Filmer; *Truckee River* (page 193), by Morse; *Pine Forest on the Susquehanna* (page 213),

by Langridge; *Old Mill*, and *Silver Cascade* (pages 296, 297), by Harley; *Ascent of Whiteface* (page 414), by Slader, an Englishman, one of the most effective and at the same time the most delicate in the two volumes; and *Walls of the Grand Cañon* (page 509), by Annin, which I would call the most careful and the best of the whole series.



ASCENT OF WHITEFACE — ENGRAVED BY SLADER.

From "Picturesque America." Published by D. Appleton & Co.

The English engravers (beside Quartley and Slader) represented are Henry Linton, Measom, Cranston, Palmer, Alfred Harral, and myself. The work of the two first named is rather below than above the general average: the best I find, *Goshen Pass* (Vol. I. p. 352), by H. Linton, and *Washington Rock* (Vol. II. p. 49), by Measom. Cranston has a good cut (Vol. II. p. 127), *Looking South from South Mountain;* Palmer a few in Vol. II., the best of which are *Moss Glen Cascade* (page 287) and the *Ausable Chasm* (page 415) — an excellent engraving, but wanting transparency in the water. Alfred Harral has many in both volumes. I would call attention to *Calking on the Neversink* (page 178), *Gorge of the Yellowstone* (page 296), and *Mill on the Antietam Road* (page 335), all in Vol. I., as specimens of his ability. It will not



WALLS OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

ENGRAVED BY ANNIN. AFTER THOMAS MORAN.

FROM "PICTURESQUE AMERICA." PUBLISHED BY D. APPLETON & CO.



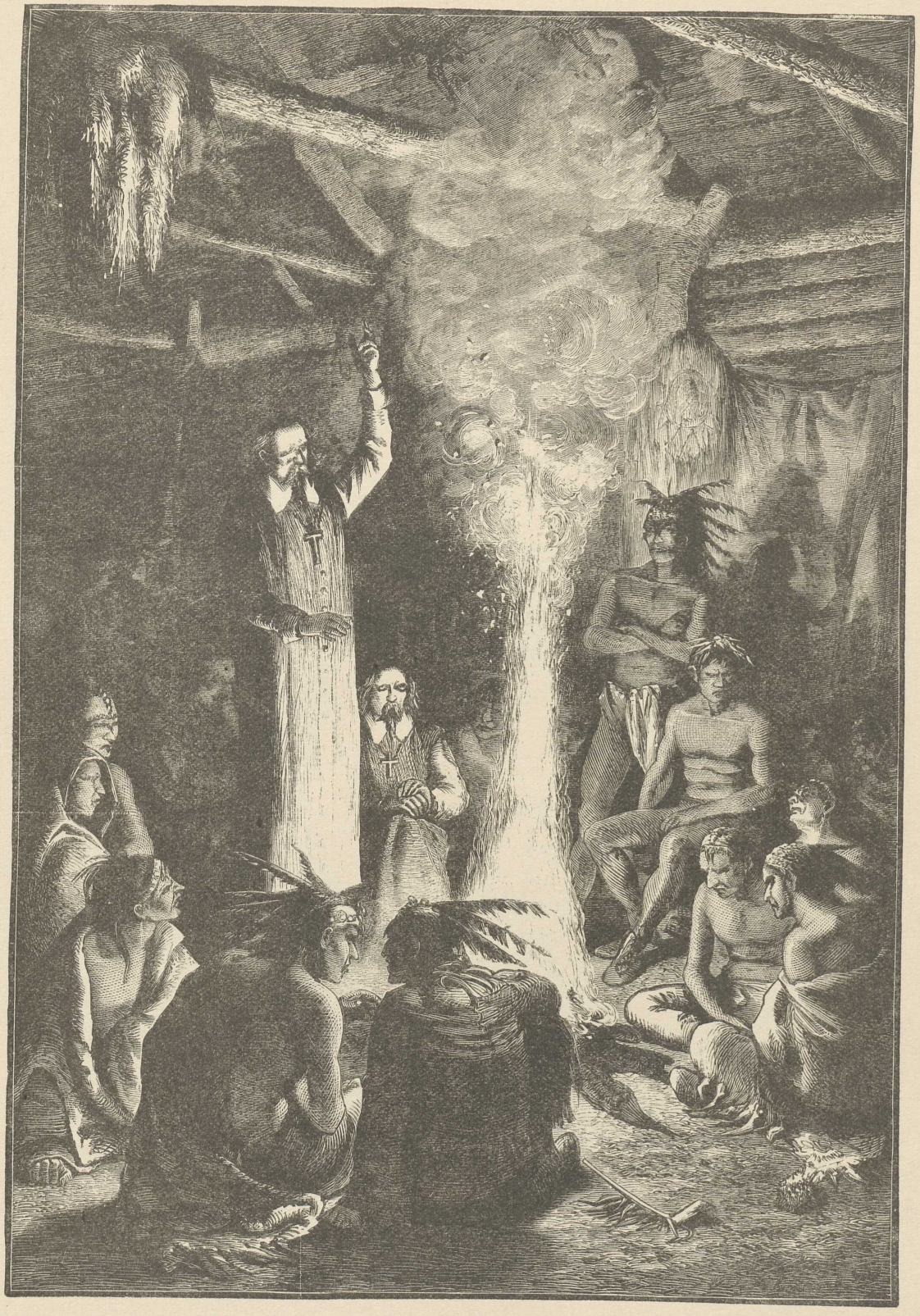
THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

hurt the engraver to compare these English cuts with the American, to note what differences of style may obtain. All such rivalry and friendly comparison helps to understanding. For this reason I may be suffered to speak also of my own endeavors. Surely not with bragging intent, but because I have sought to express the drawings under my hand in a fashion somewhat different from that of my fellow-engravers. In landscape subjects the drawings are usually worked in with Indian ink or sepia, and the engraver has to find the lines most appropriate to the same. There are exceptions to this manner of drawing, — as, for instance, the *Pine Forest* by Langridge (Vol. II. p. 213), a great part of which might have been drawn in pencil lines and engraved fac-simile; and the same peculiarity occurs in the light edges of vignettes, and in the lighter portions of other cuts, — light trees and grasses especially. Still, the mass of landscape drawing is tint; and, as said before, the engraver has to express that in lines. The fault of which I accuse almost all work of later days. is that the engraver seems to care only for color, for the general effect of his cut, neglecting the making out of forms and the expression of different substances, letting two or three sets of unmeaning lines serve for everything. I hold that, on the contrary, the engraver should be always aware of the many differences of form and substance, texture, nearness, distance, etc., and use his graver as he would a pencil in distinctly and accurately rendering them. This is what I at least try to do, and for this I claim some distinction for my work. Beyond the recognition of this endeavor I do not ask for notice or especial praise. And while I may point out those of my cuts which I think are the best exponents of my theory and practice, I am free to confess that my work in other respects may fall short of others'. To give but one instance: I have done nothing of the same clearness, which means fitness for printing, nothing with so pure a line (taken only as line), as what will be found most noticeably in Quartley's engravings. In comparison with his my cuts in this *Picturesque America* have been generally coarse and harsh; yet I no less insist on the theory advanced above. Enough said, perhaps, to explain my position. I may now name what I consider the best of my work as examples, notwithstanding any failure on my part, of what should be aimed at by the engraver. The engraver may like to know also what an old hand would pick out as his best, not for finish so much as for sound work and expression.

In Vol. I., *Spouting Horn* (page 9), coarse, but every line drawn; *Tower Falls* (page 305), of the same character; *Berkeley's Seat* (page 373). In Vol. II., *Catskill Falls* (page 121); *Glimpse of Lake Champlain* (page 281); *Looking toward Smuggler's Notch* (page 286); *Pulpit Rock, Nahant* (page 395); and *Marble Cañon* (page 507). These are sufficient to indicate my ground of comparison; and, if the inquiry have interest, it can be pursued further.

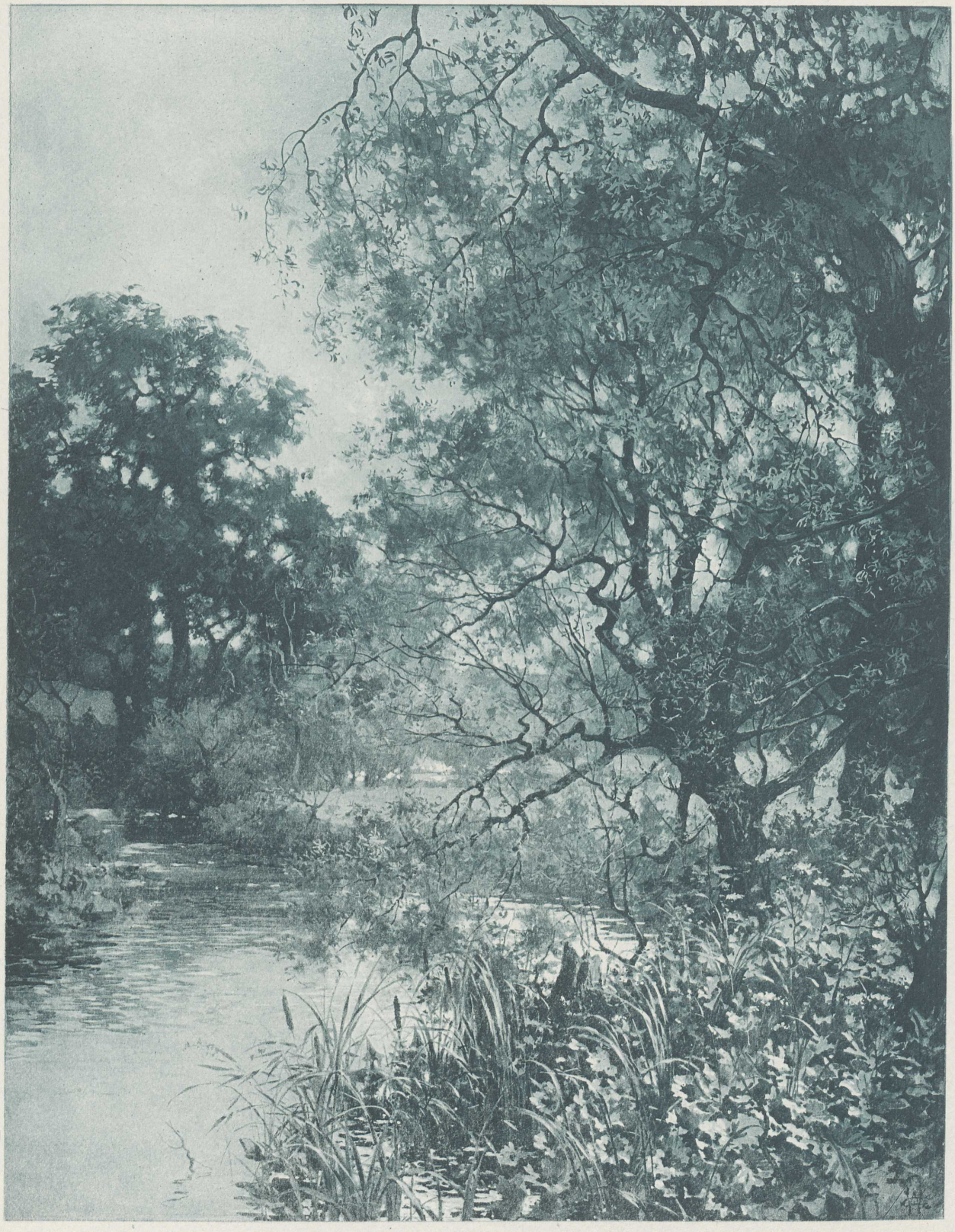
Of *Picturesque Europe*, immediately following *Picturesque America*, I need, on account of its similarity, say but little. The illustrations, most of them engraved in England, are not on the whole so good as the American work. Those by Harley and Morse (there is one by Morse, a *Windmill at Rye*, Vol. I. p. 85, more vigorous than usual with him) are certainly much superior, both in feeling and in manipulation, to the multitude which passes with the name of Whymper, many of which are coarse in the worst sense of the word. It may be worth while for the student of engraving to refer to one at page 120, Vol. I., *Burnham Beeches*, if only to see the extreme of vulgarity — pretentious commonness, with utter disregard of what an artist understands as quality or value: coarse (Pannemaker out-Pannemakered), bold as ignorance, and most absurdly and unfortunately emphasized by contrast with a steel plate (also of the *Beeches*) immediately following. I name this as a specimen of mistaken daring, not as a sample of work called after Whymper, whose name is Legion. There are many good cuts with his ascription. Also others that I would like to notice, but wanting names I cannot speak of them as American or English. All exceptions allowed, the engraving in the *Europe* is not equal to that of the earlier work. In both books, however, I venture to assert that the average engravings on wood have more artistic merit than the finer and yet more mechanical steel plates.

W. J. LINTON.



THE JESUIT BREBEUF CONFRONTING THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



THE MEADOW BROOK.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM DRAWING

BY

W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

A GREAT delicacy of feeling and freshness of tone seems to pervade the landscape drawings of Mr. Gibson and in which he is most justly celebrated.

The meadow scene we have here given our readers recalls the lines of Tennyson's Song of the Brook.

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

"With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow."



THE PIONEER SETTLERS OF JAMESTOWN.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

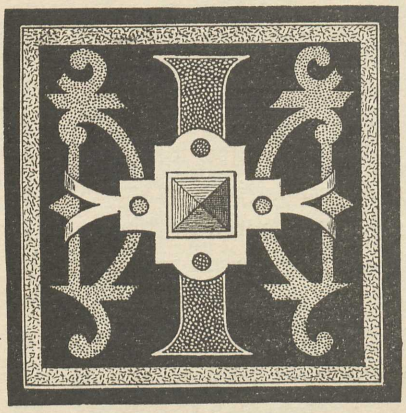
THE HISTORY

OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

PART VI.

CHAPTER FORTIETH.



STAYED consideration of *Harper's Magazine* in order to resume my notice of it at the date at which I have now to take up its competitor. *Scribner's Magazine* was started in November, 1871, and for four or five years the two magazines (*Scribner's* and *Harper's*) preserved a pretty fair level, — with little of importance in either in the matter of engraving, only some improvement in paper and printing. In *Scribner*, during that period, I remark nothing very extraordinary save a general tendency toward fineness; a few good portraits; and a series of capital cuts (1875), from Moran's drawings, which appear to have been afterwards used (ill-used, so far as printing went) in the Governmental Report of Professor Powell's *Exploration of the Colorado River*. The subjects of these cuts (engraved by Bookhout, Bogert, King, Smithwick, Nichol, Müller, and others) demanded a certain degree of minuteness; and Moran's distinct drawing helped toward clearness and effectiveness in the engraving. These seem to have been the precursors of that race of microscopic littleness which has latterly marked the career of the two leading magazines, to which I shall have to call more particular attention further on.

St. Nicholas, Scribner's illustrated magazine for boys and girls, was begun in 1873, with work of the same character as that in *Young Folks* (whose place it presently took), but steadily improving. The designs and engravings, though generally lighter and less important than those in *Scribner's Monthly*, are by the same hands. One criticism may serve for both. Some cuts I shall have to notice elsewhere. Here I may give special commendation to the *Heart of Winter*, drawn by Moran, one of King's best engravings (Vol. IV. p. 65), and to Bogert's *Caught by the Snow*, Moran also (Vol. IV. p. 793), a cut full of refinement and delicacy without sacrifice of effect. I name these as samples of much excellent work.

Excellent work, too, has been done in *Harper's Monthly* since the competition with *Scribner*. I would direct attention to the admirable copies of subjects from Turner, by Annin (the *Datur Hora Quieti* is his), Hoskin, Measom, Johnson, and Bernstrom, in Vol. LVI., the number for February, 1878. And I may note some good copies of illustrations by the London Etching Club, to Milton's *L'Allegro*, in the same volume (No. 335, for April). I must also single out for praise the portraits of eminent musicians in No. 343, Vol. LVIII. The whole series is good; but I would speak of three or four as best, — the *Mozart* and *Schumann*, engraved by Johnson; the *Handel* and *Beethoven*, by Kruell. All are first-rate, honest, well drawn, effective, and delicate. I know no better heads anywhere; and I would point to these as examples of how a head may be best engraved on wood. There is a little difference in the work of the two engravers, Mr. Kruell's line being richer, showing also more knowledge of form. I shall have



CAUGHT BY THE SNOW.—ENGRAVED BY BOGERT.

From Scribner's "St Nicholas."

later to speak of Mr. Kruell. The *Mozart* may be given here as a fine specimen of the series; and I would have my readers remark, not only the qualities I have already noticed, but also how the cross-lining [I advocate cross-lining wherever it is useful] represents the powdered hair, at the same time keeping it well distinguished from the flesh.

In 1875, Messrs. Appleton began their *Art Journal:* to some extent a reproduction of the magazine under the same name published in England, but with addition of matter of more special American interest, and of engravings executed in this country. The average work so done for the *Journal* compares very favorably with that imported, so far as I am able to distinguish, wanting names sometimes for my guidance. Of the landscapes, Morse's and Karst's, from Woodward's excellent drawings, may stand among the best. There are good cuts, too, by Harley and Filmer; two by Filmer, after Peter Moran, in No. 41, very good indeed. It may also be worth while to notice, in No. 51, for the sake of comparing the different styles, as they stand facing each other, Morse's *Old Mill*, after Cropsey, and the *New Moon*, by Anthony, drawn by Appleton Brown. Differing as they do in manner, they are both capital in feeling. The critical inquirer may also examine two cuts in No. 57: *Up the Hill-side*, by Juengling, after J. D. Smillie, and the *Goat Pasture*, by Smithwick & French, after George H. Smillie; the last, in its freedom from unmeaning lines, very much the better of the two. In No. 54 Harley has spoiled a delicate, and in other respects good engraving, by his useless cross-lines in the sky. I here confine myself to the landscapes in the *Journal:* most of the figure subjects, whether from the works of native or of foreign artists, being my own engraving, which therefore I may be allowed to pass by. Two handsome volumes, *American Painters* and *Landscape in American Poetry*, issued in 1880, contain the best of the more artistic work of the *Journal:* the latter volume with drawings on the wood by T. Appleton Brown, engraved by Anthony, Harley, Lauderbach, Bobbett, Andrew, and myself. At page 88 here I would remark on another specimen of cross-lining, in the sky and water; the effect produced being a certain degree of luminousness, pleasant and well worth the care bestowed. The same treatment applied to grass and herbage is not equally satisfactory. A large amount of illustrations of "Art-manufacture" occupied, I suppose of necessity, the pages of the *Art Journal* during and after the Centennial year. There was not much room for more than mechanical engraving in these.



AN ELECTION IN CHARLESTON IN 1701.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



DATUR HORA QUIETI. — ENGRAVED BY ANNIN.

From "Harper's Monthly Magazine."

The years of National or International Exhibitions do not seem to be of much advantage to Art. I find but two noteworthy attempts to improve the occasion in 1876. *A Century After*, published by Allen, Lane, & Scott, Philadelphia, hardly fulfils the promise of its prospectus, "to illustrate this city and this State with engravings unapproached for artistic beauty, spirit, and accuracy by any previous publication." The engravings, from designs by Darley, Moran, Woodward, Hamilton, Schell, Bensell, and W. L. Sheppard, show nothing different from the works I have already reviewed. Harley, Quartley, and Morse maintain their pre-eminence. There is an honest, unpretentious cut by F. Juengling, a *Scene in St. Mary Street*, at page 185; and Lauderbach's cuts are also neat and creditable. I would be glad to write up the Philadelphia engraving, having hitherto been so confined to the Empire City and the Hub; but indeed material is wanting. *Pioneers in the Settlement of America*, in two volumes (Samuel Walker & Co., Boston, on the monthly covers, Estes & Lauriat on the title-page), is of a higher character; with designs by Darley, vigorous as of old, Sheppard, Perkins, Waud, and Reinhart. No names appearing, I can only speak of the engraving as done under the careful superintendence of Mr. John Andrew; adding that some of my own may be detected by the white line by whoever is curious enough to further pursue that inquiry.

Referring again to *Harper's Weekly*, I may take the three years, 1877, '78, and '79, as fair specimens of progress in the paper. The list of designers for it, and of painters whose work is copied for it, is excellent. Better names are not to be had than Abbey, Reinhart, Shirlaw, Church, Perkins, Julian Scott, E. W. Perry, Eytinge, Champney, all appearing in these years. I do not think, though, that the engraving has improved commensurately. Certainly, there is the improvement, almost unavoidable after long practice, in the management of tints: some are very admirable, as mechanism. I allow, also, a greater feeling for tone and quality of line is shown occasionally, and effects of light and shadow are more cared for. Men can hardly work constantly without some gain both in perception and ability. But estimating the general character of the *engraving*, it bears yet the stamp of newspaper work, of which I have already spoken, perhaps sufficiently. Carelessness has walked hand in hand with knowledge, and the result of the combination has been slovenliness; for which, I think, the artists have been more to blame than the engravers. Nast's caricatures, bold and exactly lined, were of great use in the mere mechanism of fac-simile, but the mechanical dexterity thus obtained availed not much in washed drawings, where the engraver has to first learn the meaning of form, substance, and place, and then to invent, *that is*, *design*, the lines which shall best express these. Little of this, outside of mere color and gradation of color, is to be found throughout the series of subjects which in *Harper's Weekly* ought to have given full scope for experiment and practice. The best things I find are the portraits; and it is hard to say why men who can



MOZART. — ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

From "Harper's Monthly Magazine."

manage so difficult a branch of art should commit such utter failures in even the simplest landscape. It may be that the vagueness and easy inexactness of much landscape drawing is not permissible on portraits. Certainly the best work, by far, in *Harper's Weekly*, as in other newspapers, is to be found in the portraits. Kruell's stand out as the best of these. From his best I choose the portrait of Mr. Fletcher Harper, given with this writing, which seems to me all that can be desired: bold, without being coarse, — form, color, and tone well cared for, — the drawing everywhere good, and differences of substance well distinguished. I find another portrait, almost as good (by Kruell and Reuter), in Vol. XXI., for 1877, — a portrait of Dr. Muhlenberg, — the only fault in which is that the fur of the dress, etc., has not the texture of fur. Good cuts, also, of figure subjects there certainly are, beside the portraits; but too many of them only good so far as daring disregard of traditional rules may be called good, — not good in an engraver's judgment, — good, if it be good to get over the ground quickly, careful only to keep color and to please the draughtsman by catching the eccentricities of his handling. Prominent among such I may name [I content myself with a single specimen, not chosen with any personal reference] the *Milkmaid's Song*, engraved by T. Johnson, from a drawing by Howard Pyle, in the number for July 19, 1879. The engraver, I suppose, had his instructions; and I can also believe that his engraving is a very faithful and close representation of the drawing. Nevertheless, it seems to me, as engraving, utterly weak, inexpressive, and inefficient. The engraver has sacrificed himself to the "artist," the artist who seems to have cared rather for the unessential manner of his work than for the real object of the work itself. A good dashing Bewick-like cut, also by Johnson, *A Warning to City Visitors*, after Reinhart, No. 1079, September, 1877, shows what the engraver could do when opportunity offered.

I take such engravings as that of the *Milkmaid's Song*, and *id genus omne*, to be done under the dictation of young painters, who not unnaturally presume that their especial manner and affectation are of more importance than methods of engraving, concerning the laws and necessities of which they are profoundly ignorant. It is no new thing. I recollect that I once executed an engraving [the verb may require executioner instead of executor] for which I received an offered double payment, on which I was sorry to be employed, and of which, when finished and approved, I was heartily ashamed. The drawing was by Millais, subject *Cleopatra*, for an illustrated Tennyson. Unlike some later painters, he had drawn it most carefully on the block with pen and ink, that there might be no mistake; and it did not seem unreasonable in him to insist that his lines should be exactly adhered to. Only he was not aware, or did not think, that even his ink lines had variety of color, and that the engraving would be printed of one uniform blackness. He was satisfied with the result: I considered it only as a piece of unsightly mechanism. Knowing better than he did the capabilities of my own art, I could have rendered in one third of the time all that he sought for, *except the unessential*. The essential he lost in seeking for what was worthless. It is no new thing, this deliberate preference of the



PORTRAIT OF FLETCHER HARPER.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

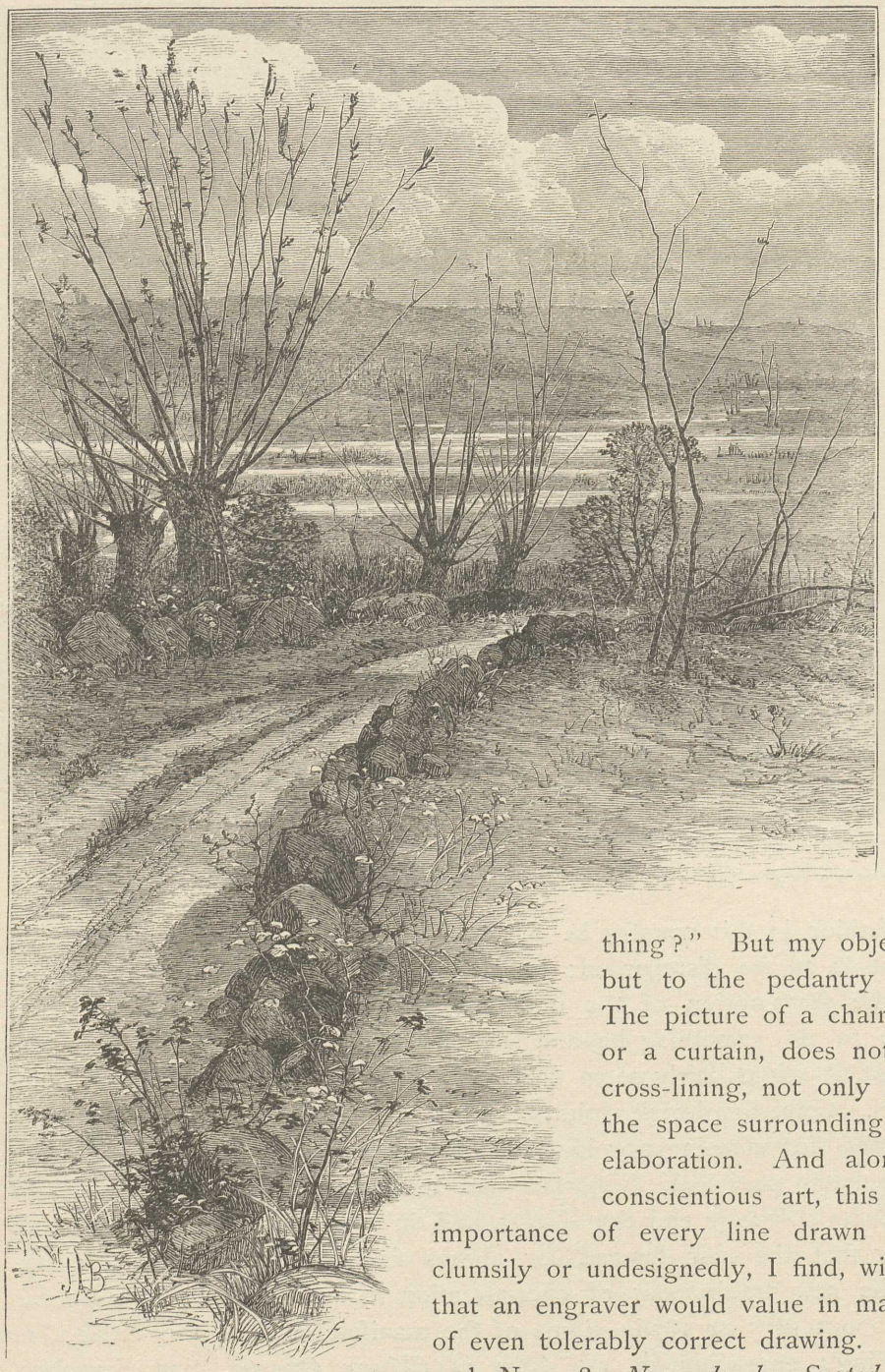
FROM HARPER'S "WEEKLY."



AN AFTERNOON IN AUGUST. — ENGRAVED BY MORSE. — FROM A PAINTING BY A. QUARTLEY.

From "American Painters," by G. W. Sheldon. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

less important, though the fashion in this country be but set of late. Not that due attention to even the least important is to be disregarded; only let it be *due* attention. Nor has all that is undue arisen from the presumption of the untaught draughtsman. Part has come, as before said, from the desire to do something beyond what has been already done. Given the same men, and no new talent, it might fairly seem that excessive fineness was the one point on which they might excel. Cole, Smithwick, Johnson, Juengling, Davis, Bogert, [I am not ill-naturedly picking out names, nor meaning any hint of depreciation,] all could and did work in a bolder style than that lately prevalent. Vigorous and masterly work by them is to be found on the pages of *Harper's Weekly* and the *Aldine*, and in cuts done for the American Tract Society. Shall we say that the new demand for always fineness, fineness above everything, is only a fashion, — the new requirement of over-attention to unessentials only a passing fancy? It began to sprout about 1875 or 1876. Some of the manifestations of this fashion, or fancy, have been good. King's engraving of an *Alley in Chinese Quarter*, San Francisco, (drawn by Abbey as neatly and precisely as anything by Moran,) in Scribner for 1875 (page 281), is excellent, and not too fine for the subject. Fineness also was necessary in Müller's *Signing of the Declaration of Independence*, after Trumbull, and in the same engraver's *Penn's Treaty with the Indians* (Scribner, 1876), the last an admirable work in every respect, the other not improved by some cross-lining too evidently done to save the trouble of lightening the tint first cut. But in later works, after Abbey's drawings [I am in no way reflecting against his talent as a designer, while criticising his manner of drawing on the wood] and in engravings from drawings by Pyle, Church, Reinhart, and others, of the new school of designers, I find not only an appearance of too great desire to be yet finer than the last scratchiness, but the continually increasing subserviency of the engraver to, not the knowledge, but the ignorance or the capriciousness of the draughtsman. I take hold here of two more works, not for the



ENGRAVED BY ANTHONY.

From "Landscape in American Poetry." Published by D. Appleton & Co.

sake of fault-finding, but because what I have to say of them will more forcibly explain my meaning.

Surely Mr. Clarence Cook's *House Beautiful* (Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., 1878), dealing mainly with bedsteads, tables, candlesticks, and other household furniture, needed not the combined talent of Mr. Lathrop, Miss Oakey, and Mr. Marsh, only to produce an affectation of fine imitative etching and careful pseudo-artistic rendering of even empty space behind the furniture to be represented. "Why not?" says, perhaps, my reader. "Why not, if art may be rightly employed in beautifying even the meanest thing?" But my objection is not to the artistry, but to the pedantry which calls itself artistic. The picture of a chair or a bedstead, a sideboard or a curtain, does not require an elaboration of cross-lining, not only in the object itself, but in the space surrounding it. It is no better for the elaboration. And along with this pretension of conscientious art, this dogmatic assertion of the importance of every line drawn by the designer, however clumsily or undesignedly, I find, with an utter disregard of all that an engraver would value in manipulation, a disregard also of even tolerably correct drawing. No. 17, a *Friendly Lounge*, and No. 18, *Now do be Seated*, may serve as instances. Neither lounge nor chair has any nicety of construction: both, whether from the artist's inability to draw or from the engraver's over-scrupulous respect for that infirmity, are rude, and have a look of being damaged or worn out. Indeed, both are out of drawing. But then the formless shadow of the chair is cut with most accomplished Chinese exactness; every line of the drawing has been preserved; and with the same slavish dutifulness the engraver has followed the lines marking grain of wood upon the wall. Grain, I suppose; but it is so emphasized (literalness sometimes caricatures) that it has more the appearance of the rough-hewn and partially split wood of some log-hut, rather out of character with the "beautiful" cushioned lounge. I take these two cuts at random: they are by no means exceptional specimens of the style. There is not even the beauty of mechanical correctness in the drawing; and the engraver has consented



THE SIRENS.

DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN.

to what he should have known was bad.

But those who would see the worship of the unessential in all its glory I must send to the *Boys' Froissart* (Scribner, 1879), a book for the text of which, indeed, Mr. Sidney Lanier and the publishers deserve the especial gratitude of Young America. Let the examining engraver, however, as he sees the cuts, wonder at the thorough contempt for anything like meaning or beauty of line there displayed. Clouds, smoke, stone walls, flesh, ground, drapery, all things supposed to be represented, are jumbled together in most admirable obscurity (difficult as it is in wood-engraving to accomplish the obscure), as if the lines had been drawn in sand and shifted by a whirlwind; or perhaps the engraver did it in his sleep, dreaming he had an impression of the designer's meaning.



STUDY FROM NATURE.

ENGRAVED BY HOSKIN, AFTER A. B. DURAND.

From "Art in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Contemporary Art in Europe (1877) and *Art in America* (1879) contain the best of work in *Harper's Monthly*, as Scribner's *Portfolio of Proofs* (1879) has the pick of *Scribner's Monthly* and *St. Nicholas*, — the *Proofs* most carefully printed, showing the cuts to the best advantage. Here I am again confronted with the new style, — what I have (I hope not unfairly) characterized as an endeavor at excessive fineness, to the sacrifice of what is most essential in engraving, intelligent drawing. I have, even so judging, to acknowledge not only the talent of the men so employed, but also the excellence of very many of their works. In speaking severely of particular cuts, I am not necessarily denying the ability of the engraver. I entreat my readers to limit their application of my strictures to the stated subject of the same; and again and again to recollect that, even where condemnation may appear to be general, there may be exceptions. If already I have spoken somewhat sweepingly, it has not been without intention of amends, which I shall have very largely to make in reviewing the works now before me.

Art in Europe and *Art in America* are so much of the same character as regards engraving that it is needless to review both. I may content myself with notice of the latter work (Harpers, 1879–80). No list of engravers is published; I am obliged therefore to pass by some cuts which might else deserve notice. Two of the best, here given, may speak for themselves: Hoskin's *Study from Nature*, after Durand (page 61), — very sound and delicate, the feeling of the painting admirably given; and J. P. Davis's *Whoo!* (an owl and rabbits,) after W. H. Beard (page 87), — bird, beasts, and landscape well cut, with nice discrimination of substance. I do not, however, see any value in the cross-lines on the sky; and there is a patch of perpendicular crossing under the owl which to me is utterly meaningless and offensive. I point out these faults because they are blemishes, the only portions to be objected to in a



WHOO!—ENGRAVED BY DAVIS, AFTER W. H. BEARD.

From "Art in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin. Published by Harper & Brothers.

very excellent engraving; also because I think Mr. Davis too good an engraver to need the aid of so slovenly a method. He could have obtained all the delicacy and lightness he required with pure and simple lines. The same fault occurs yet more flagrantly in other cuts to which, but for that, I could have given unqualified praise: Annin's *Altorf* (page 64); and *The Scout* (page 126); Müller's *On the Sod* (page 127); *Birds in the Forest* (page 169), by Smithwick & French. In this last the birds are remarkably good; but the cross-lining behind is unsightly, and the unreturned lines give a dirty look to the whole. There is a good cut by the same engravers (page 55), *A Surprise*, after William Sidney Mount. Hoskin has two capital cuts, *On the Kern River* (page 99), with a pure and firm line and good gradation of tone, and *Beverly Beach* (page 63), very delicately rendered; Kruell has some first-rate portraits; Harley, a *Winter Scene* (page 84), excellent and refined. Wolf's clever engraving from a clever sketch by Reinhart, *Washington opening the Ball* (page 175), gives us an extreme specimen of the new "impressionist" treatment: trowel-work and brush-marks, daubs and scrapings of color, instead of drawing; and definition of form left out everywhere except in the two faces. Smithwick & French, in their literal fidelity to Abbey's *Astonished Abbé* (page 187), could not but caricature the absurdity of the drawing, though the mere chiaroscuro is perfectly kept. And Juengling's *Bit of Venice* (page 185) is remarkable for a twisted sky, which elsewhere might pass for a crumpled kerchief: probably true, however, to the drawing or photograph he had to stick to. Other cuts deserving of remark I reserve till I review *seriatim* the work of the more prominent of the engravers who to some extent have proclaimed their adhesion to a new style of treatment. The work by various hands in late numbers of *Harper* and *Scribner* requires consideration, which can be more fairly given by attention to the engravers severally. Its merits and demerits are both of sufficient importance to deserve most careful weighing.

W. J. LINTON.



THE FAIR SUPPLIANT.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

HENRY SANDHAM.

IN fancy one asks, Who is this fair girl bending before the inexorable will of the armored giant who towers above her? Perchance the fate of a brother, perhaps her lover, rests in his hands.

Such an appealing look on the face of a beautiful girl should move a heart of stone, but by the rigor of the warrior's arm one can see that all her entreaties are in vain. There are some good ideas embodied in this painting, notably the vigor and action portrayed.



THE LORELEI.

THE HISTORY

OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

PART VII.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

OF the Harper and Scribner men, the men who constitute what may be called the New School of Engraving on Wood, Mr. Cole, I think, stands fairly at the head. That he has knowledge and command of line is clear, even by reference only to his early work in the *Aldine*, and in the *Christian Weekly* and *Child's Paper* of the American Tract Society. *A Mother of Egypt*, drawn after Bonnat by J. S. Davis (*Aldine*, Vol. VII. p. 382, January, 1874), is full of force: the lines of the flesh decided, one might say harsh; but with good attention to form, and with thought of direction of line as expressive of form. The dress, dark and fine, has texture as well as drawing; the background is firm and well-toned. Another engraving by him, after Merle (also in the *Aldine*), has the same qualities of form, color, and texture, if parts are perhaps not quite so good. And now to look at his later doings.

The first of the series of portraits by which his name has been made prominent appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1877: a head of *Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*. This was followed, in the next number, by a portrait of *Lincoln*, and, later, by portraits of *Bryant*, *Longfellow*, *Emerson*, *Holmes*, *Whittier*, and others. These portraits at once attracted attention, admiration, and adverse criticism. They deserved all. They are remarkable, not only for unusual fineness, but as endeavors at new results in wood-engraving. They are admirable as specimens of minute and careful mechanism, as the work also of an artist conscientiously making the best of what was given him to represent. They yet are open to criticism. The *Lincoln*, in a different style from the rest, has the look of a reduction of a poor pen-and-ink drawing, in which, however good the likeness, the draughtsman had not command of his pen. It is a drawing which any practised draughtsman on the wood could have done better; and the engraver's chief, if not only, merit is that he has well preserved even its weakness. The other heads have been differently treated. Photographed on the wood, I suppose, the engraver has lost himself in trying to catch the manner of the original crayon: not to be caught, for one process can never exactly reproduce another. The drawing else is in its essentials very admirably repeated. The *Boyesen* and the *Holmes* are not only wonderful examples of microscopic handling; but the first series of lines in them is good, as line; and only softened, not obliterated, by after crossing. Still the effect of the over-elaboration is to make the portraits foggy, to destroy variety of substance (the hair of the *Holmes* being of precisely the same quality and texture as the flesh and the shirt-collar), and to give the whole cut rather the appearance of some phototype from a steel plate than of a wood-engraving: a result not quite desirable. In the *Whittier*, the engraver returns toward the ordinary method of engravings, in his cross-lining not so much disturbing the first series of lines. It is, however,



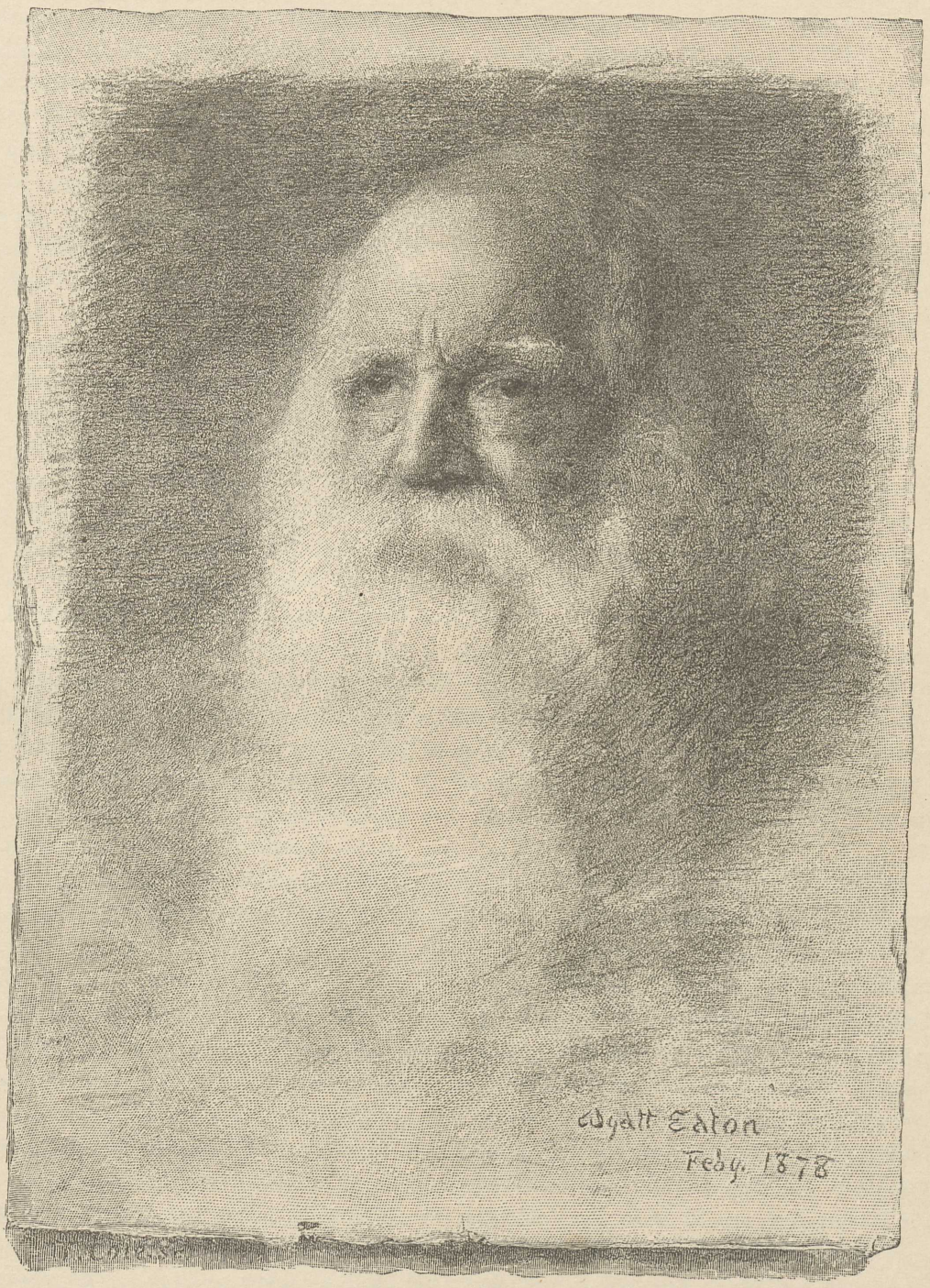
READY FOR THE RIDE.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER W. M. CHASE.

From "Scribner's Monthly Magazine."

weaker than the rest; the hair is still hardly to be called hair, and the dress and background are meaningless tint, not even expressing color. The *Longfellow*, the *Emerson*, and the *Bryant*, all of the crayon intention, look like bad lithography, unsatisfactory unless indistinctness be a merit. Nevertheless, the main faults of these portraits, after seeing the originals, I may not lay to Mr. Cole's graver. Beside having to forget the capabilities of his own art in a vain attempt to imitate the unpleasant peculiarities of another, he had also to represent vagueness, by no means easy to do with definite lines. Mr. Eaton himself says (*American Painters*, page 173) that in the *Bryant* portrait he "aimed to give prominence to the principal fact of his character, to reproduce that which was most really Bryant, — to portray the real form of his head and the life that issued from his eyes. Everything was kept subordinate to the sense of that life; *every detail of the hair and the flesh was generalized, hardly a wrinkle of the face was preserved.*" In the words I have underlined I find the excuse for Mr. Cole's short-coming. He had to engrave the *subordination*. In the original drawing no more than in the engraving can I see either the principal fact of Bryant's character or the form of his head. There is only a fat-cheeked, fluffy face, such as might be caught a glimpse of at a spiritual *séance*. In the interest of art, can one be too severe, if just? I turn with pleasure to the better, because more artistic, work which Mr. Cole has given us.

I can best observe this in Scribner's beautifully printed *Portfolio* of selected proofs. The best of these by Mr. Cole (it is impossible to notice all) are, it seems to me, *Madame Modjeska*, Vedder's *Young Marsyas*, St. Gaudens's *Adoration of the Cross*, and Chase's *Ready for the Ride. Modjeska as Juliet* (*Scribner's Monthly*, Vol. XVII. p. 665), engraved from a photograph, is very perfect: extremely fine, but not unnecessarily so: the line on the face firm and yet delicate, the details of the white dress admirably preserved, the line nowhere offensive, but helping to express both form and material. Some want of clearness in the shadows is evidently owing to the printer; but on the whole it is a beautiful piece of engraving (I would call it Mr. Cole's best), one worthy of any engraver of the old time. The *Young Marsyas* (*Scribner*, Vol. XVIII. p. 169), drawn on the wood by the painter, is even more minutely lined than the *Modjeska*, and suffers therefore: ground, hares, and trunk of the tree under which Marsyas is piping, lacking distinction of substance. As showing how fine work, well cut, may be clearly printed, it may however be counted a success. And the figure of Marsyas is thoroughly good. Against the alto-rilievo after St. Gaudens (Vol. XV. p. 576) I have but one objection: the needless variation in direction and character of line, which gives a false appearance of material, as if the



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. DRAWN BY WYATT EATON.

FROM SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

work were composed of stone and wood and calico, instead of one homogeneous substance. *Ready for the Ride* (Vol. XVI. p. 609), if not so ambitious as some other subjects, may be spoken of as faultless. The dates of the above, not noticed in choosing them, suggest a steady improvement in the engraver. Of other subjects, such remarks as I have to make do not lessen my appreciation of Mr. Cole's ability and talent. In the *Carrying the Boar's Head* (Vol. XVIII. p. 702) the two heads are admirably done; but the rest of the picture has the same fault that I found in the *Marsyas*, — want of character in the line, insufficient distinction of substance. The light and shadow is excellent. *Italian Fisherman's Hut*, drawn by Mrs. Foote (*Scribner*, Vol. XVI. p. 452), suffers from the weakness of over-refinement, though general effect and color are well kept. It is difficult to distinguish water from earth; the cliffs are unsubstantial; and the distances between near and far objects are altogether lost. There was no fault here in the drawing. Mr. Cole does not succeed with Mrs. Foote's drawings. *Santa Cruz Americana*, hers also (*Scribner*, Vol. XVI. p. 456) [Note the dates in our comparative judgments], has lost all the manner and all the charm of the original. In *Walden Pond*, by Homer Martin (Vol. XVII. p. 504) he has done better. The poetic feeling of the drawing is well preserved. It is not better for the cross-lining. In Page's *Sisters* (*St. Nicholas*, Vol. VI. p. 145) the heads are excellent; the rest of the engraving is feeble, scratchy, and formless. Whistler's *White Lady* (*Scribner*, Vol. XVIII. p. 489), very carefully engraved, yet more careful on account of the uncertainty of the photograph, does not aid my recollection of the picture. The weakness of Fortuny's *Piping Shepherd* is due, I have no doubt, to the original. The engraver had no right to contradict the master artist. And yet I think he had a right to set the *Griffin at Work* (Vol. XVII. p. 461) upon solid ground, although Mr. Abbey had sketched him in the air. There is a limit to the subserviency of an engraver (stalwart or wooden); and surely the sketch did not indicate a necessity for perpendicular cross-lines in the sky. All these cuts my readers will find in the *Portfolio*, as well as in the Magazine. Enough of critical fault-finding: not spared, because Mr. Cole can well afford to bear it. He has in him the potentiality of a great engraver. Only let him be not afraid to have clear ideas of his own as to what is best to aim at; and be careful to avoid mannerism, the maggot which eats out the core of greatness. He need fear no competition if he be true to his opportunities.

Though I have placed Mr. Cole at the head of this new school, Mr. Juengling is its most remarkable exponent. With his name also, in *Harper's Weekly* and the *Aldine*, I find the larger work; but even in that, bold and vigorous enough, the tendency to sacrifice form and meaning to mere chiaro-scuro, of which I am always complaining. A portrait of *Edison in his Workshop*, drawn by Muhrman (*Harper's Weekly*, Vol. XXIII. p. 601), may emphasize my meaning. The picture is effective and vigorously drawn. Edison is working at a charcoal fire. The rays of light are just as solid and tangible as the man's hair, while a glass bottle on the bench is as woolly as his coat, which again is no woollier than his face. In a small or hurried work no difference of material had perhaps been looked for. But in this front page of the paper, very elaborately engraved, with endless cross-line, black and white, we have a right to expect definition, detail, and some expression of material (not only of the material of the drawing, which may have been only a copy or photograph of our favorite crayon drawing, but of the differences that do subsist between light and hair and wood and glass and wool and flesh). The want here noted is, as it seems to me, the continued want in all Mr. Juengling's most clever work (clever as it certainly is, however unsatisfactory), not hidden even by the superfineness of later years. I would prefer (but needs of criticism compel) to pass over his Kelly cuts, with the greater part of the block covered with an utterly useless ruled tint (I say ruled because it is as mechanical as if ruled), and the lines on the rest of the engraving in defiance of all ordinary laws. I confess that it may be only conventional sheepishness that orders us to represent level ground by level lines; but it is hardly more reasonable, however independent, to try to represent the same with perpendicular lines — not even crossed. See *Scribner* for 1878,



THE PARSONAGE. — ENGRAVED BY F. JUENGLING, AFTER A. F. BELLOWS.

From "Art in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Vol. XVI. p. 680, *Dropping Corn*, Juengling after Kelly, — figures walking up a perpendicular wall, like flies on a pane of glass. See also the otherwise tasteful bits of landscape by Abbey on pages 1, 4, and 5 of *Harper's Monthly* for June, 1879, excellently cut wherever the engraver was content with simple lines, spoiled wherever he had opportunity for cross-hatching; the draughtsman's carelessness of anything like completeness in his work serving perhaps as warrant for certain obtrusive masses of the vague, patches of unsightly cross-lines, horizontal, perpendicular, and diagonal, which may mean sky, which may also be only a representation of those parts of the block free from the artist's pencilling. The most curious instance I find of this incompleteness is in another Juengling, after Howard Pyle (in the same June number, page 71), where half the block, without drawing, is yet covered with engraver's work of this same meaningless character.

I take Mr. Bellows's *Parsonage* (*Harper's Monthly* for September, 1879, page 468, also in *Art in America*, page 75) as the best piece of landscape work I know of with the name of Juengling attached. It is a very beautiful cut, at first sight. The effect is capital; it is evidently very true to the original; and I do not even quarrel with the perpendicular lines on the water. They here help to give transparency. Let it be allowed that there are exceptions even to the best rules, and that in art all means are right which produce a good result. The cut, I say, at first sight pleases me. But looking more closely, as an engraver and critic must, I am sorry to observe that trees, grasses, and cows have all too much the appearance of being made out of chopped hay. And what can I say of the sky? The color is good; it looks well a little way off: but we are tempted to examine so fine, and finished a piece of work. It is a cloudy sky, but there is not a cloud in it. It is all patches, and, taken separately, might pass for imitation of — a quilt. If Mr. Bellows did so draw — I mean paint — it, I think the engraver might still have been a little pleasanter in his lines. Yet I admit that for ordinary magazine purposes and for an uneducated public it may be pronounced admirable and perfect.

With the portrait of *Whistler* (*Scribner*, Vol. XVIII. p. 481, — in the *Portfolio* also, which I believe is considered Mr. Juengling's *chef-d'œuvre*), as an engraving, I have no fault to find. As a portrait I had not objected to two eyes. But if the painter was content with one and a socket, and with paint in place of drawing, it had surely been impertinent in the engraver to have emphatically contradicted him. Paint, to the very sweep of the brush, never was better reproduced on wood than in parts of this cut. Notwithstanding, I might suggest that the cheek has the look rather of wood than of paint.

The *Whistling Boy*, after Currier (*Scribner* for May, 1880, page 11), may have the same excuse for being as the portrait of Whistler. Even Mr. Currier's admirers allow his work to be ugly. The utter contempt for modelling in the face and the disregard of drawing everywhere are, I have no doubt, most faithfully rendered by his engraver; but surely Mr. Currier had not



MODJESKA AS JULIET.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FROM SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.



THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

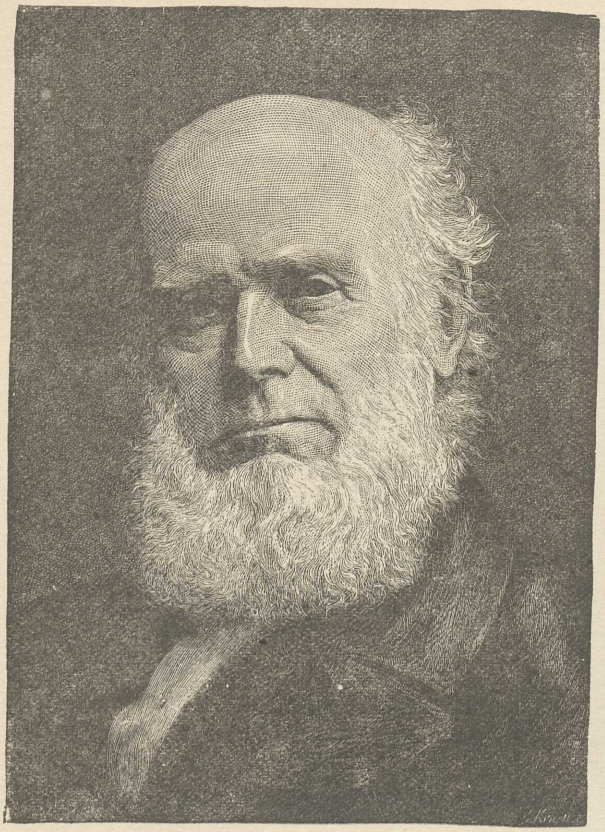
time to draw the cross-threads of that white shirt, far too white for that dirty, slovenly boy.

Is it Mr. Lathrop's careless drawing, or only the Juengling manner, that we have again in the portrait of Edison (*Scribner* for October, 1879, page 840)? Here even the brush-marks are a failure, more resembling clumsy wood-carving. The likeness may be correct; but anything more weak and unpleasant as an engraving I have not found. Am I too hard upon the Juengling method? I think not, free to confess that there too is talent, which may be turned to good account if the engraver's (or his patrons') eccentricities can be got rid of.



JAMES A. M. WHISTLER. — ENGRAVED BY F. JUENGLING.
FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY WHISTLER, IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. S. P. AVERY.
From "Scribner's Monthly Magazine."

Very different is the treatment of a head by Mr. Kruell. I have already praised his portrait of Mr. Fletcher Harper, in *Harper's Weekly*. Another portrait of Mr. Harper, after Elliott, came out in Vol. LIX. of *Harper's Monthly*, and reappears in *Art in America*. It deserves the same unmixed approval as was given to the larger head: form and effect well cared for, no meaningless or offensive lines, every line *drawn* with the graver, the face well modelled and made out, though not a fourth of the size of the Juengling heads already noticed. Granted some difference in the drawings, the different intention as well as the different method of *the engraver* is no less apparent. I suppose there may be brush-marks in Elliott's picture, some manner also, to be caught if important. But Mr. Kruell has been careful not to caricature such small matters, — has cared rather, perhaps only, to give us a noble portrait, a good likeness, a picture to satisfy both painter and critic. This, and not the expression of accident or whim, seems to me to be the true end of art. So aiming, I am not surprised that Mr. Kruell's portraits are always good. This head after Elliott and a portrait of William Morris Hunt (*Harper's Monthly* for July, 1880, page 163) will compare favorably with Mr. Cole's *Modjeska;* and are superior to Cole's *Victor Hugo* (*Scribner*, December, 1879): I might object to their exceeding fineness; but I can find no other fault with them. Perhaps with so good and clear engraving even that fineness is not a fault. Again, comparison may be made (this for the sake of contrast) of these heads, or of a portrait of *William Howitt* by Kruell (*Harper's Monthly*, May, 1879, page 853), with two por-



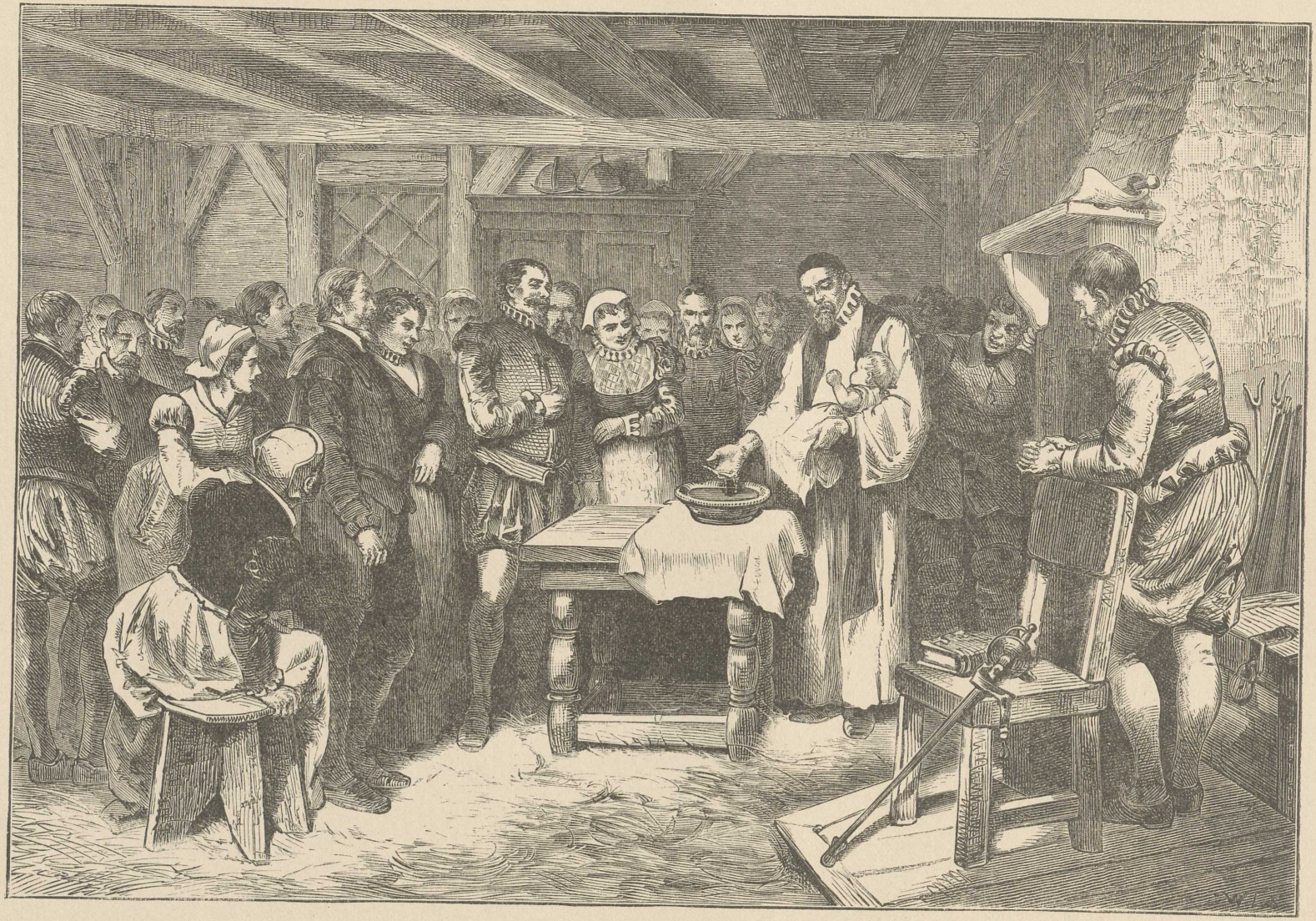
WILLIAM HOWITT. — ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.
From "Harper's Monthly Magazine."

traits of *Bayard Taylor* (*Scribner*, November of same year).

The *Howitt* head and Cole's *Taylor* are engraved in the same manner, what I may call the old manner, of lines laid with care for regularity and pleasant disposition, as in a steel "line-engraving." Mr. Kruell's *Howitt* head is the more regular, somewhat more formal perhaps; but with more decision and more attention to differences. The beard of the Cole (*Taylor*) head is not hair, but floss-silk. The Juengling *Taylor*, distinct from both, is but a clever scratchy imitation of a piece of bronze. Here again the essential has been sacrificed to the unessential. It is bronze-like, rather than like the work of the sculptor O'Donovan. By exact attention to the minutest scratch it gives, I suppose, a tolerable resemblance of the original, close except for the art left out. And here it may be worth remarking (not, however, with reference to Mr. O'Donovan) that the artists who most insist on the value of their own most careless and unimportant impressions are the very men who require, not an impression of the same, but strict attention to the smallest details, however vaguely hinted at, however unintelligibly impressed. Mr. Kruell is not prone to this imbecility. His hand is too vigorous for stencil-work. Other admirable portraits by him I could enumerate; but enough are already mentioned to show his quality. I may not, however, pass a noble head, the *Dauphin*, after a steel engraving from a painting by Greuze (*St. Nicholas*, Vol. VII. p. 1; in the *Portfolio* also).

Nor is his work confined to portraits. The *Young Princes in the Tower* (*St. Nicholas* for February, 1880) is excellent in every respect. Careful in drawing, clear in definition everywhere, delicate, with strength and depth of color, clean in line, and pure in tone (I speak of it from a proof before me), — it reminds me of the best of Adams's work, not without indication beyond of the advantage gained by the more ambitious attempts of later time. Not so delicate as this, but more characteristic of the engraver's normal style, is the capital rendering of Vedder's *Phorcydes*, which appears on page 165, a piece of vigorous artistry in which Mr. Kruell has no rival. Especially I admire the flesh of the three figures, and the good drawing (so often wanting) of hands and feet as well as faces. The cuts of Hunt's *Flight of Night* (page 103) and *The Discoverer* (page 92), — I may refer to as handy for indorsement of the praise that appears to me to be his due. Mr. Kruell, I may add, has no mannerism to get free from, unless it may be called mannerism to follow any rules whatever. With his healthy tendencies and the power of hand he has shown, I think he may be trusted even to make experiments. He will not quarrel with me for saying some more variety would not hurt him.

W. J. LINTON.



BAPTISM OF VIRGINIA DARE.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.



HARVEST IN SWABIA.

THE HISTORY

OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

BY age Mr. Marsh is anterior to the "New School." Yet, with genius that should have taken him otherwhere, he has led to it and leans toward it. He has been handicapped by his entomology. Artist in feeling, and capable engraver as he is, yet —

> Let him handle his graver wherever he will,
> The butterfly shadow hangs over it still.

I have already done homage to his incomparable insect work. He stands, with all his talent, as a warning against mannerism: though in fairness it must be said that the greatness of his mannerism was thrust upon him, and was not only excusable, but justified by necessity. But the law of consequence halts not for justifications. His one solitary exception to the prevailing manner, so far as my knowledge goes, (and I needed proof to convince me it was his,) was the *Robinson Crusoe* given at page 460. I gave it to show what he might have done had not his course continued from beetles to La Farge, from La Farge to beetles again. "Nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours." Mr. La Farge's drawings (I speak here only of his manner of placing upon the wood his most imaginative designs) were most unfortunate practice for Mr. Marsh. The broadest Nast drawings, to correct his tendency to subtlety and over-refinement, had been better for him. "No more minuteness" should have been his motto: instead of which, his reverence for the higher qualities of La Farge's work made him the slave of all its deficiencies in execution. Those Riverside drawings, — the *Wolf-Charmer* and others of that La Farge series, — original, labored, and suggestive, were yet of real detriment to the *engraver*. They, rather than the insects, may be considered the beginning of the "New School." He builded worse than he knew. Submissive toward his artist, painfully conscientious in his work, there is yet nothing in them to be valued by an engraver. Four other drawings by La Farge for *Songs of the Old Dramatists* (Hurd & Houghton, 1873) have the same conditions. The one here given is, I think, the best specimen we have of Marsh's talent, great, but belittled. See how daintily he has treated the figure, how full of delicacy and feeling is the principal flower. But the figure does not float over the stream, — it sticks against the unreceding water; and the distant leaves and flowers are as close to you as is the foreground. It is the same in everything. There is no distance. Beetle or butterfly texture always, and generally confusion. *A Simple Fireplace* (F. Lathrop), *Aloft on the Glittering Shield* (Mrs. Foote), *Little Sigrid* (John La Farge), *Still Life, Study in Oil* (R. S. Gifford), — all remind us of the *Insects injurious to Vegetation*. In the *Still Life* we are in doubt as to what is flat and what in relief, and whether the vase holds feathers, or flowers, or both, so confused are the over-labored textures. Of course he is perfect in an *Etruscan Fan* of feathers, and a little bas-relief of *The Author of Home, Sweet Home*, is very pure and charming. For all these I refer my readers to the *Portfolio of Proofs*,



ENGRAVED BY HENRY MARSH. — DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE.

From "Songs of the Old Dramatists." Published by Hurd & Houghton.

rather than to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*, that my strictures may not be laid to the charge of any inferior printing. I have, perhaps, been severe on Mr. Marsh's short-comings, but surely not from any personal prejudice. There is an important question involved in the differences I am noticing, — a question of truth or falsehood in work, a question be it only said of better or worse in the methods of engraving, which I am endeavoring to bring out and clearly to explain. It is an important part of the History of Wood-Engraving in America.

A bold double-page cut, before referred to, by J. G. Smithwick, from as bold a drawing by Reinhart, will repay the trouble of looking to pp. 88, 89, of *Harper's Weekly Journal* for 1877 (Vol. XXI. No. 1049). It is a daring piece of genuine white-line work, in which, with no lack of self-assertion on the part of the engraver, the drawing and manner of the draughtsman have been fairly reproduced. It is as bold (coarse would not be the right word for it) as Anderson's boldest, and truly in the style of Bewick, if with less determined drawing. It is this larger work which shows the engraver's power. Where excessive fineness comes in there is but little room for distinguishing manipulation. Matters not, the workman may say, what lines come here; they will be too fine to be noticed. So he fills in his space, as he might if he had a stencil-plate, with anything; and it passes if he but keep the color. Looking at this Smithwick engraving, one wishes the engraver might always find employment on this larger scale. He has, however, admirably adapted himself to the smaller needs of book and magazine work. Good cuts by him will be found in *Harper's Monthly* for 1878–79, one very good, after Miss Jessie Curtis (Vol. LVII. p. 805). At p. 816, Vol. LVIII., he has dropped into the cross-line inanity, where I should be loath to leave him. He is too strong to linger among the handmaids of Omphale. Reynolds's *Strawberry Girl* (*St. Nicholas*, Vol. III. p. 345) and *Miss Penelope Boothby*, the frontispiece to the same volume, (both also in the *Portfolio*,) show him in his manlier style. Another work of his I would particularize is the *Adoration of the Cross* (*Harper's Monthly*, Vol. LVIII. p. 672, *Art in America*, p. 160), drawn by Snyder, after St. Gaudens, the same subject and of the same size as Mr. Cole's, remarkably like that in treatment, and equally good. A *Haystack*, after Swain Gifford (*Scribner* for 1878, Vol. XVI. p. 516), and a *Little Cove at Nassau* (Vol. XV. p. 28), are fair specimens of his ability in landscape; and of his small figures I may choose for praise his copy of the *Surprise*, after Sidney Mount (*Harper's Monthly*, Vol. LIX. p. 251, and *Art in America*, p. 55). His figures are generally good. *Flags, eh?* (*Harper's Monthly* for July, 1880) is a fair example. But what does he mean by that mass of net-work under the horse and cart? It makes a positive substance of the shadow, the end of



A BASHI-BAZOUK. DRAWN BY F. D. MILLET.

ROYAL ACADEMY, 1879. — NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1880.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE LONDON GRAPHIC."

it sticking to the dog's head. A little clean outlining (too much neglected under the stencil system) would have prevented other near and remote parts of the cut from sticking together. And what is the use or beauty of that ridiculous cross white line in the ground?

I have spoken only of Mr. Smithwick; but Mr. French's name should be coupled with his partner's in many, if not in all, of the works I have here noticed.



THE HAYSTACK.

ENGRAVED BY SMITHWICK & FRENCH. — DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

From "Scribner's Monthly Magazine."

The double-page cut in *Harper's Weekly* is, I suppose, by Mr. Smithwick only.

Mr. F. S. King seems to have an affection for birds and fish, as well as for landscapes, though he is able also in figures. *On the Edge of the Orchard*, by Swain Gifford (*Scribner*, Vol. XVI. p. 513), is thoroughly good. So also is the *Sea Raven and Toad-Fish*, by J. C. Beard (Vol. XIII. p. 589). *The Birthplace of John Howard Payne* (Vol. XVII. p. 472), "from a charcoal drawing," carefully labored, has the look of a poor lithograph or process "engraving." The *Bobolink*, an earlier work (Vol. XII. p. 488), is bright and excellently cut. Mr. King knows how to



FLAGS, EH?

ENGRAVED BY SMITHWICK & FRENCH. — DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

From "Harper's Monthly Magazine."



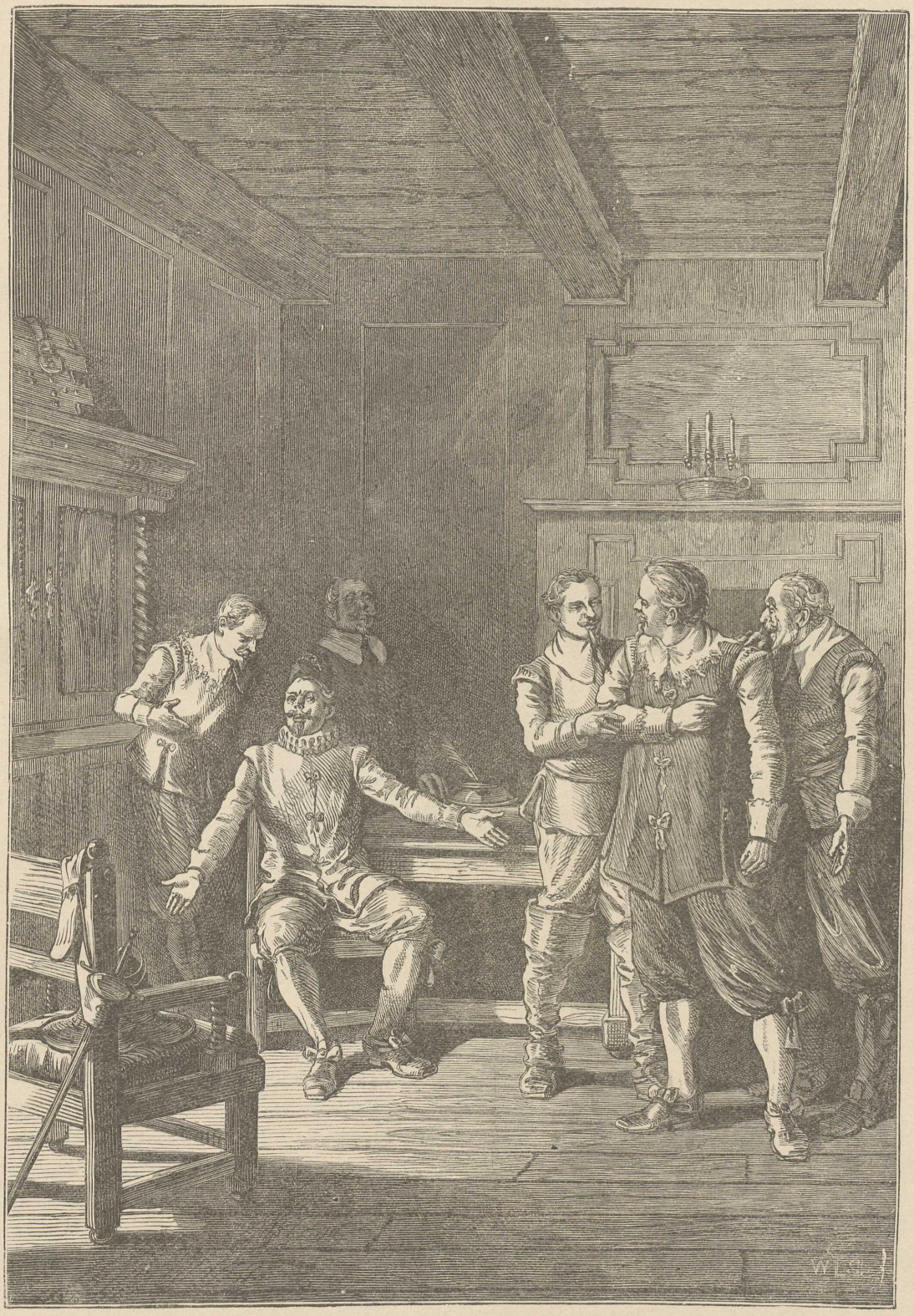
MODJESKA.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING, AFTER CAROLUS DURAN.

From "Scribner's Monthly Magazine."

give value to his blacks; for which I may refer also to the *Plaza at Retaluleu* (Vol. XV. p. 621). The *Return from the Deer Hunt* (Vol. XIV. p. 519) and *Morning at Jesse Conkling's* (Vol. XVII. p. 460) are as good specimens of fine landscape engraving as I have seen anywhere. The first, a snow scene, is very striking; the figures in it are also well cut. The same may be said of the figures in *Snowballing* (Vol. XVII. p. 39). *Snow Buntings*, by Miss Bridges (Vol. XII. p. 485), another snow scene, is equally good, and for difference of style may be contrasted with Marsh's *Humming Birds*, by Riordan (Vol. XVII. p. 161), — the difference between clearness and bewilderment, — perhaps in some measure owing to the drawing. All these engravings by Mr. King will be found in the *Portfolio of Proofs*. I refer also to the magazine for the benefit of those who have not the proofs; also because the magazine references show the order of time in which the works were done. Other notably good works by the same hand are the *Modjeska*, after Duran (*Scribner*, Vol. XVII. p. 668), as good in its way, if not so important an engraving, as Mr. Cole's *Modjeska*, at p. 505, with which it may be well to compare it; and a marvellously elaborated *Peacock's Feather* (*Harper's Monthly*, Vol. LVII. p. 384, 1878), capitally drawn by W. H. Gibson, a cut altogether worthy of Marsh. *Butterflies* (Vol. LIX. p. 385), by the same artist, do not equal those by Marsh, but are good, though the cut is spoiled for want of distinction between the butterfly texture and the texture of the flowers. Mr. King's tints, whether of sky or of ground or water, are full of tone, pure in line, and sweet in gradation. I would praise especially a cut in *Harper's Monthly* for 1879 (Vol. LIX. p. 13), a ghostly figure by Abbey, exceedingly fine in cutting, the flesh nicely stippled, the gauzy drapery well rendered, and the color, ranging from solid black to the positive white of the lightning, excellently emphasized and gradated: the whole very painter-like and effective. And yet one more must not pass unnoticed, — the *Falls of the Blackwater* (*Harper's Monthly* for July, 1880, p. 181), than which I know of nothing more truly refined, more pure and delicate. I only quarrel with fine work when it has nothing but fineness to recommend it. Fine as this cut is, the graver drawing is good throughout.

Mr. Hoskin's landscapes have the same delicately discriminating quality as those by Messrs. King and Smithwick & French. I know his work only in *Harper's Monthly*, and in the reprint, *Art in America*. The cut I have given in Part VI. is a fair specimen of his ability. *On the*



QUARREL OF WINTHROP AND DUDLEY.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

Kern River (*Art in America*, p. 99) is very good: the line firm, with excellent gradation and tone. Other of his work I may conveniently notice in the number of *Harper's Monthly* for September, 1879 (three cuts at pp. 484, 485, and 487). That after Casilear is of his best, not bettered by those useless perpendiculars again in the sky; the Hubbard is weak, yet more weakened by still worse perpendicularity; and in the *Sunset on the Hudson*, Sandford R. Gifford, what might have been an excellent piece of tone is spoiled by the same lazy offensiveness. I say lazy, because it seems to me that much of this cross-lining is done only to save the trouble of considering direction of lines in the first place, or of thinning too thick lines when the effect requires that. I set it down as generally a mere trick of laziness. I make amends to Mr. Hoskin for this remark, by no means aimed personally at him, by calling attention to another of his works, the *Old Mill* (*Harper's Monthly* for July, 1880, p. 174), to which, save for still a slight glimpse of my perpendicular *bête noire*, I am happy to give unstinted praise. I find that I have picked out three cuts from that July 1880 number of *Harper* for especial commendation. There is, indeed, a remarkable amount of good work in it, as there is in most of the later numbers of the magazine, — one especially good, *The Errand*, by Johnson (p. 52, June, 1880), — mixed unfortunately with much that is poor or bad. Is there no such monster as an editor with pictorial judgment?



THE MOWING.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF. — DRAWN BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

From "Art in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Wolf is not to be overlooked, but I must now be content with choosing a few cuts indicative of the engraver's ability. He answers to the roll-call of the New School, and what I have already given of that may suffice without much further illustration. The *Mowing* (*Harper's Monthly*, July, 1879, *Art in America*, p. 165), though over-elaborated [there was no occasion for the cross-threads on the girl's dress, and her face and some of the herbage are of the same fabric], is else a good cut. The *Start Viva* (*Scribner*, Vol. XVII. p. 713) is not without merit: but why (I am always on the same quest) are distant wall, flat ground, drapery, dust, and horse-hair all apparently worked in cross-stitch? *Seeking Pasturage* (Vol. XVII. p. 480) has



THE START VIVA.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF. — DRAWN BY G. INNESS, JR.

From "Scribner's Monthly Magazine."

good graver work in it. Is it the draughtsman's fancy that the starved sheep are all woolless? I guess it is but another case of the perhaps artistic engraver sacrificed to the unartistic idleness or incapacity of his draughtsman. Much cry on the designer's part, but no wool! These two cuts will be found also in the *Portfolio*. A very noticeable Wolf will be found in *Scribner* for May, 1880 (p. 5), *Feeding the Pigeons*, after Walter Shirlaw. The cut is very delicately gray, with fine accentuation of the blacks in the pigeons. But everything is flat, without distance or definition of form. Patches of the girl's dress, her cap, her face, distant wall, pigeons' backs, — all are of the same material. Look also (in the same number, p. 7) at *Oyster Gatherers*. The sky may be torn sail-cloth, or blocks of ice, or bad wood-carving: there is not even the shape of cloud. Supposing this to be the painter's whim, one does not the less feel it to be a degradation that for any reason whatever an engraver should be compelled to repeat it.

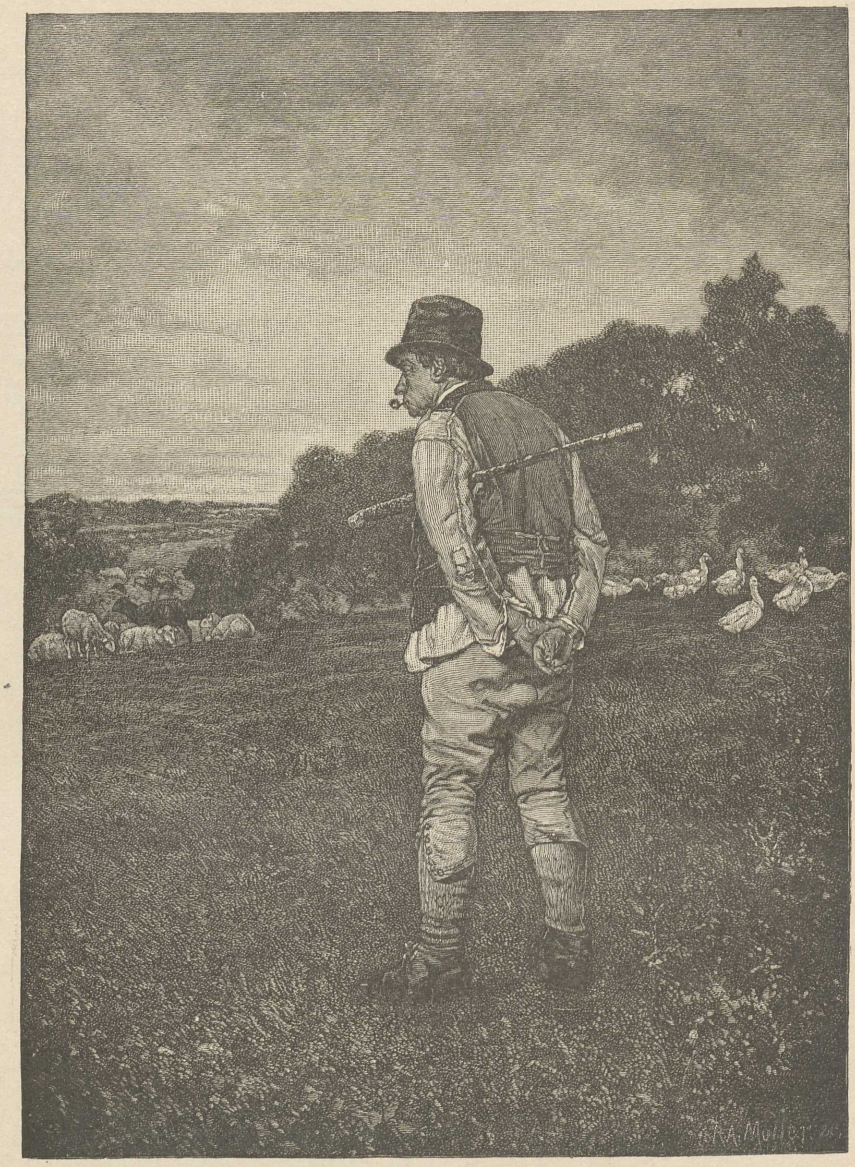
Has imitation of lithography become the *beau-idéal* of Mr. Müller? His *Banito and his Pet* (*St. Nicholas*, Vol. VI. p. 80), in the *Portfolio* as an example of his style, would seem to imply so much. "Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote": yet not a suspicion of her pencilling is there. Was it a rough sketch, reduced for the magazine, a loose vignette, and then squared out with a gray background of machine work? Her design is there, but nothing of her dainty hand-work. And yet the New School prides itself in exact reproduction of brush and trowel marks, and perfect imitation of artistic touch, from charcoal to pen and ink. Mr. Müller has done better things, already referred to. I notice this cut, not so much for rebuke of *his* apparent tendencies, as to point out what may fairly be expected under the present unintelligent *régime*. *On the Old Sod* (*Harper's Monthly*, October, 1879) will do more justice to Mr. Müller. But those lazy perpendiculars again! And in *A Sing on Monhegan Island* (p. 345, *Harper's Monthly* for July, 1880), why are the walls and ceiling plastered with cobwebs? Is it characteristic of the Maine islands?

I must hasten through my task of criticism. There is no use in multiplying instances. Mr. J. P. Davis, like Mr. Marsh, is one of the older men. But his style has changed with the times; or, rather, he has lost his earlier style through following the conceits of others. *Cradling*, Tiffany (*Scribner*, Vol. XIV. p. 529), and *Roxy*, Walter Shirlaw (Vol. XVI. p. 792), sufficiently indicate his recent work. *Mr. Charles Coghlan as Charles Surface*, Abbey (Vol. XVII. p. 777), may show how far he has wandered. One of his best landscapes will be found in the August



THE "WANDERING WIND" BOUND OUT.

number of the ART REVIEW. Color and general form seem excellently kept; but the foreground lines are meaningless, and I can see no reason for the complication of lines in the sky. The tone of the whole is, however, of admirable quality. One thing to be noticed in all this superfine work is, that, however diverse the original genius of the men, when they are drilled into superfineness their work is scarcely distinguishable. This utter subordination of the engraver destroys his individuality. Having no individuality of his own, will he be better able to appreciate the individuality (the real personality, I do not say only the outer clothes) of the painter? J. H. Whitney does a perfect piece of patient facsimile in his cut of *Joe* (*Scribner*, Vol. XVIII. p. 491, and *Portfolio*). In endeavoring to reproduce *The Morning Stars*, after Blake's wonderful etching (*Scribner*, June, 1880, p. 237), he has simply attempted an impossibility. For his very failure, however, he deserves much credit. It is remarkably close to the original. The Haden etchings (*Scribner*, August, 1880) are failures altogether as representations of the larger etchings. They only give the subjects of the originals. I must point to one more example of the Microscopic, — Leblanc's reproduction of the frontispiece to George Cruikshank's *Table-Book* (*Scribner*, Vol. XVI. p. 172). If this sort of thing be — can it be? — carried further, Messrs. Harper and Scribner will have to atone by endowing a hospital for blind wood-engravers. And still another calls for notice, — Mr. Kilburn's *Sand Dunes* (*Scribner*, July, 1880, p. 365). I certainly do not give it as a sample of Mr. Kilburn's work, but as the crowning mercy of the "New School." I can best describe it as *a Fuengling by machinery*. May I hope that Mr. Kilburn has invented a machine for the saving of our threatened sight?



ON THE OLD SOD.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MÜLLER, AFTER WILLIAM MAGRATH.

From "Art in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin. Published by Harper & Brothers.

To what are we tending? I have carefully examined, I believe, everything that has been done by this new school, whose works both grace and, I think, disgrace the pages of our two most enterprising, most liberal, and most deservedly successful magazines. I think I have not been slow in recognizing talent, nor stingy in awarding praise. But how much of the talent is misapplied: for I can but call it misapplied when it is spent on endeavors to rival steel line-engraving or etching, in following brush-marks, in pretending to imitate crayon work, charcoal,

or lithography, and in striving who shall scratch the greatest number of lines on a given space, without thought of whether such multiplicity of line adds anything to the expression of the picture or the beauty of the engraving. Talent! there is no lack of it. My list of capable engravers has left out many, and I have but given a few samples of a vast amount of work. Possibly it will seem to some that they have been neglected, that such and such engravings at all events should have had honorable mention. So should it have been had there been no limit to my history. It had been a pleasure to have honored even the youngest of the rising men, to have done fuller justice to those known. After all, the melancholy reflection would have been but the more deeply impressed upon me, — How much of talent is here thrown away, how much of force that should have helped toward growth is wasted in this slave's play [call it gladiatorial, and own yourselves hired or condemned to do it], for a prize not worth having, the fame of having well done the lowest thing in an engraver's art, and having for that neglected the study of the highest! For it is the lowest and last thing about which an artist [and it is only to the artist-engraver that I care to appeal] should concern himself, this excessive fineness, this minuteness of work. It might have its worth, though there not so important as it seems, in the copying of old missals [see illustrations to *A Famous Breviary*, in *Harper's Monthly* for February, 1880]; at least it is not out of place in work such as that, better befitting the indolent hours of monks than the stirring lives of men who should be artists. I do not say there is no good in it. While acknowledging its cleverness, I recognize also something to be gained, — a niceness of hand that may be usefully employed. But in engraving, as in other branches of art, the first thing is drawing; the second, drawing; the third, drawing. Form, beauty of form, and place — perspective and distance: until you can express these, you have not even the beginnings of your art. When you have mastered these, and with many or few lines can make these understood, go on to differences of substance, and beauty and harmony even of lines. After which you may refine as much as pleases you, provided you do not destroy intelligibility or strength. I know no surer recipe for making good engravers. It is all drawing with the graver, or it is not engraving at all, — not worthy to be so called.

I am aware that there is another method, — the mechanical, the Chinese, the stencil-plate method. You can take your choice: either to trust to your own understanding, or to grow a pig-tail, and follow your "artist" blandly in Chinese fashion. The second may for a time be the more profitable, as well as the safer method, and will certainly be most pleasant to any number of young painters or designers of vagueness, your want of understanding dovetailing into and assisting theirs. I say this is the safer method; for an independent understanding, or say only a respectful endeavor to do something that may be understood, will possibly lead you astray. I have heard of an engraver, and one of fair age and reputation, who, striving to make something out of his painter's touches of white, engraved a stream with foam-edged waves; and lo! the artist intended it for a field of daisies. Over the just wrath of that artist, who might have prided himself on his botanical correctness, I draw a hasty veil; but the unhappy engraver — has gone about with a pig-tail ever since. The misadventure might fairly warn him off too conceited a dependence on himself; and yet I think his course of action, fail as it might in certain instances, was the right course after all. And he has found draughtsmen on the wood, and painters also, who thought his engraving better for his understanding of what they drew or painted, and who were not too arrogant to allow that he, better than they, might know the opportunities and limitations of his own art.

And here let me confess to my brothers in engraving afflictions, that, however hardly I may have dealt with them in these my criticisms, it has been, in the first place, not from desire to censure, but out of an earnest wish for their benefit and the improvement of our art; and, in the second place, I have borne in mind a saving clause. Not they, the engravers, have chosen to bow down to brush-marks, to blind themselves with what soon will be altogether unprintable

work; but it has been brought into vogue and forced upon them by ignorant reviewers, undesigning photographers, and the malice prepense of painters who, too idle or unable to draw upon the wood, have deceived unwitting publishers into the belief that they were inventing "a great invention." It will have its day, and then, with what we can save out of the failure, we shall return to the old traditions, not renouncing experiment, but also not abandoning or slighting the experience of some who have gone before.

I carefully review the works I have had before me for this history. I can find nothing so good [and let it be remarked that it was as fine as most of the fine work of to-day] as the *Jacob's Dream* engraved by Adams nearly half a century ago (see Part II). It is better than the best of all work since done, better than the best so much extolled at present: because he did not sacrifice everything to fineness, but cared first for the essentials of good drawing and lines with meaning, and finished only after laying the foundations.

I would not part from my readers without at least brief explanation of the course I have pursued in the foregoing History, — or shall I rather call it Preliminary Study of History as part-preparation for some completer volume. Concerning the earlier men I have had for almost all my material to depend upon personal recollections of men often strangers to me, to whose ready courtesy I here acknowledge my great obligations. Sometimes reports so collected have not agreed, and it has been difficult to judge between conflicting statements. I may not always have been correct in my judgment. I am hopeful, however, that it is only in minor and quite unimportant matters that I shall be found astray. There may be errors, too, in my writing of my contemporaries: some wrongful attribution of work; omissions also. But I may conscientiously affirm that I have rejected no information of any worth volunteered to me; and that I have sought for information wherever I had the slightest hope of reaching it, — in more and in stranger quarters than I can here afford space to give account of.

For my critical opinions I can truly say this: they have had no personal bias. Very often I have chosen the subject for comment, and written my criticism, before knowing who was the engraver. It was a secondary inquiry — second in time if not in importance — whose name I had to affix to it. If (I have already pleaded to the possibility) my remarks have sometimes seemed harsh or out of tune, I ask of the engraver who may read them to forgive any cause he may find for momentary wincing or disgust: bearing in mind his own regard for the healthy progress of our art, for which I confess myself very jealous. I have not written merely to supply a dry chronicle of the doings of American wood-engravers; I have written, in praise or blame as seemed just to me, distinctly from a desire to help the advance of wood-engraving in America. I trust the true lover of the art will generously pardon any short-comings and even some offences for the sake of our common object.

W. J. LINTON.

